Liberty

DEC. 25, 1943
10c

Book:
UNDER A LUCKY STAR
Roy Chapman Andrews

CHRISTMAS ON CORREGIDOR
By Manuel L. Quezon

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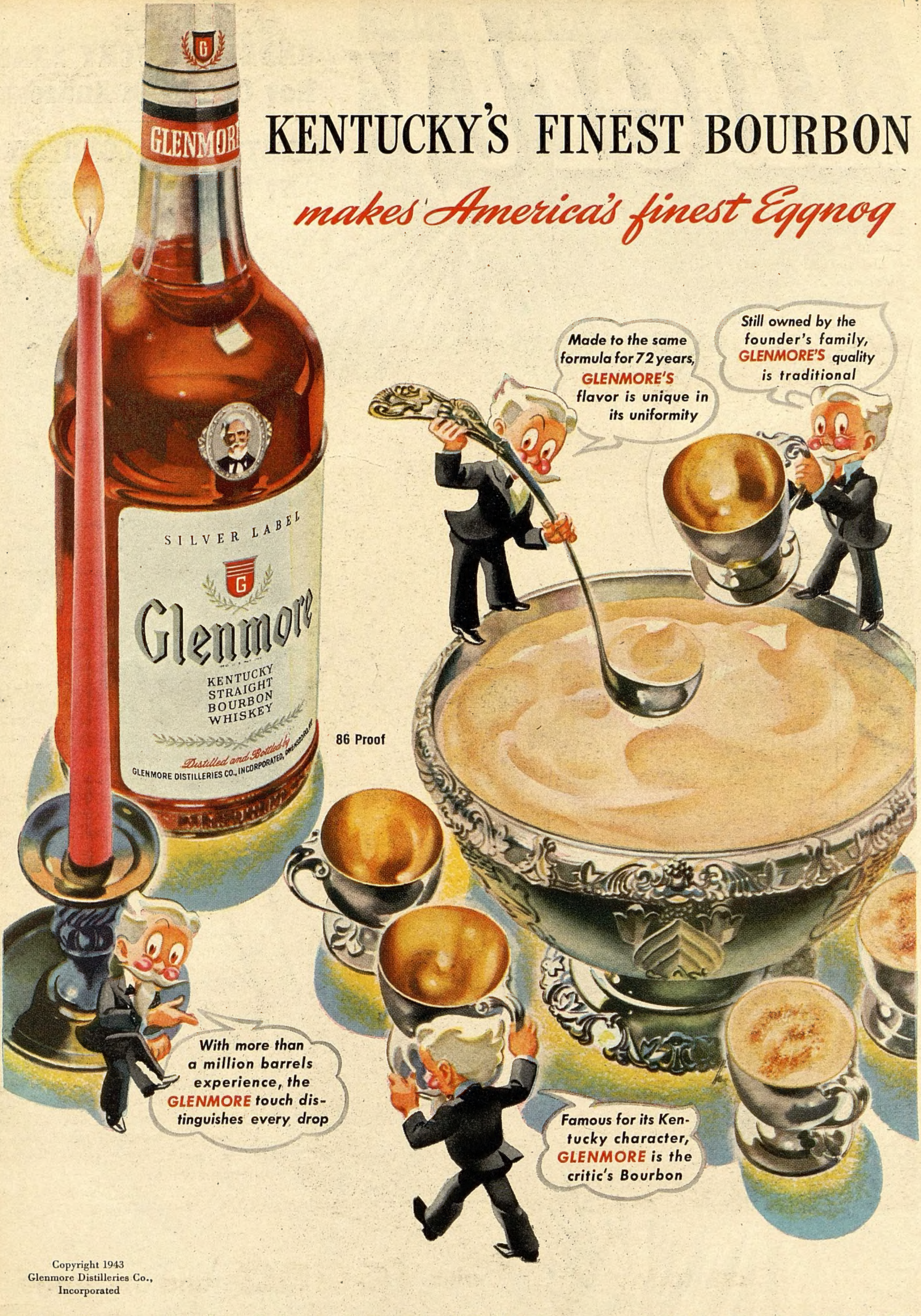

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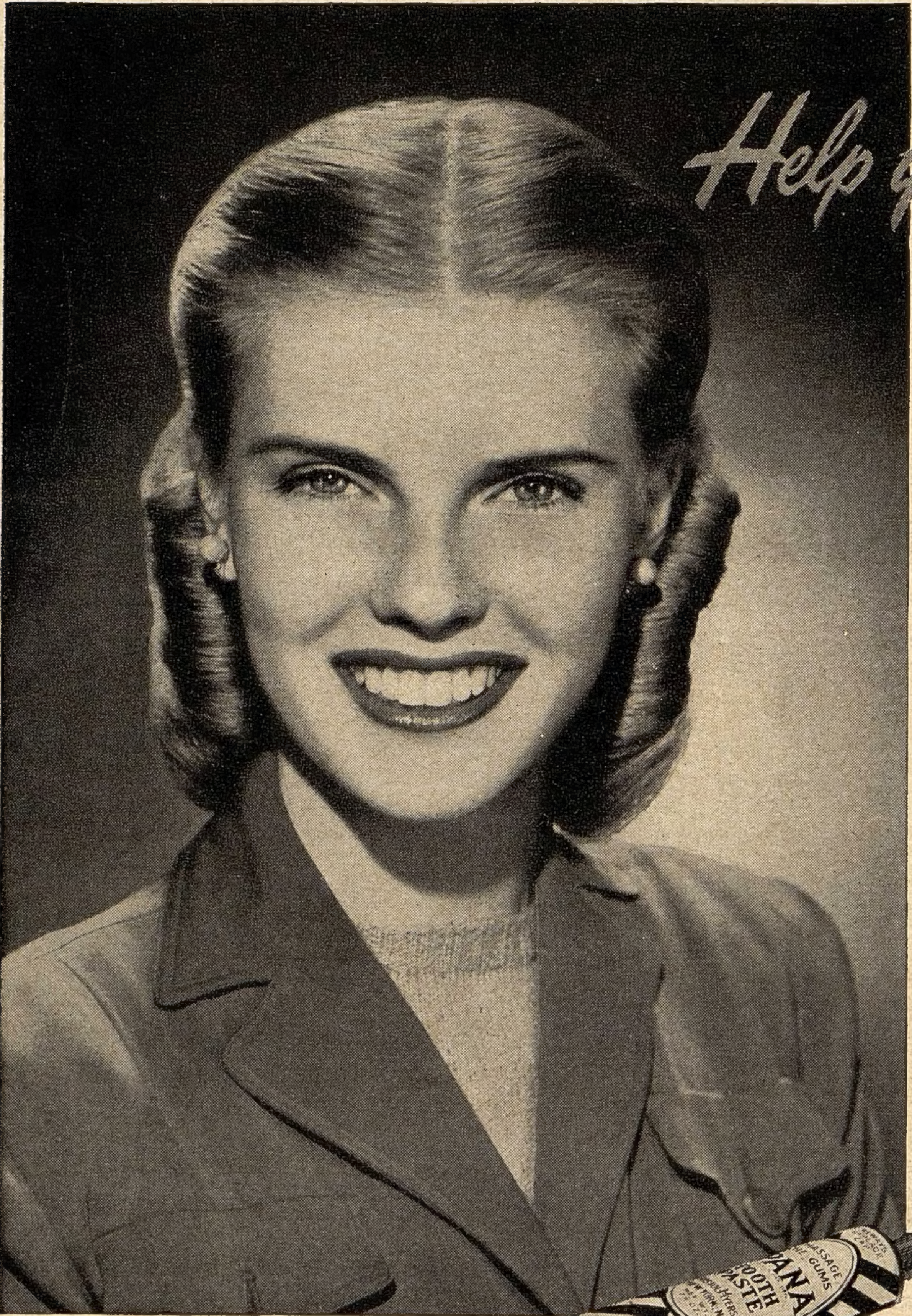
4. See your dentist regularly—don't wait until prolonged treatment is necessary.
5. Between visits—give your teeth and gums proper care at home.



Help your Smile!

Watch out for "Pink Tooth Brush". Help keep gums firmer and teeth sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

TODAY, more than ever before, proper home care of teeth and gums is most important. So in carefully choosing your dentifrice—consider Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the health of your gums.

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Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* It may not be a sign of trouble but get his sound advice. He may tell you your gums are sensitive and tender because today's soft, creamy foods have robbed them of exercise. And as thousands of dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Today, start to help your dentist help your smile, with modern care of your teeth and gums at home. See how Ipana and massage can help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a more appealing smile!

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3
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Painted by Arthur Smith

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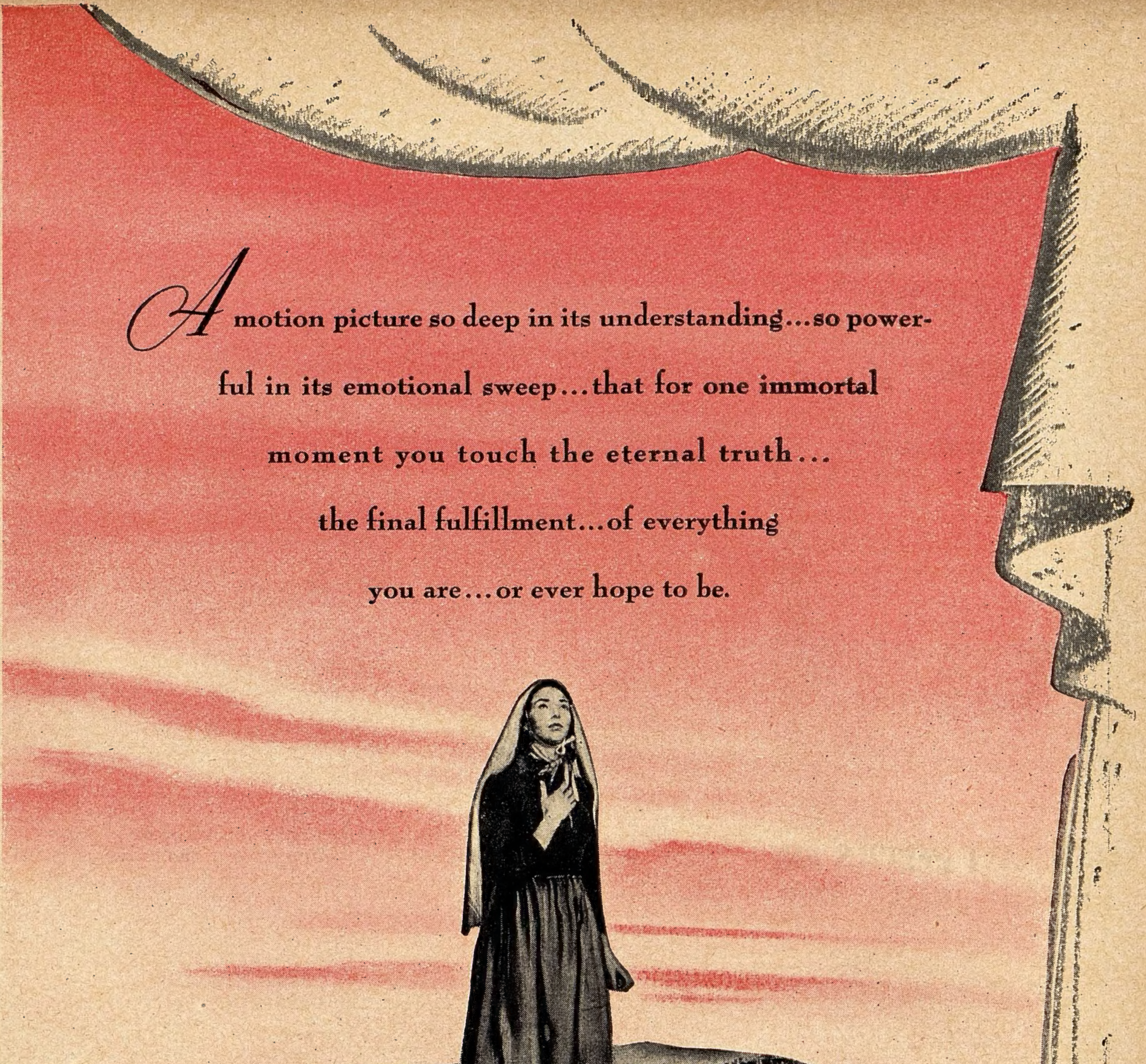
LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER



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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

O. K., DOT. NO MORE MUD

DRAGERTON, UTAH—As a member of the Club Crosby, I don't think the remarks of the Waterbury, Connecticut, gang (November 20 Vox Pop) are at all justified. Just as Bing Crosby can not be replaced by Frank Sinatra, neither can Bing replace Sinatra. There are people who prefer Bing—others Sinatra. I think the comparison can be made without mud-slinging.—*Dorothy Reid.*

STATE SCHOOL, GOODING, IDA.—Most of the boys here dislike Frank Sinatra, but the girls agree he has a good voice if you can hear it above the yells of his audience. I think Bing Crosby can sing anything, while Frank Sinatra misses the boat when he tries to sing Pistol-Packin' Mamma.—*Ora Lucille Driggs.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I sure agree with Jean Webster and R. M. Gooding. Sinatra is just a plain *mess.* If you want a *king* crooner, take Bing Crosby. He *sends* me!—*Marie Suchan.*

ALLENTOWN, PA.—For gosh sake! Don't waste space in Vox Pop over the rival merits of Sinatra and Crosby.

They are both good—but in different ways. Just put 'em both in a ring and let 'em fight it out.—*J. L. Simpson.*

LODI, N. J.—Why the great feud between Crosby and Sinatra fans I'll never, never know. Bing Crosby's voice is a national institution. He's been around quite a while, and I hope he stays forever.

As far as Frank Sinatra is concerned, I think his voice is grand, too. The only thing I think turns a great deal of the public against him is the ridiculous actions of *some* of his fans. I'm a Sinatra fan myself, but I must admit I get a little tired of the squeals and ohs when trying to listen to the Hit Parade. —*G. R. Grimm.*

And we are getting a little tired of the whole controversy. So let's all forget it.

PRO AND CON ON CONGRESSWOMAN LUCE

RALEIGH, N. C.—Since the birth of Liberty years ago, I have read every copy that has ever been issued, from cover to cover.

I have just finished reading the superb article by Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce, Americans in Quest of a Foreign Policy (November 6 Liberty).

It is the most informative and powerful exposition of our badly muddled and nonexistent foreign policy that has appeared in any periodical since Pearl Harbor. It should cause every patriotic man and woman in America to stop and ponder just where we are headed under such incompetent leadership at this critical time in world history.—*James H. Holloway.*

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Your article, Americans in Quest of a Foreign Policy, by Clare Boothe Luce, was only half cooked.—*C. W. Collier.*

FARGO, N. D.—Clare Boothe Luce, in her Liberty article, sounds just like a woman. She looks at the thing, gets a superficial impression, and then glories in her manipulation of prose.

Does she actually think that the President, sitting in on this big poker game we're in, could show his cards at this stage of the game and expect to have a chance of an even break?

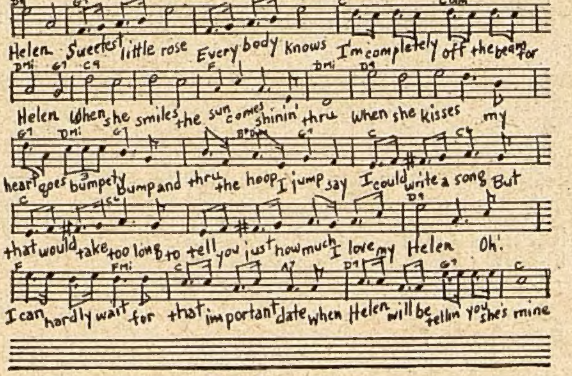
A statement right now of a definite foreign policy regarding all nations in their present relation to us might seem very bold and honest to Mrs. Luce, but, beyond any doubt, would tip our hand and make the winning of the war a bigger job than ever.—*J. J. Kampa.*

MARKEY *WAS* THERE

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Thank you, Liberty, and Morris Markey, for the very heartening article, Atlantic Convoy, in your issues of October 23 and 30. It is so convincing that I feel sure Markey was there and writes from actual firsthand observation. Markey's is a darned good article, and I am truly grateful for it.—*W. F. Willis.*

TO ALL THE HELENS ON EARTH

NORTH KANSAS CITY, MO.—You did it! You printed my offer of a copy of my song, Helen (November 13 Vox Pop), and now I'm being swamped with letters from all the Helens from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli.


HELEN
By Herb Cook
Walkin' in a dream strange as it may seem since I fell in love with lovely
Helen Sweetest little rose Every body knows I'm completely off the beam for
Helen When she smiles the sun comes shinin' thru When she kisses my
heart goes bumpety bump and thru the hoop I jump say I could write a song But
that would take too long to tell you just how much I love my Helen Oh!
I can hardly wait for that important date when Helen will be tellin' you she's mine

I am enclosing a manuscript song sheet of the tune and I hope you will print it in your most widely read columns. You will earn my undying gratitude for saving my face with those that launched a thousand ships.—*Herb Cook.*

A WARTIME APPEAL TO THE FARMER

Oh, Farmer, dear Farmer, talk nice to
your cow,
Be softer and smoother than silk,
And whisper sweet nothings and tell
her just how
We long for an increase in milk.

And if in her soft ear the right words
you mutter,
And feed her some high-voltage
vitamins, please,
Perhaps she'll respond with the "needful" for butter,
And likewise American cheese.
A. Rosenquist, Superior, Wis.

LOYAL SON DONATES JACK(S)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—That was a most enjoyable article about college football team mascots, but your author overlooked one point in discussing the two famous mules presented to West Point by Ambassador Alfaro of Ecuador. The deeply appreciated gift didn't result from the fact that the ambassador "just happened" to be up at the Point for a football game. They were a tribute from an honored son of West Point to his alma mater.

Captain Colon Alfaro, the ambassador from Ecuador to the United States, is a West Pointer himself—class of 1909, if I remember correctly—and his three sons also are West Point graduates.—*Lowell M. Limpus.*

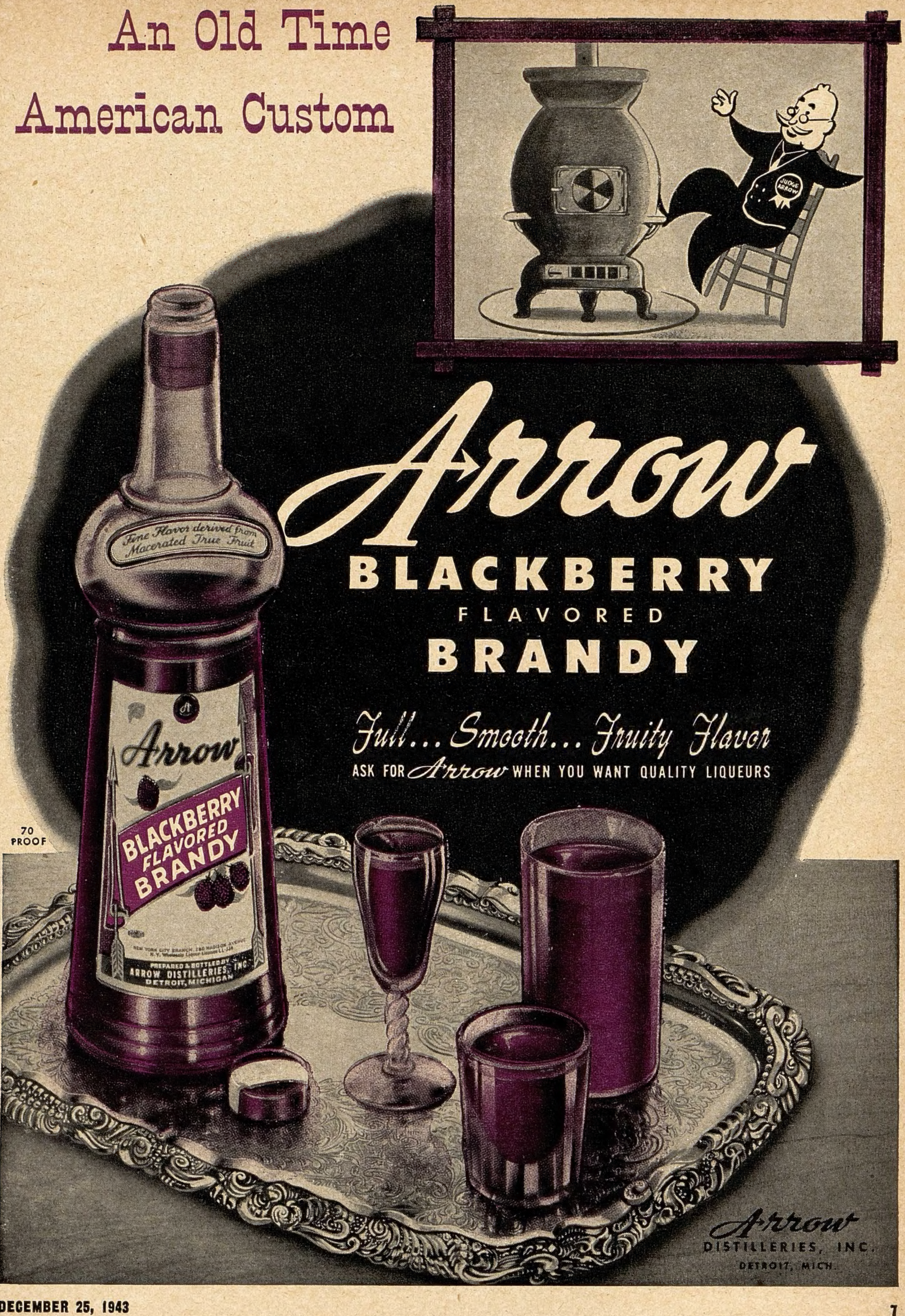
BUT FATHER TIME HOLDS HIS OWN

HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—H. T. Haskell tells us (November 20 Vox Pop) that the metric plan of time in decimals is certain to come into general use in a very few years. I doubt if Mr. Haskell realizes the tremendous upheaval that the adoption of it would entail.

Among the revolutionary steps that would be necessary would be the complete revision and reprinting of all textbooks on astronomy and navigation, navigational tables, and, in fact, every publication where time is involved. Many of these are computed and printed several years in advance. It would also be necessary to reprint all the thousands of navigational charts. Needless to say, all clocks, watches, and chronometers would have to be scrapped or rebuilt.—*W. A. Mason, Commander, U. S. N. (Ret.)*

DISCRIMINATION

SEATTLE, WASH.—I want to call general attention to a state of great unfairness existing in the armed forces. I refer to the length of induction furlough granted to men drafted into the Army—three weeks—and that for Navy men—who still only get one week. Why should this discrimination exist?—*A Navy Draftee.*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SHE ROMANCES
SHE DANCES

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LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD · MAURICE ST. CLAIR
AND 4 BIG BANDS
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MITCH AYRES
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LOU BRING

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Original story by
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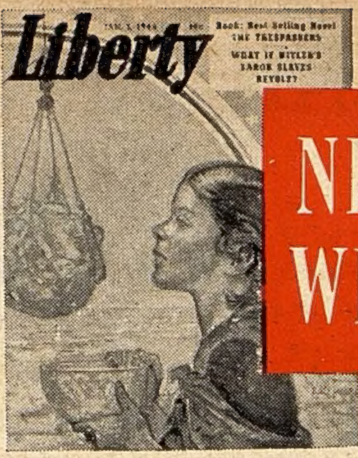


NEXT WEEK

✓ TIME BOMB IN THE REICH

By William van Narvig

The Nazis thought they had a brilliant idea when they imported slave labor into the Reich. Now it threatens to explode in their faces.

✓ HOW TO WRITE TO A SERVICEMAN

By Lieutenant Davis Newton Lott, U. S. N. R.

Do your letters tell your serviceman what he wants to know? An official censor offers a few tips. One is: Let your hair down.

✓ IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO A DOG

By Ted Shane

A star is born, and all dogdom is agog. But Lassie, the movie queen, is a gent—and thereby hangs a tale.

✓ NEW BURMA ROAD

By Robert P. Martin

American Army brains and brawn are overcoming nature's toughest barriers in building this "Road to Tokyo." Read how the course of the war in China is being shaped in the mountainous jungles of India.

✓ CHAPLAIN OF THE DEEP

By Isabel Leighton

Preaching is only part of the job for this Navy chaplain. The story of Captain Witherspoon, successful builder of morale in the Aleutians.

✓ GEORGE AND THE EGG-SHY POLE

By Lieutenant Stanley Disney

If you're already acquainted with Private George McKeller, you'll want to catch up on his latest antics. If you haven't met this G. I. genius yet, there's a treat in store for you.

✓ THE ARMY'S RARE BIRDS

By Fred Patrick

Are you a "man in a million"? Here's how the Army makes use of the variety of unusual skills exhibited by its enlisted personnel.

✓ THE TRESPASSERS

By Laura Z. Hobson

Liberty's Book Condensation

A best-selling novel that tells the divergent stories of a successful New York career woman who misjudged love and an Austrian scientist who misjudged the hospitality of a new land.

Keeping Navy Flyers Fit

BY MYRON EDDY
Lieut., U. S. Navy, Ret.

Flight fatigue is the enemy of the combat pilot. The Navy doctors use ingenious tests to nip it in the bud

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

Navy pilots in the "ready room" of an aircraft carrier.

THE bombing mission had been successful. Ensign Bob B——, usually quiet, was exuberant. He kept asking every one, "Didn't we give 'em hell? Didn't we, now?"

But when he saw on the check-off board that Johnny J—— was not back yet, he started brooding about Johnny's hunch that he wasn't coming back from this sortie. He let his tea get cold, watched the canteen door until he felt completely worn out.

He turned in, but, tired as he was, could not get to sleep. At the end of an hour he checked in at the sick bay. The hospital corpsman on duty gave him two sleeping pills and logged the issue as for "flight fatigue." This was all in accordance with standing orders.

Flight fatigue is the enemy that won't let you sleep in barracks and then puts sand in your eyes when you've climbed to bombing level. The term is no more definite than "shell shock" is; but neither the Army nor the Navy likes to use psychiatric terms for temporary mental stresses developed under air battle conditions.

Not only the combat pilots but every airman in a war theater must be safeguarded against flight fatigue. Often it seems to set in as the result of anoxemia—the effect of oxygen lack in high-altitude flying. Cold and sore muscles resulting from cramped air battle stations add to physical fatigue. Eyes ache from constant watching, ears ring from intense listening, kidneys and bowels are punished on long flights. Incessant attention to instruments, controls, radio, navigational computation brings acute mental fatigue. To be shot at again and again strains any one emotionally. Monotonous war rations, noise, dirt, and dampness are other things that tend to cause flight fatigue.

As one of my very earnest young pilots described it to me, "You start getting motor-conscious or find you've suddenly acquired a jumpy trigger finger. Then flight reflexes get slow. After that no one will fly with you, or near you. You stand for sudden death."

The final effects may be a psychoneurosis, incapacitating the flyer for combat duty. The most common form of psychoneurosis developed is called an anxiety state. Depression to the point of complete apathy may follow. Hysteria or acute jitters may pop up. For the sake of morale, such a sufferer is immediately removed from the squadron. He goes to the sick bay and seldom returns to a flight status.

Navy flight surgeons have learned to detect premonitory symptoms. Bob B——'s unusual bragging and exulting was a telltale. Another was the extreme anxiety he showed about Johnny—followed as it was by tiredness that did not give way to sleepiness or hunger.

Bob was late for breakfast the next morning, but Dr. S——, the squadron's likable young flight surgeon, was still there, waiting for him. The title "flight surgeon" is earned by special training in both aviation and psychology.

"How are you, Bob? Hungry?" Dr. S—— inquired.

"No."

"We'd better see what you score on a Schneider this morning."

The Schneider is a circulatory efficiency test having to do with blood pressure and pulse rate, reclining and standing. One part of it may sound like a stunt. Timed accurately by a stop watch, the flyer steps up on a chair 18½ inches high 5 times in 15 seconds. The time it takes for his pulse to become normal after this exertion is important.

In figuring out the total index score, the flight surgeon uses a previously established foolproof table of values. For a reclining pulse rate of from 50 to 60, three points are scored if the increase upon standing is not more than ten beats. With a standing pulse rate of, say, 60 to 80, another three points is added to the score if the increase immediately after the chair-stepping exercise is not more than ten beats. If the pulse then returns to normal within thirty seconds another three points are scored. A rise in systolic blood pressure of 8 mm. or more, compared with that recorded while reclining, will net a gain of three more points.

Every flyer has an individual Schneider index, numerically somewhere between 9 and 18. As long as this does not *drop*, a man knows he is fit physically. Student Naval aviators take the Schneider at regular intervals throughout preflight and flight training.

If a flyer like Bob B—— gets a 7 when his average has been 15 for months, he may be given a couple of days' leave and then take another Schneider. If this doesn't show an improvement, he is given a rest period of a week or so if war conditions permit. If they don't he is watched and doctored as seems necessary. In any event the question of his fitness to fly is decided by the well qualified flight surgeon.

Certain fairly harmless drugs are authorized to combat sleepiness. Certain sedatives are sometimes prescribed. These are justified as front-line expedients; but instead of them, whenever possible, the young flyer should be pulled out of the war theater for a while. That is all he needs. I say this because I know him—know the type of Naval aviator we have in the service today.

In cases where flight fatigue has caused a youngster to be something less than fit to fly and fight, the recreation camp has proved to be the best remedy—next to home. At such a camp he sees no planes, hears no bombs, visits no doctor. He eats, sleeps, works, plays, and learns again to loaf. His mind quickly washes clean of war horrors.

He may or may not be returned to his squadron. The proposed rotation of duty in the South Pacific is now about as follows:

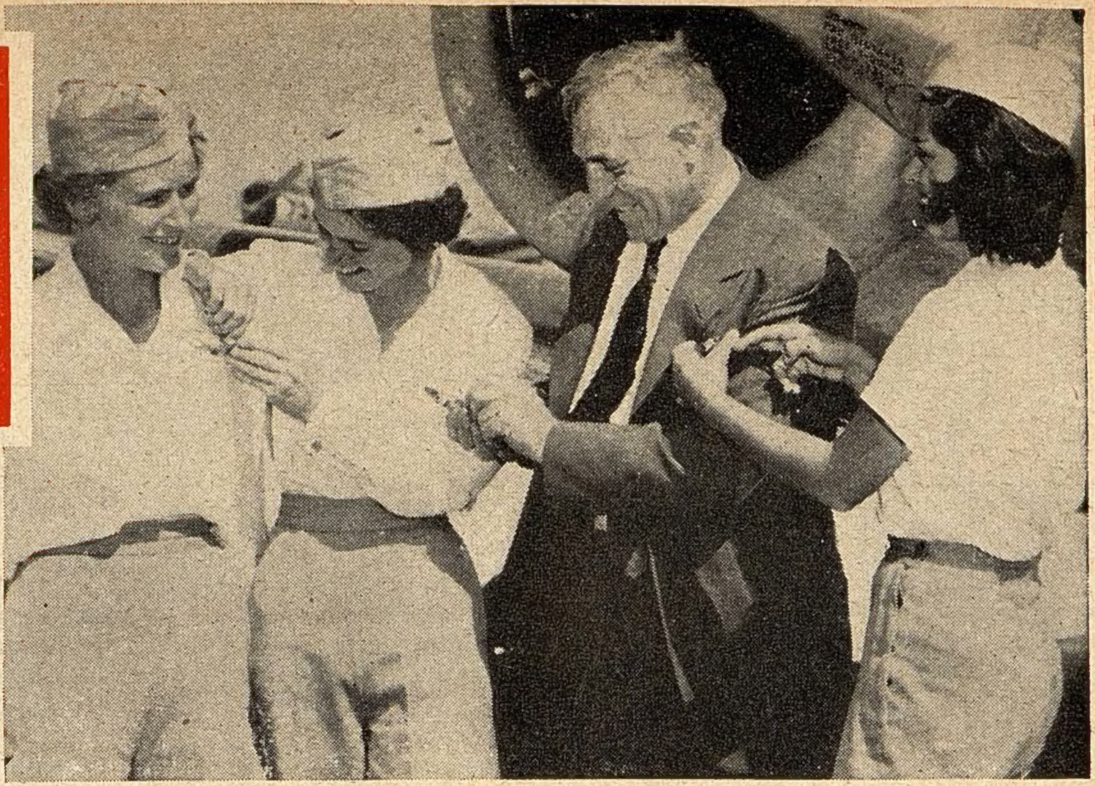
(1) Operational training in a quiet area. (2) Combat duty. (3) Recreation in a safe area. (4) Operational training. (5) Combat duty. (6) *Home.*

The question of where a flyer goes and what he does after flight fatigue is settled by a board consisting solely of Naval aviators and flight surgeons. These men know best their fellow flyers' fitness.

THE END

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



Former Piper Aircraft Corporation cubs in a round-robin wing-pinning bee at the Army WASP school at Sweetwater, Texas, assisted by Mr. Piper.

Aviation's Anniversary

December 17 is the greatest historic date in aviation. This year the fortieth anniversary of heavier-than-air flight is being celebrated.

On a cold and bleak day, December 17, 1903, Orville and Wilbur Wright, in the presence of four witnesses, made the first flights in a heavier-than-air craft on the sand dunes of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. The first flight was of only 59 seconds' duration—1,000 feet long. Man's long dream of roaming through the skies had been realized.

Wilbur Wright died in 1912, but his brother, Orville, now aged seventy-two, is still very active in Dayton, Ohio, where the two brothers had experimented with flying machines and gliders.

Orville Wright, a quiet, shy, sincere man, has lived to see the airplane become a vehicle of tremendous and almost unlimited importance. The destructive powers of the airplane could not have been foreseen by the courageous inventors, but Orville Wright lives with the quiet satisfaction that the airplane can become the greatest medium of world peace mankind has yet seen. For the airplane is shrinking the world into understanding communities and some day—airmen fervently hope and pray—the airplane will never be used except for peaceful pursuits.

Liquid-cooled Engines

America has always led the world in the field of radial air-cooled aircraft engines, as we have pointed out before on this page, and the progress we have made in the development of liquid-cooled in-line engines since the early days of the war is very heartening. The Allison is the only major big-time engine of our own design and it is a pleasure to report that the rating of this type has been increased to about 1,500 horsepower, and more power is to come soon. In less than three years our own liquid-cooled engines have caught up with the best in the world, which is a tribute to our engineers.

The Rolls-Royce Merlin 61, latest of the famous line that won the Battle of Britain, is now being built in this country by Packard and its use in the North American Mustang has sharply improved the fighter's performance.

The Navy continues to shy away from liquid-cooled engines and is using the powerful 2,000-horsepower Pratt & Whitney (radial air-cooled) in its Vought F4U Corsair and the new Grumman F6F Hellcat. The Army is using this same radial engine in its Republic P-47 Thunderbolt. But aside from these exceptions, the V-type liquid-cooled engines are found in our fighter models because the long, slender shape of a liquid-cooled engine is more adaptable to streamlined fighter design. As a result of the war we have raised our liquid-cooled development from one of near-neglect to one of top-rank level in the world.

C. A. P. vs. Ducks

In addition to anti-submarine patrol work along the east coast and courier services for the Army and a multitude of other activities, the Civil Air Patrol, composed of volunteer civilian pilots in the war effort, have accomplished a magnificent job for the nation's food supply. Under direction of Major Bertrand Rhine, wing commander for California, C. A. P. pilots kept flocks of wild ducks from devastating some 230,000 acres of rice fields in the Sacramento-San Joaquin valleys.

A single flock of wild ducks can devastate forty acres of rice in one night. It was estimated that more than 200,000 bags were lost in this manner last year. Flares, smoke bombs, and other ground tactics failed. Airplanes had been used before, but now California is a restricted war area with civilian flying prohibited. This year the Army waived the regulations and the C. A. P. went to work.

On approaching the duck areas, the C. A. P. boys started by dropping practice hand grenades furnished by the Army. Then they circled back and forth, keeping the ducks headed in the direction of an area some miles distant where the Fish and Wild Life Survey had deposited 400 tons of feed in an effort to keep the ducks' interest off the rice. The entire rice crop was saved.

Postwar Pleasure Flying

What will the postwar private airplane be like? Here's how one of the leading manufacturers of personal airplanes sums up tomorrow's family air buggy: The most popular models will be two- and four-place. The average speed will be about 120 miles per hour. (Top speed will be higher, of course, but the 120-miles-per-hour "cruising" is comparable to the medium comfortable highway speeds of automobiles.

Safety features will dominate all postwar private planes. The basic design of many of them will prevent "stalling," which has been the cause of many accidents in the past. Operating the plane will not be dissimilar to operating an automobile. Landings will be accomplished in small areas, and the flying range will be between 500 and 600 miles, which means a good four- or five-hour nonstop limit.

Best news about the postwar plane, however, is the small amount of instruction that will be needed. Cessna believes any one fit to drive a car may pilot the plane after instruction of a minimum of fifteen minutes and a maximum of perhaps two and a half hours. Immediate postwar prices will be in the neighborhood of $2,000, the cost of a good automobile.

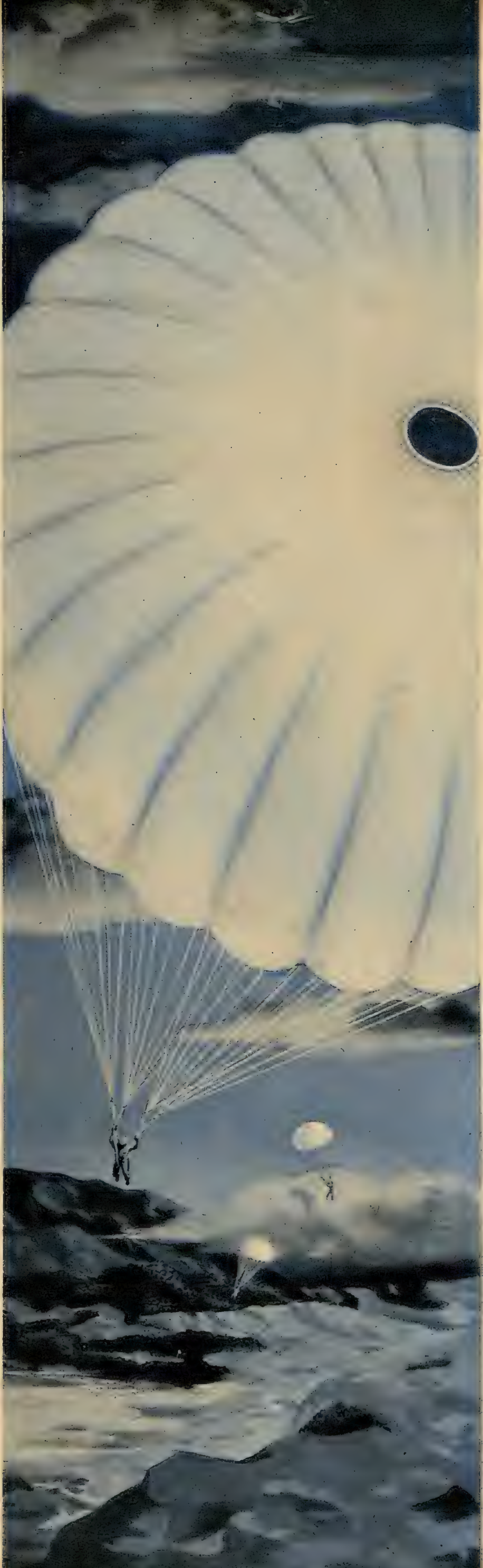
Progress in the Far North

Here's a flash news story from the Far North! The airplane has nosed out the canoe and the dog team in the arctic wilderness. The airplane has been overtaking the two primitive means of transport for some years, but new medium-type air freighters at three cents a ground-mile cost have now undercut the cost of transportation by either canoes or dogs.

So reports W. L. Brintnell of Aircraft Repair, Ltd., Edmonton, Canada, one of the real air pioneers of the Far North. Planes for the northland are designed to use wheels, skis, or pontoons, thus enabling them to land anywhere in any season. Engineering improvements permit of flying in temperatures ranging from 120 degrees above zero to 70 degrees below.

Miners like airplane transportation because a trip involves hours instead of days and weeks of travel. The same planes that take in supplies bring out products, especially concentrates. Mining operations are utilizing planes for prospecting and for transporting crews, supplies, machinery, and products, and as a result of the aerial prospecting some of the world's richest (and most isolated) radium and gold mines have been opened up.

ONE MILE DOWN TO CHRISTMAS



Out we go at around five thousand . . . I never thought my Christmas tree would be a 'chute!

Here I am, though . . . on this Holy Night . . . drifting down to earth . . . to finish this job.

Time's short . . . and you know, as I look down below . . . I say a silent prayer . . . whisper it to the air.

Now . . . I'm coming down . . . coming down all *safe* and *sound!* coming down . . . to make "Peace on Earth . . . Good Will to Men!" a living reality.

And next year . . . Back to a Christmas tree that's green . . . decorated with tinsel and ornaments . . . standing in a room that's quiet and serene . . . where a fire on the hearth glows warm and friendly. Back home! Back to my freedom!

Back to my own little mansion . . . back to the ones I love!

And, Sky Soldier, to bring you back safely, we are working day and night. To you . . . and all like you . . . to your loved ones, too . . . we send our grateful Christmas greetings! ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

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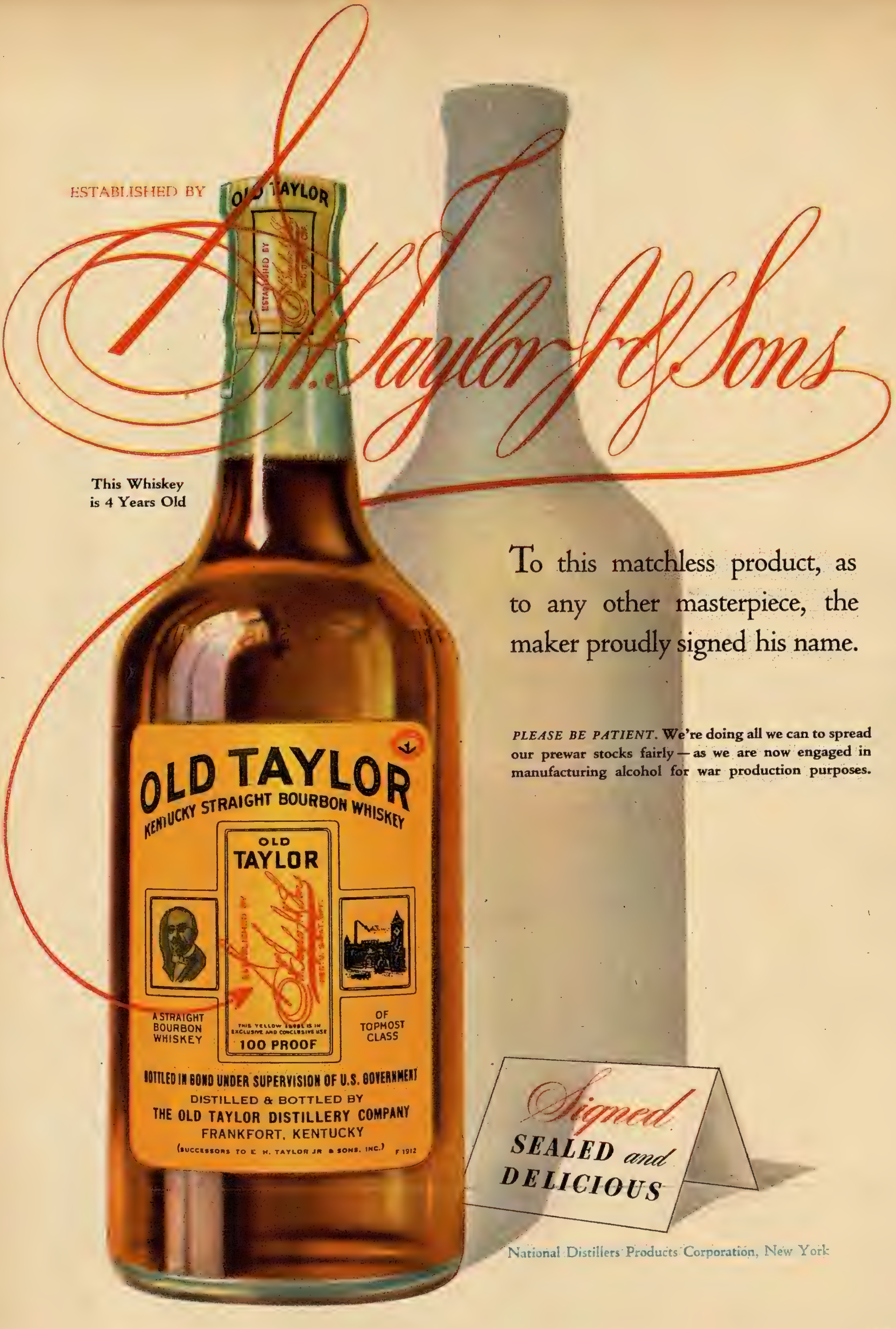
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IF THINGS WERE DIFFERENT

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

BY
MARION BAXTER TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

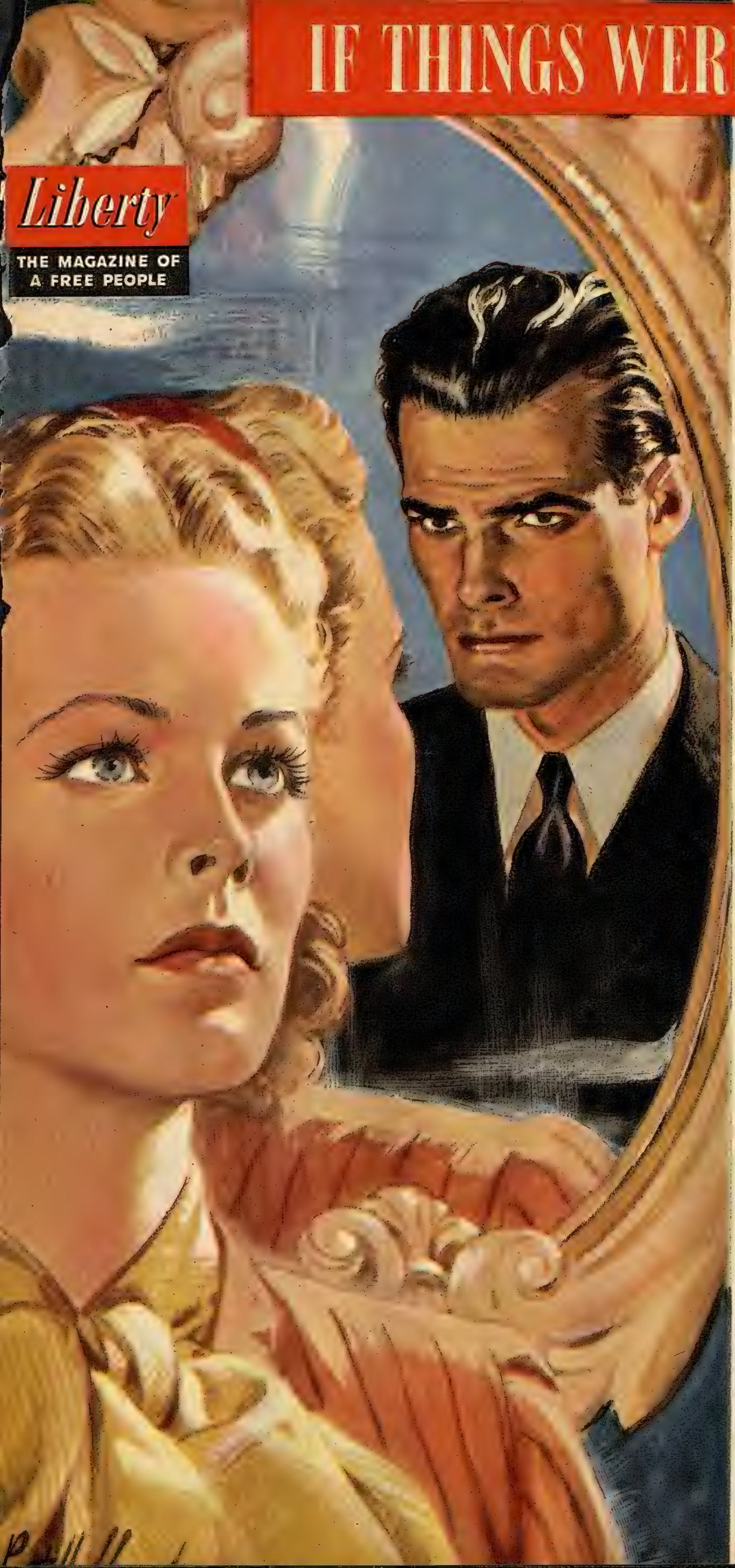
Can a technical marriage ever work out, especially to a man whom the girl despises? Kay had her doubts until a ghost from the past taught her that things are not always what they seem

SHE hung up the receiver and sat there staring at it, as if somehow she might conjure from it a mental image to fit the voice she had just been listening to—the cool, crisp, businesslike voice of David Bruce. Vague outlines of him—an impression of tallness, darkness, aggressive masculinity—hung uncertainly in her mind from the one time she had met him, years ago. But it was like having in your hand the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle and being unable to fit them together: the outlines were there, but the picture would not come clear.

There was nothing blurred, however, about his voice. Clipped, incisive, it did a curious thing to her. For years she had felt a kind of passionless resentment against this man who had married her sister, had a son by her, and asked for his divorce when the child was scarcely a year old. But the resentment had been, for all its realness, impersonal. Now suddenly, at the sound of his voice, it came alive. She felt a hot, moving anger go through her, and for the first time she was aware of something very like hatred for this man who had been her sister's husband and who was Timmy's father.

She stood up from the phone suddenly, feeling the quietness of the apartment somehow oppressive after the live, vibrant voice she had just been listening to. Ella, the colored maid, had gone for the night, and except for Timmy, now asleep in her bedroom, she was alone in the apartment. She moved about restlessly, a slim girl in a gray tailored suit, with heavy shoulder-length blonde hair and wide-apart gray eyes. For a long time she'd wanted this meeting with David Bruce, but now that it was here—now that he was actually coming—she found herself dreading it. She'd thought she could be entirely cool and dispassionate about it. But with the sound of his voice still ringing in her ears, with this new personal anger working like a ferment inside her, she wasn't so sure. Well, she'd better be sure, she told herself grimly. She had to make some sort

(*Continued on page 54*)



"Then, if you were provided for—" "By you, David?" Lila asked him.

CHRISTMAS ON

President Quezon and his family in San Francisco after the long journey from Australia.

The Japs shattered 400 years of Philippine history with their Christmas bombs of 1941. Here is what the Filipinos are doing about it

FOR nearly 400 years Christmas has been the holiday of the year in the Philippines, a religious and a family holiday. The celebration starts nine days before Christmas. The mass is said at four in the morning, with special songs—songs expressing joy for the expected birth of Christ. On Christmas Eve a high mass is celebrated at midnight. After the mass, members of the family, no matter how poor, get together for a little supper. On Christmas Day the entire family—grandparents, parents, children, grandchildren—gather at the home of the oldest member. There may be rifts in the family, members who do not speak to one another all year, but every one joins the family on Christmas. During the day the children go from house to house, expecting to be given a penny at each stop. Christmas in the Philippines is the climax of the year. But in 1941 it was tragically different. Every day of those nine days of the holiday season, the Japs bombed Manila from the air.

Still we tried to have Christmas. My eldest daughter, Maria Auroia, organized the young girls of her acquaintance in Manila to get presents for the boys in the front lines, and they wrapped those presents in the Palace of Malacana, the residence of the President of the Philippines. They were there every day before Christmas, girls as young as twelve and none older than twenty-four. When the Jap bombers arrived—every day at noon—those girls stayed on, the small ones kneeling in prayer, their high voices ringing through the rooms.

The morning before Christmas, General MacArthur sent his aide to Mariquina, my home outside the city proper, to say the time was ripe for us to go to Corregidor. MacArthur and I had already argued the matter. Once Manila was declared an open city, I had wanted to go to the mountains to hide out and start a guerrilla warfare with my police, the civilian population, and the constabulary. But MacArthur thought the fight had to be army against army, and thought the seat of my government should be where his headquarters were. My Cabinet was of the same opinion. So I was not surprised when the aide told me to be ready at three that afternoon. I was a sick man, recovering from a serious illness, but I immediately went to the palace to be near the water front when the time came to move. There I saw those girls wrapping gifts.

As usual, the damned Japs started bombing Manila at noon, and at three o'clock their planes were still around. When I reached the boat, in which Commissioner Sayre also was to go to Corregidor, the Japs had just been dropping bombs around the bay. The boat was not ready to go, because there was no engineer, but after an hour we were on our way. When we arrived at Corregidor, General Moore, who commanded the Rock, was waiting at the dock. "My God, Mr. President," he said, "if you had arrived half an hour earlier those Japs would have sunk your boat! They just sank a French ship here."

Christmas Eve began in the tunnel. One lateral was assigned to all the men in our parties, another to the women. Each lateral had one shower, one tub, and one toilet. My wife learned there was to be a midnight mass, which we attended with some American nurses and officers and men. It was a sad Christmas Eve for us all. One couldn't help but think of Christmas as normally celebrated in the Philippines—and there we were under ground, in a dusty tunnel, with casualties already beginning to mount. I said to myself, "Two thousand years after the birth of Christ, who came into the world to teach love among men, and on the very day of his birth, men are killing one another with a hatred dominated by all the brutal passions of the cave man." But still, after the mass we had enough of the traditional spirit to be able to say, among the family, "Happy Christmas!"

General MacArthur arrived during the night with his family and staff, and when we met the following morning he was cheerful. He came to my bed to wish me a Merry Christmas—he and Arthur, his son and my godson. We all tried to get Christmas gifts for this little boy: toys, balls, anything we could pick up at the Army Post Exchange. He was the one child of the population in the tunnel.

Everybody tried to be cheerful. There was a pathetic attempt to make a Christmas out of nothing. From the PX we got some candy for my children, and they sent gifts of candy for some of the nurses. Those of us in the tunnel were exchanging little things—cigarettes, cigars, handkerchiefs—trivial gifts, but full of meaning under the circumstances. We even had a Christmas dinner, with turkey.

It was a brave attempt, but I'm not sure it succeeded. I thought I knew what every one had in his mind and heart, but no one talked about it. It was evident that everybody had accepted the situation and resolved to face it to the end. At this very moment our troops were fighting the delaying action in which MacArthur really outsmarted the Japs. We in the tunnel had Christmas dinner, but those in the lines were not so fortunate. They had no turkey; often they had no time to cook any food. From the moment our forces started withdrawing to Bataan they were hungry and fatigued, because they had to fight incessantly to prevent the Japs from destroying them.

IT was Christmas, but back in Manila there was no midnight mass. The blackout was on and the people had to stay in their homes. To the Filipinos, probably the greatest shock of the war was the necessity of passing Christmas without masses and family get-togethers. They were further saddened as they realized that the government would not have left the city, with Commissioner Sayre and General MacArthur, if the entrance of the Japs had not been imminent. But worse was to come. The day after Christmas, MacArthur had it announced that Manila had been declared an open city. The

CORREGIDOR

BY MANUEL L. QUEZON

President of the Philippines

lights came back on, but hope was completely blacked out, for the people now knew we had given up all attempts to defend Manila. They were left with only the slight comfort that at least the bombing was over.

Two days later they were shockingly disillusioned. The Japs came back bombing indiscriminately, blasting at such nonmilitary targets as the historic church of Santo Domingo and the College of San Juan de Letran, my alma mater; the College of Santa Isabel and the College of Santa Rosa, and so on and on. Then the Filipinos knew what kind of enemy they were facing. That was their Christmas of 1941.

Christmas, 1942, was even worse. The Japs, with their diabolical cunning, allowed the Filipinos to go to church. The Sons of Heaven even brought Catholic priests with them to the islands. But I am reliably informed that most Filipinos were not hoodwinked. They knew that, for all this pretended respect for religion, the Japs had murdered several priests and one bishop.

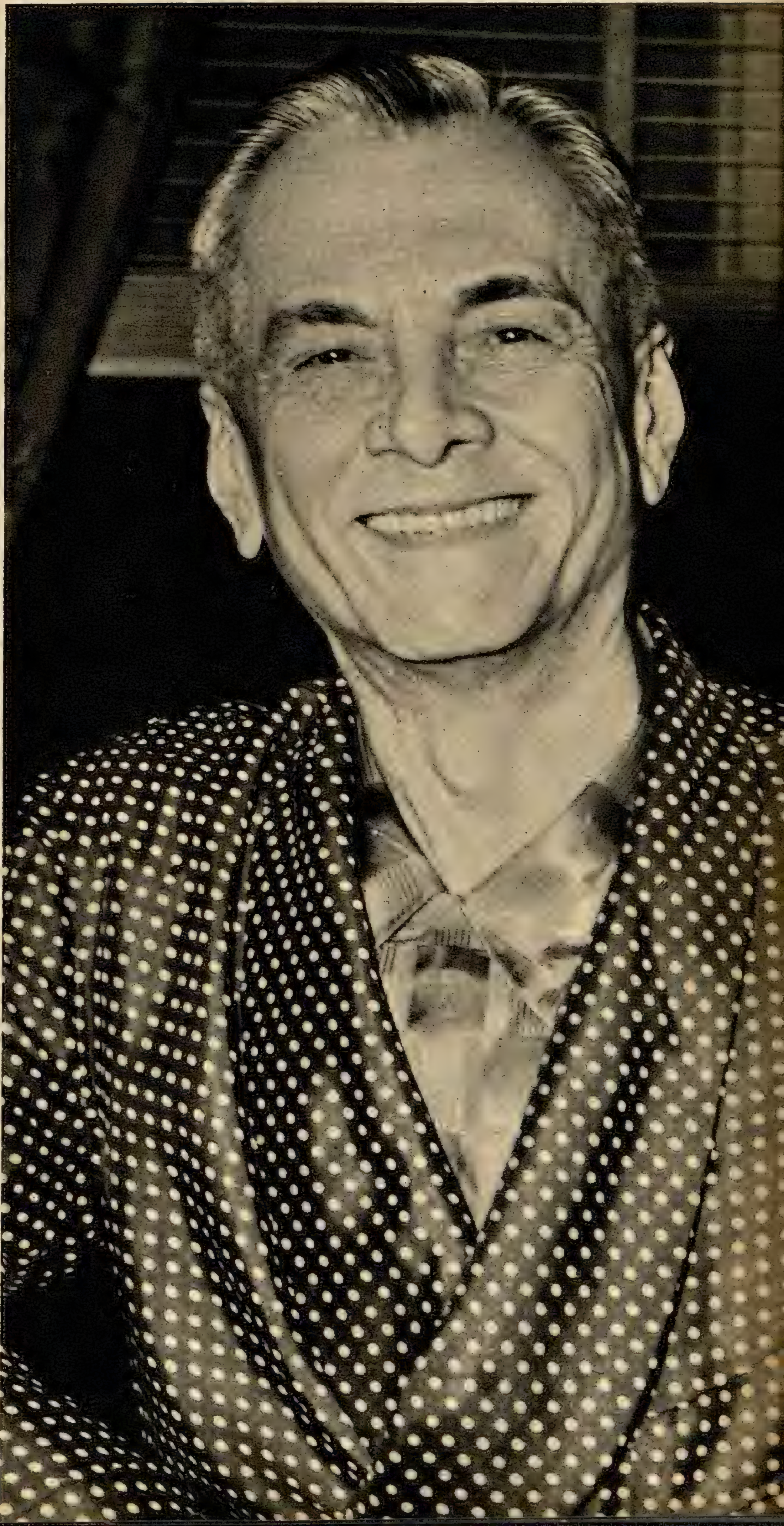
The people were suffering from hunger. Their hearts were heavy. They had lost more than 20,000 men on Bataan and Corregidor, and they were losing more day by day as the fight went on throughout the islands. In many parts of the Philippines there can have been hardly a home which had not lost a member of the family or its property.

The financial situation was chaotic. The Japs had printed worthless military currency and forced it on the Filipinos—twelve million dollars of it a month, according to my information. This had produced inflation; for as soon as the people got this money they spent it, knowing it would be useless once the Japs were driven out. Those pennies the little Filipino children used to receive on Christmas Day—there were none of them for Christmas, 1942. The Japs had gathered them in, by force and even by paying four for one.

Meanwhile, the Japs were combing the Philippines for oil, corn, hemp, rope, cigars, cigarettes, sugar, alcohol—and paying for everything with their worthless money. They stripped the country of medicine. By Christmas, 1942, the Filipinos were feeling the impact of total war. Soldiers not killed on Bataan were prisoners of war; civilians suspected by the Japs were being imprisoned.

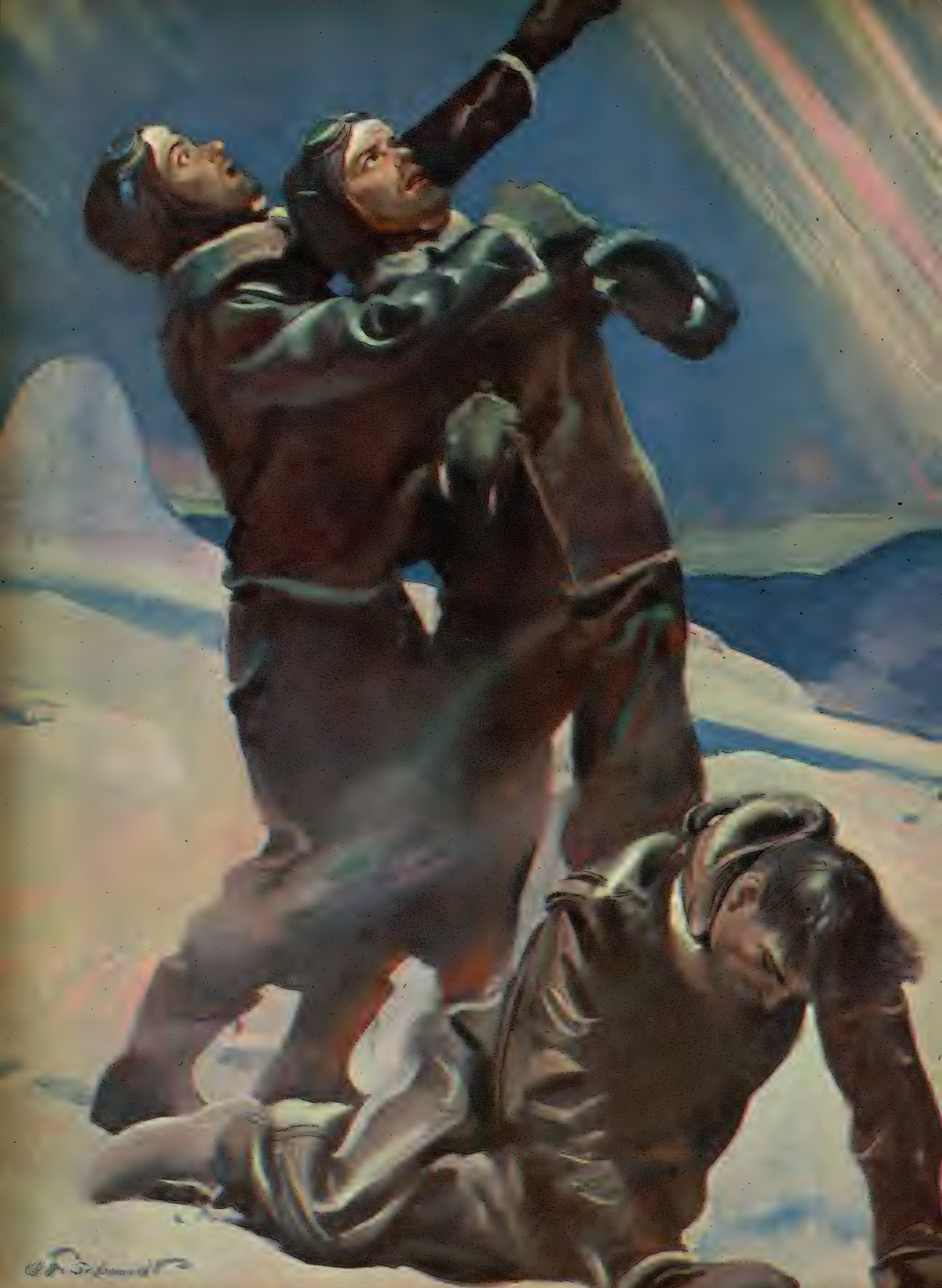
This Christmas of 1943 is no better. In Manila, doubtless, the Japs are permitting masses and relaxing regulations so that families can get together. But the Filipinos know this for a Tojo gesture. From the outset, the Japanese have pretended they weren't fighting the Filipinos—only the Americans. In their first raids they dropped leaflets saying, "We have come to liberate you."

(*Continued on page 62*)



Cheered by the courageous messages which come to him from the Philippines, President Quezon is now convalescing in Washington.

PHOTO FROM PIX


O. F. Schmidt

MORE BLESSED

They crashed into a wilderness of ice and snow, but never gave up hope. The stirring story of a man-made miracle that came to pass on Christmas Day

BY D. K. FINDLAY

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

A NOVEMBER blizzard had come off the polar ice and the bomber pitched and soared like a driven leaf. They had taken off from Labrador on their way to a war and a squadron in England. Over Greenland they had run into a storm and nil visibility and turned back—seven hundred-odd miles. Nicoll, the navigator, strapped tightly into his chair to withstand the sickening lifts and falls, figured they were over ice now, nearing the coast. For some hours they had been flying by dead reckoning. With a little luck, they were going to make the base.

He heard the pilot, Milne, on the intercom, speaking to the wireless operator.

"Any luck, Scotty?"

"Still no answer. The air is like a mad fiddle."

"Send one more fix and get hold of something."

Nicoll pushed over a sheet with his last reckoning. They were going down. The windows were blind with snow. He looked again at the nearest fire extinguisher and put his back against the bulkhead. Braced and forewarned, still the noise of the crash was shockingly loud, like a thunderclap inside his head. He was torn loose.

IT was dark and quiet and there was no movement. He was partly covered by a jumble of things he could not see and his mouth was bleeding. He became aware of another feeling along his side where he touched the fuselage. Cold. He spoke into the dark.

"Hey!"

Scotty answered at once, relieved, lively. "I thought you were dead! I've been calling and calling and you didn't answer."

"Milly?"

"He doesn't answer either. Dammit, I had a flashlight in my hand when we struck and I've been hunting for it ever since. Wait, I've got a lighter."

"Don't! The air may be full of gas vapor."

Nicoll heaved and freed himself of the weight pressing on him. Scott found his pack and got out another flashlight and lighted the confusion. The bomber had been carrying mail and radio and engine parts in neat brown cartons. At the crash everything had torn loose and hurled forward. Some of the cartons had broken open and spilled. The men crawled over them on their hands and knees to the pilot.

They would start up, thinking that they heard voices. Then they'd hear planes.

Milne sagged in his harness, unconscious.

"We'll make a bed for him on the mail sacks."

He groaned when they moved him. He had a bad lump on the back of his head, but there seemed to be no fracture. Then it occurred to them to have a look outside. They cleared the door and dropped into deep snow. The flashlight showed only whirling walls of more snow.

"Wow! It's cold! Let's get back in."

They remembered the lunches packed for them in Labrador which they had not finished. They ate the sandwiches and drank the coffee. They would have kept some of the coffee for Milne, but at the rate the cockpit thermometer was dropping, it would only freeze. All bombers flying this route carried emergency landing equipment, but the tail compartment where it was carried had been broken open and its contents strewn the bomber's length. They found the sleeping bags and put Milne into one.

They lay in their bags, thinking.

"How long?" asked Scott. "How long will it take them to find us?"

"I think we're north of the main track. They'll have to wait until the storm blows over. A week, maybe."

"A week!"

"It depends on the weather, I guess."

IT was impossible to sleep for more than an hour or two at a time. The skin of the aircraft hummed like a shell in the wind. They would get out of their bags and move about clumsily, beating their hands and feet to restore feeling.

Scott kept flashing his torch to see the time. "My watch must have stopped. It says nine o'clock."

"It is nine o'clock."

"But it's dark!"

"It will be dark most of the day. Only a few hours of daylight at this time up here."

"You kidding?"

"Wish I was."

"But"—there was dismay in Scott's voice—"how will they see to find us?"

"We'll hear them. We'll lay a fire and set it going when we hear them."

Milne woke up. He was groggy with a bad headache, but he was able to move around. At mid-morning the darkness thinned to a gray light and they went outside. There was nothing to be seen except an expanse of snow rising and falling in hummocks and waves. The bomber had plowed a great trench through it. They gathered inflammable odds and ends and made a fire in the trench to melt water. The water stored in the aircraft was in tins and had frozen. The wind snatched the heat from the little blaze and the water would freeze almost as soon as the tin was fished out of the fire. The air stung their lungs as if they were breathing needles and their fingers became unmanageable. They persevered until they had laid another fire of broken cartons and weighted it down to keep it from blowing away. They drew off engine oil and put the container in the trench.

Each day as soon as the light came they went out and scraped the snow from the wings so the aircraft could be seen from the air. Then they would hurry back inside to be out of the freezing wind. Anything was better than to be out in that wind. They crawled back into their bags and massaged their hands and feet. They had learned that even a short exposure made them ache. There were plenty of rations in the aircraft—hard biscuits and compressed food—and they had vitamin pills consigned to the forces. Water was a problem. Ice was building up on the inside of the fuselage. They broke off bits to suck.

MILNE quickly threw off the effect of concussion and became his cheery self. He was good pilot material, quick, impulsive, cocky. He was twenty-one. Scott was a year younger, brush-haired and affectionate, a walking chronicle of sport. Lying in the darkness, Scott would choose an all-star hockey team and the others would pick teams to beat it. They recalled memorable football games. They went over, round by round, the battles of the centuries and revived the old echoing arguments.

They suffered from thirst. The insides of their mouths were inflamed from sucking ice. The hours spent lying in the darkness were very long; they had too much time to think of the odds against them. Nicoll kept the Very pistol in his bag with him to keep it workable. One of them was supposed to be awake all the time, listening for aircraft. They knew now that a thousand aircraft might have passed over their heads, the noise of their engines lost in the wind. The never-ceasing wind got badly on their nerves. They began to hear voices. They would start up, startling one another, thinking they heard a voice hallooing in the wind. Then they began to hear planes.

"Listen! There it is—wait! Yes! It's getting closer—it's coming this way!"

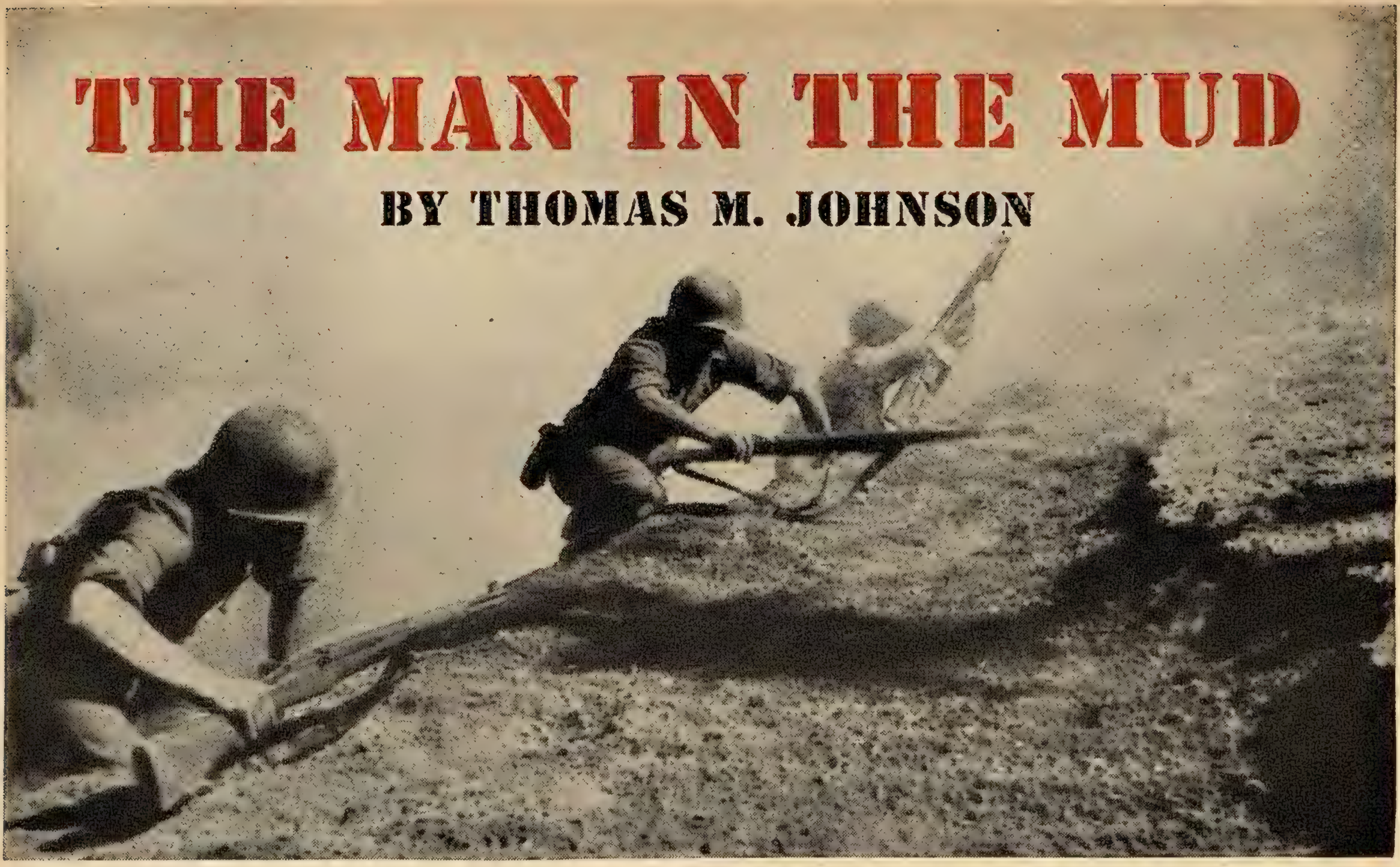
They would tumble out into the searing cold. The sky would be powdered with stars as bright as diamonds, the aurora would grow green and waver. The ice under them would heave and jar with a sound like thunder. But there would be no sound of aircraft, nor lights moving in a line across the sky.

The passing of the seventh day marked a definite change in their morale. Milne, who had been the cheeriest of the trio, began to have increasing fits of depression. He had headaches, he would be silent for hours and then suddenly break out against the people at base, the dumb, blind, gutless Joes who were leaving them to die. Scott's depression took a different turn. He became religious, he talked incessantly about his father and mother, his two sisters. He had an overriding belief that they would be rescued by Christmas. Christmas was always a big day in his home. He re-

(Continued on page 63)

THE MAN IN THE MUD

BY THOMAS M. JOHNSON



American infantrymen storm a hill above the Italian town of Maiori under cover of a smoke screen.

THE foot soldier, the infantryman, has lately made a comeback that is important and dramatic, although little noted. He who seemed crushed beneath bombs and tank treads has scrambled to his feet and planted them firmly again upon the battlefield. Last summer's fighting showed that in modern war the machine has not, after all, supplanted man.

Although British and American air superiority prepared and speeded our Mediterranean victory, it took the foot soldier to clinch it. In Libya, British tanks could not advance until British infantry attacks had cleared the way. In Tunisia, Mateur and Bizerte fell only after American infantrymen, sometimes without air support, had stormed the key positions. In Sicily, infantry saved our first bridgehead from Nazi tanks that counterattacked—unsupported by Nazi infantry; then our infantry broke the Etna Line.

"The combat team's decisive element," says General George C. Marshall, our Army's chief of staff, "is the little-advertised, hard-bitten infantry."

It looked as though the doughboy, the infantryman, was in for a long dry spell when machines overran France and the Low Countries, Yugoslavia and Greece. But he set about adapting himself, individually and collectively, to the new conditions created by gunsmithing and gasoline—tremendous fire power of bullet, shell, and bomb; tremendous speed to whisk that fire power from place to place, through the air or over the ground—and now he is the Army's most versatile soldier. He combats mechanized might with eighteen different weapons. He fills forty-five different jobs in variegated warfare including desert, jungle, arctic, and amphibian. He may reach the fight by airplane, glider, parachute, ski, truck, assault boat. He may still even walk to work. But he remains an infantryman by official definition and by common sense, for his ardent desire is to close with the enemy, man to man, and to fight on his feet.

The foot soldier has sought inspiration from his Revolutionary forebears who fought from behind trees and rail fences. He has become a self-reliant scout-fighter who reads a map and compass, measures distance by counting his steps, carries his pack high to ease fatigue and a pebble in his mouth to quench thirst, sleeps where and when he can. From Sicily a private soldier writes: "This isn't Civil War fighting, like in the history books. It's Indian fighting, like in the movies."

The headlines have been going to the air heroes, but once again it's the foot soldier who is swinging the decisive victory punch

And Lieutenant General Omar Bradley says of his ground forces in Tunisia: "With the common sense characteristic of Americans, they have learned to outmaneuver and outsmart those who oppose them."

The individual "Johnny Doughboy," emulating Daniel Boone until he might be rechristened "Daniel Doughboy," has set up for himself certain commandments, whereof the first is: "Keep your tail down!" He has learned to conceal every cubic inch of anatomy, to crawl, to seek concealment and shelter behind stone or bush, in gully or in shadow. Listen to a Regular infantry officer from Sicily:

"Get off the sky line and stay off! Pick your cover before you crawl to it. If you must run, run scrunched over. When you reach cover, don't squat—flop. *And* flat! And don't tell the enemy where you are by useless firing—just lamming loose with your rifle to encourage yourself. Take careful aim. Steady your arm by wrapping it in the leather sling; squeeze the trigger—don't jerk. Make every one of your one hundred and thirty-six shots good."

"Is it true," asks a recruit, "that our infantry on Bataan, without air support, shot so straight that until they were starved out the Japs couldn't get within fifty yards?"

"You bet it's true," replies the officer. "As for the Germans, they aren't too good with the rifle—but oh, their eighty-eights! The shell gives no warning. If you can see 'em, though, you've got an antidote. Snipe the gunners with your rifle or use your own cannon, mortars, antitank guns—anything to get those lousy eighty-eights before they get you!"

"I thought dive bombers were the worst news for foot soldiers."

"Dive bombers aren't nice," explains the officer, "especially their noise, the first time you hear it. But they're so slow, good infantry can wing 'em with machine guns, auto rifles, and Garands. Still, there's no use spotting dive bombers or any airplane anything. Don't advertise your whereabouts by wearing paths across open fields—use cover. And after you eat, bury the empty cans. Don't scatter 'em outside

An American soldier carrying bazooka rockets, the infantryman's favorite weapon against German tanks.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTOS

The foot soldier goes into battle laden with a variety of weapons. These Americans carry belts of ammunition as well as rifles and packs.

your foxhole to twinkle and call to the planes, 'Yoohoo! Here I am!' "

"In the jungle," says a sergeant, veteran of the South Pacific fighting, "we paint or dye cans and everything else jungle green—even our underwear, so we can dry it on bushes without drawing fire. Down there you gotta learn to go softly on leaves and twigs; to lie still for hours—I mean *still*. Why, we get so close to the enemy that just to keep 'em from hearing us pant, we carry only light loads. I'm not kidding, either."

"Move easy," says a Westerner. "Don't jump or jerk. That reveals your position." And a doughboy from the Solomons adds: "Dig yourself a hole under the roots of a tree—a big hole, if you need space to swing a machine gun."

"Dig!" That's what they all say, everywhere. Especially after you have captured ground. Dig! For the enemy counterattack quick and hard, whether Japs or Heinies. So—quick—dig yourself a good foxhole with your entrenching tool, bayonet, or helmet!

Commandment No. 2 is "Spread out!" After a fight, never mind about bunching up to tell how brave you were and match souvenirs. Sure it's human—but it's more human to stay alive. On roads or in fields a knot of men is a bull's-eye for airplanes or artillery. And the fewer the men in one place when a shell or bomb bursts, the more alive when the smoke clears.

Still another: "You gotta be foxy!" Today's infantryman must think fast on his feet or on his belly. He must be alert for the unexpected that, in Indian fighting, is most likely to happen. Experienced soldiers drive home that lesson like a bayonet—sharply, with a twist.

At night they stifle a recruit's betraying cough by squeezing his Adam's apple, or his sneeze by pressing upward on his nostrils. He doesn't have to be shown twice. He learns quickly to wriggle through barbed wire, cross a trench, even how to walk at night, first on the heel, then on the ball of the foot.

In his struggle to come back, the doughboy has made himself a practical, compact fighting man. From eighteen varieties of stub-toed footgear to pot-shaped duplex helmet of fiber and light steel, his uniform is matter-of-fact: waterproof windbreaker, loose water-and-wind-repellent slacks, and canvas leggings—and they fit. No more "two sizes—too large and too small."

HIS pack and equipment still move him to what the Continental Army called "profane swearing," but although they weigh forty-five pounds, that is less than formerly. Under his left arm he carries a gas mask in a case; hooked to his belt, cartridge pouches, canteen, cup and cover, and first-aid packet. In his haversack, slung over his shoulders by suspenders and attached to his belt, are mess kit, shoelaces, raincoat, toilet set, towel. Attached to his haversack are his rolled overcoat, entrenching tool, and bayonet. Buttoned to the bottom of the haversack is a pack carrier holding two blankets rolled around underclothing, socks, and handkerchief, also half a pup tent with pole, rope, and pins. Theoretically he can squeeze in neither saxophone nor souvenirs; actually, try and stop him!

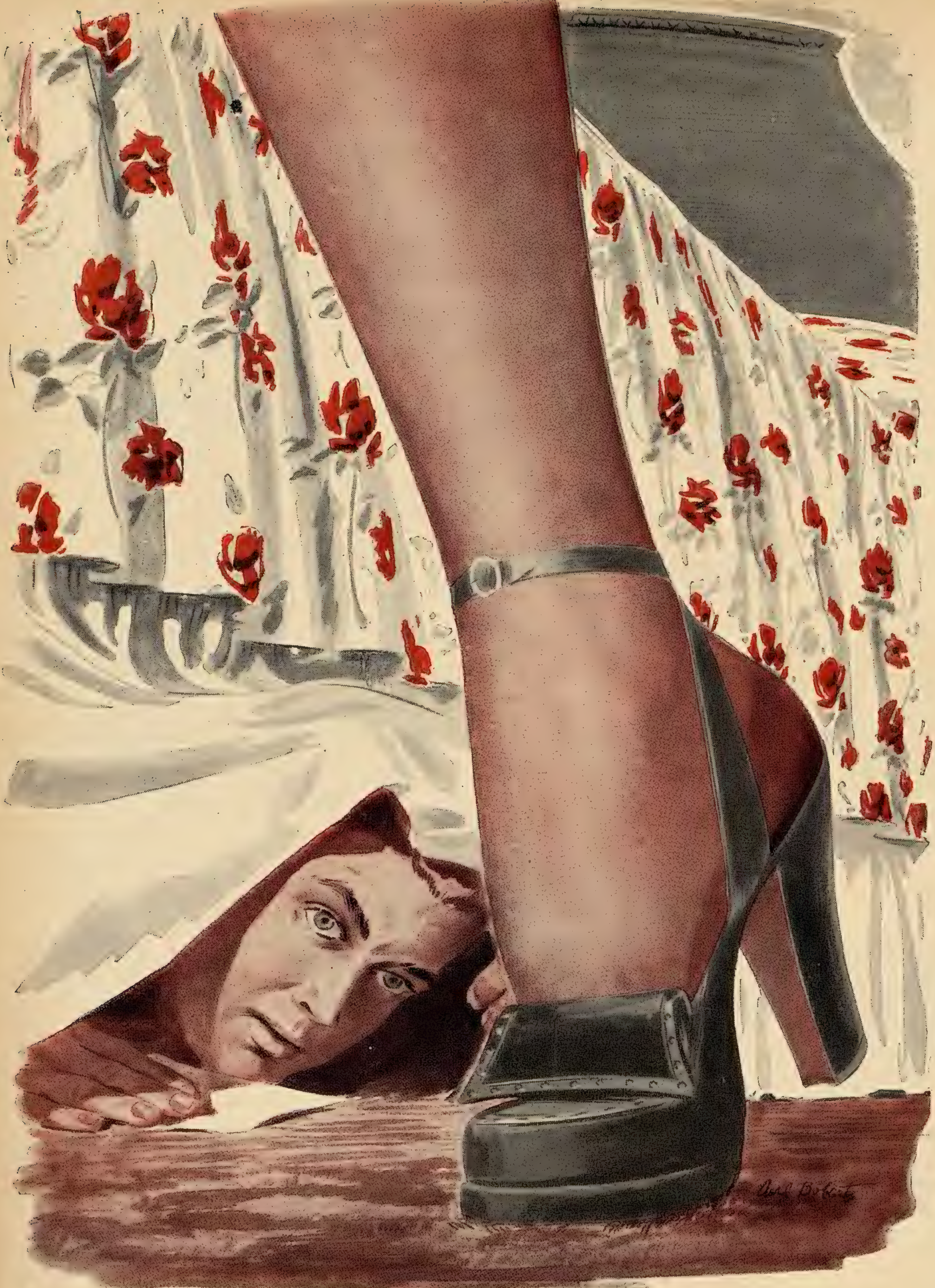
Today's doughboy is a self-sustaining unit. When possible he gets hot meals, but carries in his haversack concentrated emergency rations—bouillon, canned meat and vegetables, graham biscuit, cheese, dextrose, coffee, fruit bar, malted-milk tablets and chewing gum to quench thirst; also, usually, three cigarettes. One ration packs 3,726 calories, although it weighs only 32.6 ounces cartoned.

The infantryman may also carry pistol, field glasses, whistle, or other extras, depending on where he is fighting. In jungle he cuts off trouser legs and coattails, strips down to machete and whetstone, entrenching tool, two canteens (covered, not to rattle), shelter half or raincoat, extra socks and one mess kit and razor to three men. Though generally American weapons are proving to be excellent, in the jungle he discards several whose report sounds deceptively like that of a Japanese weapon, and depends largely on the Garand.

That modern semi-automatic rifle, firing twenty to thirty shots a minute, is the average infantryman's stand-by, though for special purposes some use the older Springfield and the new featherweight carbine which, in short-range work, largely replaces the pistol. Others have the Browning automatic rifle that can fire up to 600 shots a minute. There are two types of grenade. When both gave out in Sicily, on Hill 907, the infantry threw rocks, then charged with that last recourse of the foot soldier—the bayonet.

The other ten weapons need more than one infantryman to carry and handle them. They are the light machine gun for attack or defense on the level, and the light 60-mm. mortar for lobbing shells over hillocks, also the heavy machine gun and 81-mm. mortar for flank protection and cross fire. The infantryman has mines that he explodes beneath enemy fortifications or plants in the path of tanks. In the front line he has his own "infantillery," 75- or 105-mm. cannon on motor mounts. Those guns, fired point-blank by in-

(*Continued on page 59*)



"Then this other dame tiptoes in," said Bill. "I was under the bed—where the note had fallen."

HONEYMOON DEFERRED

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

Terry wanted a honeymoon with Bill and wasn't going to let a little thing like murder stop it

BY CZENZI ORMONDE

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTS

THE old night clerk of the Seaview Hotel sighed as he put the phone back in its cradle and picked up the book of philosophy he'd been reading.

"They canceled again," he said to the bellboy. "That nice young woman was crying. She didn't cry those other times her honeymoon was postponed."

The bellboy was new. "You know her?"

"No," said the old man. "Only I know she's young and disappointed and in love. She's beginning to talk to me like an old friend. The first time they made reservations, this fellow of hers got the flu. The second time, he was sent by his newspaper to cover a murder trial in San Francisco." He shook his head. "This time it's his own fault. He had leave from camp, and she says he's spent half of it crawling under a dead woman's bed."

The bellboy's eyes popped, but he couldn't ask any more questions because the old man was deep in Plato.

THE new clothes Terry had packed for the trip were hung back in the closet and she was sitting cross-legged on the floor, weeping into a corner of her red peasant skirt. In her apartment she didn't dress at all like a well tailored secretary. She let her hair hang and wore sandals. One of these sandals was sulking in a corner. It had come off when she'd kicked Bill in the shin.

He didn't seem to mind. He was sprawled in a big chair, waiting with deadly male patience for her to stop crying and apologize. She always did. He finished his rye-and-cheese sandwich, drained the glass of beer and, because food always made him mellow, he decided to forgive her. He sat down on the floor, put his arm around her, and lightly cuffed her chin.

"Tear yourself from the wailing wall, baby," he said. "You ought to be happy. By tomorrow night maybe I'll be a big shot with the papers and the police. 'Ex-reporter solves Ainsley murder mystery.' I'll get a bonus that'll give us a dozen honeymoons."

"I don't want a dozen," moaned Terry. "I only want one. That's why I got this week off. I want it at the Seaview Hotel and I want it with you."

"A fixation," Bill muttered and kissed her. He wiped her eyes with his handkerchief and held it to her nose. "Blow." She blew. "Now then, get up and drink that coffee I made for you and let's talk about this."

"If 'this' means that dead Ainsley dame, I won't listen. What's she got that I haven't got?"

"Rigor mortis, darling." Bill propped her on the divan and put the coffee cup in her hand. "Now listen. The police think this Mrs. Ainsley, the attorney's wife, committed suicide. I know different."

"I was going to wear my beige suit with the white sweater . . ." murmured Terry.

"Shut up, will you!" Bill pleaded. "But I know she didn't shoot herself because I found the suicide note."

"Brilliant logic," said Terry coldly.

"It was typewritten, and I have learned Mrs. Ainsley never used the typewriter she kept on her bedroom desk."

Terry made a face at the coffee she was drinking. "You let it boil after it had dripped through."

"You notice such trivial things!" Bill said, and resumed his story: "I would have thought it was suicide, too, and handed the note over to the police; but then this other dame tiptoes in, looking for something. The note, I think."

"Where were you?"

"Where the note had fallen—under the bed."

"You must meet some nice people in your work."

Bill ignored the sarcasm. "I only saw her feet. She wore expensive black slippers with thin ankle straps and a platform sole."

"What size?" Terry asked sweetly.

Bill gave her a withering smile. "Smaller than yours, angel."

"And so is her mind, if I'm not mistaken," Terry said definitely. "Those feet belong to Mr. Ainsley's secretary. She's in love with him and his wife wouldn't give him a divorce. Mrs. Ainsley held the family wallet. I saw her once. Tight-lipped and not very nice to come home to."

"You sure?" Bill asked quickly.

"Sure I'm sure. Ainsley wears a little mustache. It hides his weak mouth. The secretary thinks she's a *femme fatale*. Doesn't speak to the rest of us stenographic slaves when we go to the cafeteria in the building."

"Whew!" Bill looked at Terry in admiration. "Go on."

"I bought a new bathing suit, too," said Terry dreamily. "It was supposed to knock your eye out . . ."

"For Pete's sake!" Bill exploded.

"There isn't much to tell," Terry said. "Ainsley's law office is just down the hall from where I work. Sometimes the transom's open and what you hear coming from that office isn't legal dictation." Her eyebrows dipped in a slight frown. "Why should his secretary go searching for the suicide note?"

"Because the police took it for suicide without finding it. My guess is this gal in the black slippers wrote the note. The trouble is how can I prove it?"

Bill pulled the scrap of paper from his pocket. Terry looked over his shoulder indifferently.

"A cinch," she said quietly and leaned back on the cushions, the picture of a very satisfied young woman.

Bill stared at her in exasperation. "Well?" he demanded.

Terry looked very innocent. "Really, dear, it's no concern of mine. If a dizzy pin-up girl wants to help her boss do a little liquidating . . ."

"It's blackmail, and I'm a weak man," Bill sighed. "If I promise not to get sick, go to San Francisco, or get mixed up with dead dames again, will you please tell me what you see in this note I haven't been able to figure?"

Terry grinned. "No man would see it, darling. Only some one who's tried to do accurate typing with fingernails an inch long. Look. It says: 'This is the only way. Forgive me. I can't be a burden . . .' Every time she wrote the letter *e* she struck a light four instead and had to back-space and strike the *e* again. The same with *t* and the six. But you'll notice the *a's* are O. K. That's because your friend with the ankle straps broke the long fingernail of her left little finger on a tray in the cafeteria the day before the murder." Terry yawned. "I notice trivial things like that . . ."

Bill squeezed her hard. "She's got brains!" he cried and reached for his cap. "Call that hotel, baby! I'll be back from headquarters in half an hour!"

THE old night clerk lifted the phone as if he expected the long-distance call. It was the same old story. They'd made up. Everything was fine. When he told the girl there were no more available rooms, her voice fell. Then she laughed and said, "Well, better luck next time."

The bellboy stared at the old night clerk.

"Gee, are they going to be married this time, after all?"

"Married?" smiled the old man, searching for the place in his big book. "They've been married for three years or more."

"But why did you tell 'em there was no room when the hotel's half empty? Don't you want 'em to come and stay here?"

"Well, maybe not," said the old man slowly. "You see, they're a mighty happy couple. The longer they postpone coming here, the longer they can dream about it. They'll never be able to say, 'The honeymoon is over.'"

THE END

THE WIZARD of BLOW

Larry Adler plays a toy to the tune of $40,000 a year—and makes it sound like a violin, oboe, trumpet, or cello

BY MONA GARDNER

UNTIL Larry Adler put the little tin box to his lips, no one thought of calling a harmonica player a musician. Now rapturous fans refer to this thin, wiry, excitable young man as "the greatest living harmonica virtuoso in the world." He has played command performances before royalty. King Gustav of Sweden, back in 1936, sang a lusty accompaniment to Adler's playing of The Music Goes Round and Round.

Adler's knack of blowing Bach, Brahms, or boogie-woogie out of his three-octave chromatic has kept the wolf away from his door to the tune of some $40,000 a year—as much as $85,000 some years. He took time out this summer to tour with Jack Benny's USO troupe overseas, but now has returned to the concert stage.

Curiously, the Musicians' Union refuses to recognize the harmonica as a musical instrument. It's a toy, they insist. This edict doesn't bother the cheery Adler one whit, but it sometimes goads his disciples into active protest. One recently called the union's office in New York. "Do you know," the fan asked witheringly, "that the French composer Jean Berger has written a harmonica concerto especially for Larry Adler?" "Oh, *Adler,*" the voice in the union office answered. "He's just a freak!"

Larry Adler's musicianship can't be explained away so conveniently, his friends and admirers feel. He has a phenomenal memory for musical scores, and a faultless ear. So phenomenal, so faultless are they that one musical critic has said there are only two young musical geniuses in the world today—Yehudi Menuhin and Larry Adler.

Friends are full of stories of how, having heard a piece played through once—or, if a long one, twice—he plays it without mistake on his harmonica. When these stories reached London, one prominent critic there pooh-poohed them. Such a musical feat was impossible, he said. He took Larry to a ballet performance Larry had never heard before, and then challenged him to play just one theme. Larry ran through practically the whole score.

Few of the dowagers, jitterbugs, and lovers of classical music who make up the varied Adler audiences realize that until a year ago he couldn't read a note of music. He learned his concert and night-club numbers by playing each piece on his phonograph several times and committing it to memory. But when Berger wrote the special harmonica concerto for Adler, there was no recording of it; so Adler—who had played in four swank supper clubs a night during one London season, toured Africa and Australia, and appeared as a soloist with leading symphony orchestras in this country—sat down and began learning one note from another.

Adler is boyish and friendly. He looks something like Eddie Cantor, and, without working nearly so hard, is also a good comedian. He likes to talk about himself—the things he does, the famous people he meets, what he said and what they said—but he is always amusing, always a good storyteller. Much of his spontaneous humor depends upon his able use of dialect—French, British, Russian, and Yiddish.

He is full of enthusiasms and eager to try anything. He has taken up boxing, jujitsu, tap dancing, and bicycling with equal vigor and intensity. He is never daunted when an opponent is bigger and heavier than he is; he regards this as an additional challenge. Once in Hollywood he challenged tap-dancing Paul Draper to a twelve-mile bicycle race to Santa Monica. He pedaled his darnedest, he says, sure of crossing the finish line first, only to arrive there and find Draper coolly leaning against a tree, smoking. "I was too winded to scream," Larry says. "I'd left a lung on either side of the bicycle."

ADLER is twenty-eight. As he explains it, "Half my life I was a plumber's son, the other half a harmonica player." He was born in Baltimore of parents who didn't consider themselves at all musical. His father was a plumber, and his mother's only brush with the arts had been a limerick contest she'd taken a prize in.

Looking back upon it now, Adler feels he was unusual from the very start. At ten he was the youngest boy cantor in the synagogue there. His precociousness didn't go down well with the other small fry in the neighborhood. So he staged an amateur nervous breakdown that successfully got him out of public school and into the Peabody School of Music. His stay there was brief also. Instead of études, he played Yes, We Have No Bananas. The dismissal report said, "He misbehaved, was untalented and entirely lacking in ear."

The result of this was he spent the next year or so quite free of the entanglements of formal education, drumming away on the parlor piano, playing his harmonica, and selling just enough newspapers and magazines to pay for phonograph records and concert tickets. His tastes were varied, for his youthful repertoire included Rachmaninoff preludes and the Jolson numbers Got a Rainbow Round My Shoulder and April Showers.

When he was twelve the Baltimore Sun ran a harmonica contest. The other young contestants imitated trains, played The Flight of the Bumblebee and Turkey in the Straw—standard harmonica tunes. Larry so surprised the judges with Beethoven's Minuet in G that they gave him the prize.

Some fourteen months later he left home with seven dollars and his harmonica in his pocket. His first difficulty in New York was one he hadn't anticipated. Having been brought up in a family of orthodox Jews, he was afraid to eat the tempting dishes that filled windows and cafeteria counters for fear

(*Continued on page 62*)

AGREEMENT TO AGREE

BY MAURICE HINDUS

Moscow (by cable).

THE Moscow Conference is deserving of all the applause it has received in Allied and other non-Fascist lands. That isn't to say that it has solved all the intricate problems of war, or the no less intricate problems of the peace to come. It hasn't. Nor is it to say that it *absolutely guarantees* continued amicability and co-operation among the three most powerful nations in the world. It doesn't—not yet, at least.

There are too many imponderables for the guaranty to be absolute, such as the possibility of America's swinging into isolationism as it did after the first World War, the outbreak of civil strife in certain Allied or enemy lands, or some other unforeseen circumstance. Yet, whatever else the conference may or may not have achieved, it has crystallized as never before, in language as lucid as it is trenchant, the will of the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union to fight side by side to complete victory, and to build with China and other freedom-loving nations a new world based on the soundest human foundations and international relationships mankind has ever known.

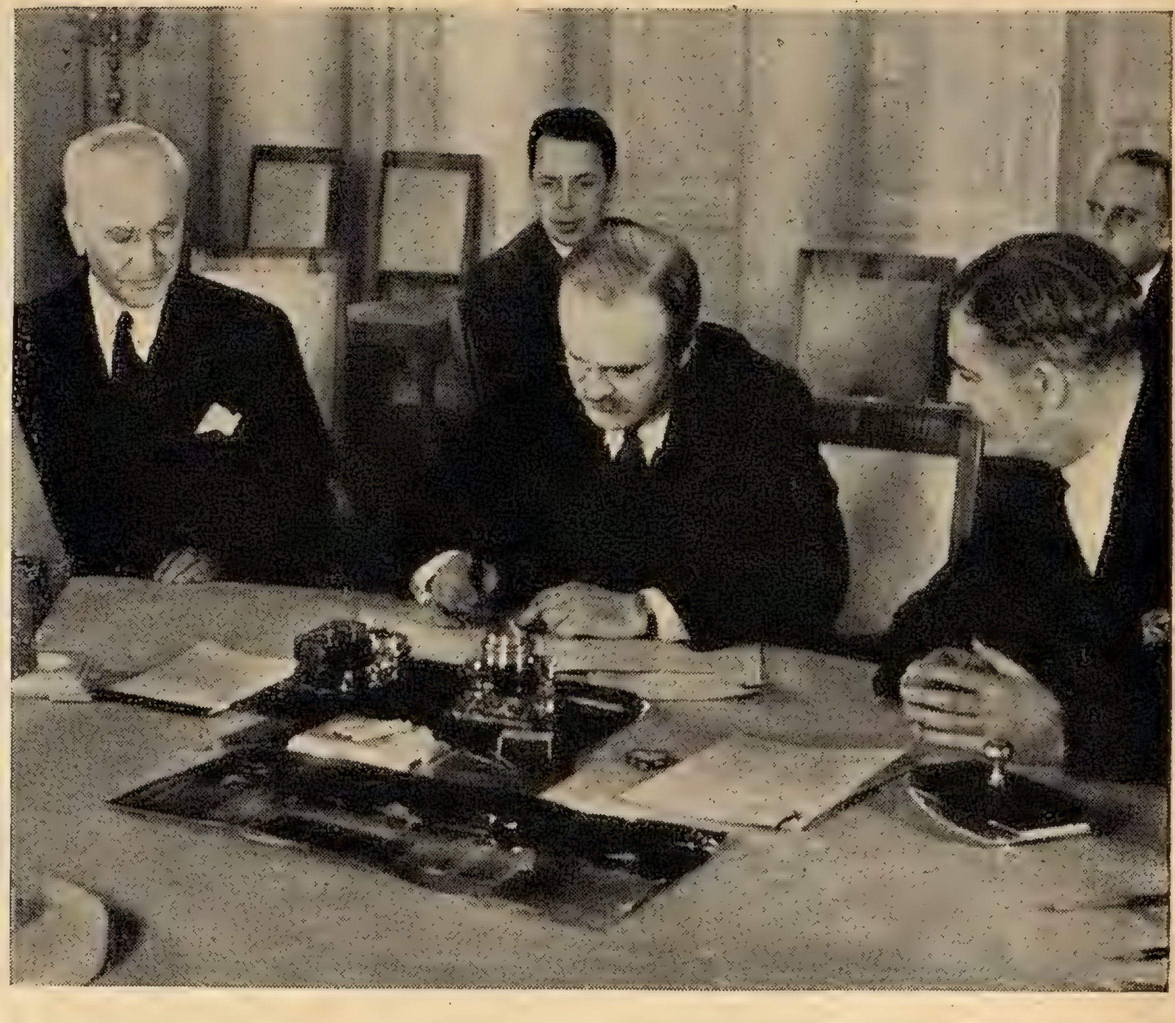
An expert reporter on the scene gives us the background of the historic Moscow Conference and tells why it clicked so well

The American people, who were the first in history to turn their backs on the militarism and the international swashbuckling that inevitably lead to periodic explosions of blood and fire, will view this achievement as one of the happiest events of all times. All the more so because optimism about the outcome of the conference, as nearly every diplomat in Moscow expressed himself, was "a scarce commodity—even more scarce, its customers."

Some of the Allied diplomats, while en route to Moscow, were by their own admission consumed with misgivings. They were acutely conscious of the tension that had crept into Anglo-Soviet-American relations. In America, even more than in England, there was openly voiced mistrust of Russia. There were suspicions that she sought world revolution, imperial aggrandizement, or even a separate peace with Germany.

In Russia there were audible misgivings about Britain and America owing to their "failure" to launch large-scale fighting in western Europe; to the appeasement of Vichy France, Fascist Spain, and one-time collaborationist Darlan; to the snubbing by America of de Gaulle, and to the slowness of the Italian campaign.

At the best, the most optimistic foreigners in Moscow hoped only that the conference of Foreign Secretaries would clarify existing disagreements. Beyond that, they felt, it would settle nothing, or very little. It would be only the curtain raiser for the conference among President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill, and Premier-Marshal Stalin, for only those three, it was believed, could resolve the accumulated grievances of both sides.



Viacheslav Molotov, Soviet Foreign Commissar, signs the Moscow pact as Secretary of State Cordell Hull and British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden look on.

Yet, at the conclusion of the Moscow Conference, one of the first reports we heard was that the meeting of Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin was no longer a matter of immediate urgency. Nonetheless, it was expected to take place even sooner than had been anticipated—perhaps even before this article is published—for the very reason of the excellent groundwork laid at Moscow. No other words could have conveyed so clearly the unexpected success of the Moscow sessions. Even the German radio ceased blaring about a hopeless deadlock in the deliberations.

There were many reasons for the astounding success of the conference, which lasted only twelve days. It is this writer's judgment that chief credit should go to the three men who headed it. From the very start Cordell Hull, U. S. Secretary of State, Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, and Viacheslav Molotov, Soviet Commissar of Foreign Affairs, "clicked." They respected and liked one another. More important, they understood one another, not only as statesmen but as human beings, and that made teamwork possible despite the extraordinarily difficult tasks facing them.

Molotov, now fifty-three, joined the revolutionary movement at the age of fifteen, when he was still a high-school student. Like countless other revolutionaries of those days, he gained most of his education and sturdiness of character in the jails into which he was often thrown—and from which he almost as often escaped. Since the advent of the Soviets he has been Stalin's closest and most trusted associate.

In addition to being the country's ranking diplomat, Molotov is one of Russia's foremost industrial executives. As head of the Soviet tank industry, he lifted its output to the highest level it had ever attained, and this despite the loss of some of the finest steel and machine-building plants in the Ukraine and elsewhere. Only a man of extraordinary ingenuity and skill could have achieved such a miracle of industrial production, particularly since much of the labor had just come from the farms.

HE looks more like a college professor than a diplomat. His face is broad and pale, his speech slow and deliberate. He's a patient listener and has an uncommon gift of lucid exposition. His main purpose is to drive home his idea. Although he speaks only Russian, which neither Hull nor Eden understands, he proved so superb a chairman that his English-speaking colleagues declined his suggestion of a rotating chairmanship. He presided over all the sessions. That in itself is a tribute to his geniality, his sense of fairness, and his parliamentary skill.

Eden, seven years younger than Molotov, is an aristocrat who never seems conscious of his aristocracy. He's one of the most approachable men in the British Cabinet. A good mixer and fluent talker, he makes himself at home in any society. His willingness to acknowledge error, or "to be debunked," as he once put it himself, is not the least of his virtues, particularly useful

(*Continued on page 67*)

OFFICIAL O. W. I. PHOTO

Archbishop Spellman, of New York, saying mass in a plane revetment for the men of the 57th Fighter Group in North Africa.

The Gun and the Bible

A clergyman dispels a lot of bunk about our servicemen and speaks a word of warning to the religions of tomorrow

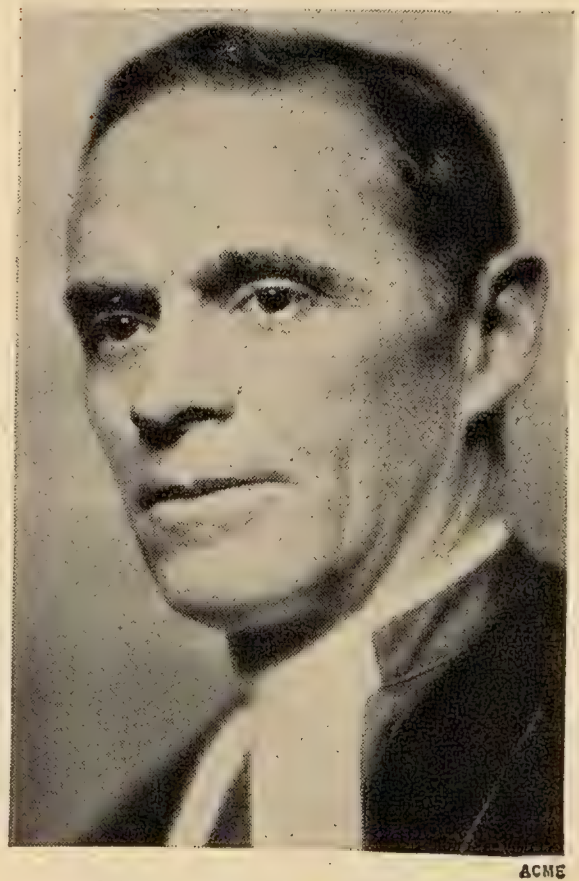
BY REV. GEORGE H. TALBOTT

"WHAT is the attitude of the men in service toward religion?" I would like a gallon of gasoline for every time that question has been put to me by good church people aroused and oftentimes bewildered by the conflicting reports coming to them from all quarters about the spiritual life of soldiers. "How does it compare with the religious life of the Army of twenty-five years ago?"

My answer is, "In some respects it is not so good, but the over-all picture is decidedly better." This conclusion is also that of a number of chaplains and religious workers who have had wide experience in both wars.

But first let's find out what manner of man this modern soldier is, and rid ourselves of a few misconceptions about him.

In the past two years I have visited more than one hundred Army camps and Navy stations on behalf of the Committee of Camp and Church Activities of the Presbyterian War Time Service Commission, and I can assure you that it is a most fascinating experience to interview the private soldier in order to get his reactions and opinions, especially when he has no inkling he is talking to a clergyman. My opinion of American youth is constantly rising, and I am convinced we have the finest potential military force, viewed from any angle, that the world has yet seen.



ACME

The Rev. George H. Talbott

To be sure, there are bad spots here and there, and occasionally instances come to light where things might have been different; but before screaming too loudly about them we must recollect that this nation is at war, that we are training this Army during actual war, and that, with our enemy upon us, many things had to be done in a hurry and decisions made on the spot without the aid of long investigation.

We civilians must be extremely cautious about inflating isolated instances of exceptional hardship into general conclusions. Perhaps genuine merit has not always been quickly rewarded, but to say "the whole Army is shot full of 'politics'" is not true. There is very little "politics" in this Army. Then, too, when parents tell of their son's terrific hardships and quickly add, "But he is taking it like a man," they are paying themselves a subtle compliment. And when a soldier says, "This town is colder to servicemen than any I've ever been in," the chances are he's been in few "soldier towns."

We must always bear in mind that

we are taking a larger percentage of the nation's manpower than in 1917, that many are justly exempted because of industry, and therefore, in some instances, physical requirements had to be lowered a bit; but, all in all, the men in this Army are a wonderful group—keen-eyed, ambitious to advance in rank, well mannered, and exceedingly alert.

The belief that strict military discipline is basically incompatible with freedom of thought is being disproved by this man's Army. I don't know of a single instance when an Army chief has ever attempted to discourage reasonable freedom of thought. The men read Pegler and Lawrence, Dorothy Thompson and Dave Boone, as civilians do, and they listen without let or hindrance to all broadcasters and political commentators.

The average American youth is so well schooled in team play that he readily understands that certain disciplinary measures are necessary to win the war, and he wants to win this war more than anything. He accepts physical discipline in good spirit, but draws the line at regimenting his thinking. He believes freedom of thought and utterance to be the God-given right of every American, and he intends to exercise that right. He respects his officers, but they do not put the fear in him when he is off-post. I have been amazed frequently, while waiting for trains, to hear groups of enlisted men expressing in the presence of officers their opinions about politics, military strategy, world peace, and everything else, with the freedom characteristic of the corner store or cracker-barrel club. Neither the men nor the officers think it amiss.

THERE is respect in the attitude of the enlisted personnel, but no servility. This is a democratic army. Frequently I have seen officers standing in crowded trains while privates had seats, solely because the privates were there first. I have seen enlisted men and officers waiting in line to get into the diner, and when the private's turn for a place came, he moved forward to be served, leaving his military superior to wait his turn. Neither the officer nor the soldier seems to feel that superior rank justifies the breaking of the old American custom of first come, first served. Such a high percentage of our troops have served under athletic coaches that a healthy relationship appears to exist, rather than the old Prussian attitude. The spirit appears to be that of co-operation rather than compulsion.

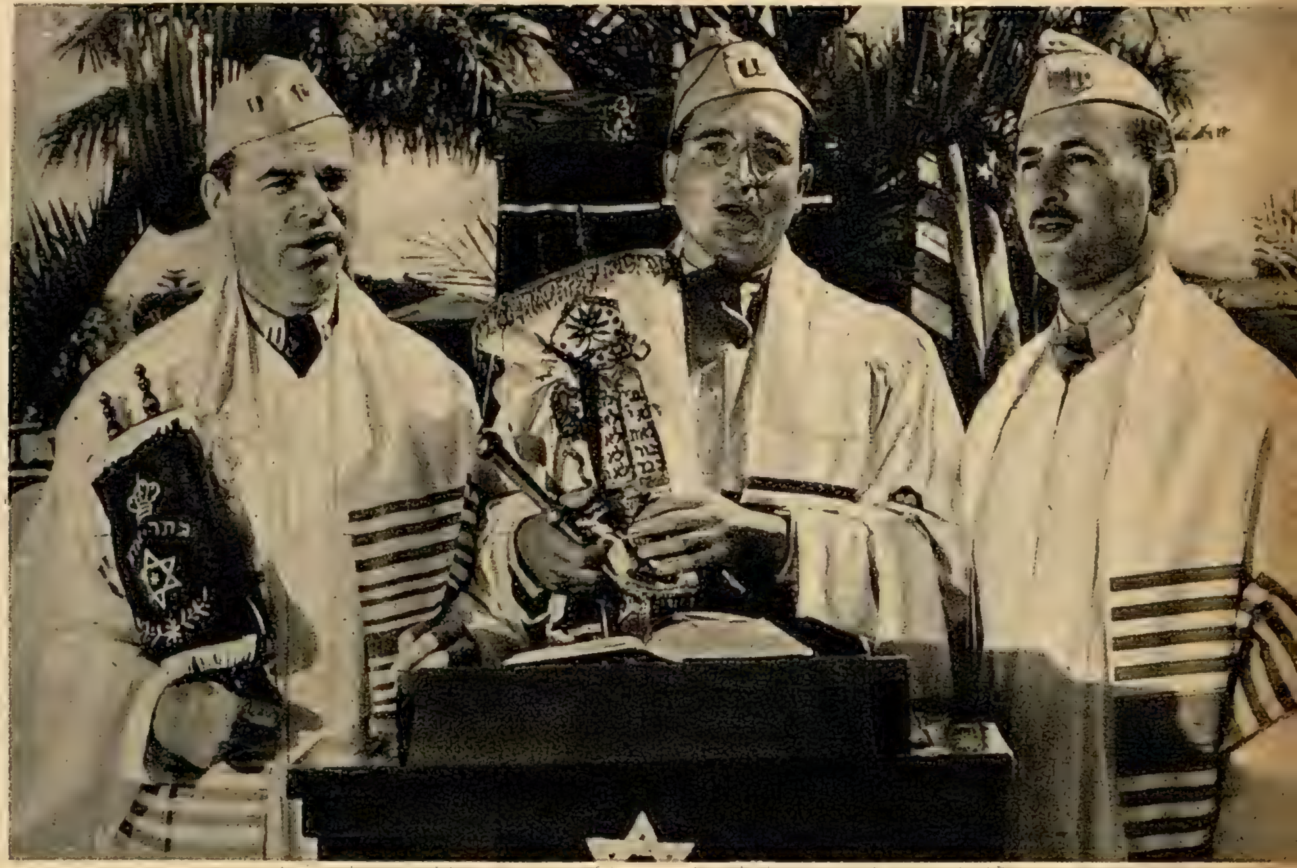
The question is frequently asked, "What will the soldiers think of our national foreign policy when they return?" The radio has made them all students of international affairs. The greatest political influence in our nation when peace comes will be the veteran, whether he served abroad or at home. No political party chief will lead him around by his nose by whispering in his ear some worn-out political platitude. You may draw up Atlantic Charters, "Bases for a World Order," "Covenants for a New World" until your pen scratches dry, but the foreign policy of the future is now being determined by the rank and file in the American Army and not by venerable gentlemen sitting around in leather-upholstered chairs. Statesmen may put their ideas down on blueprints, but the veterans may kick them all into a cocked hat.

Twenty years ago the average veteran thought the best way to avoid get-

(*Continued on page 69*)

INTERNATIONAL

Chaplain Marcus W. Johnson of Norfolk, Nebraska, conducting services in New Guinea.



INTERNATIONAL

Jewish chaplains Jocob P. Rudin, Norman Siegel and J. H. Lief—somewhere in the Pacific.

U. S. Army soldiers, attached to the Air Corps, attending church services in North Africa.

OFFICIAL SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO

Someday Yuletide Bells Will Ring Merrily Again

Someday soon the Yuletide bells will ring again,
And once more there'll be laughter, joy and mirth,
Someday Christmas carolers will sing again,
Those songs we love that tell of "Peace on Earth!"

◆

Someday hearts will beat as they return again,
The husband, father, son . . . the neighbor's boy,
Someday Christmas lights will brightly burn again,
Illuminating faces filled with joy.

◆

Someday we will fill the flowing bowl again,
And celebrate the season—and be gay,
Someday soon the Yuletide bells will toll again,
For VICTORY, at last, is on the way!

◆

AMERICANS will observe this wartime "Holiday Season" with but a single thought and purpose . . . the determination to focus all our energies and efforts on final Victory. To speed that glorious day, the House of Seagram urges you to make your most important Christmas gifts—U.S. War Bonds. For, as we have said these many years . . .

"ONLY THE FINEST
IS FINE ENOUGH
FOR CHRISTMAS"

Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

The House of

Seagram
Fine Whiskies Since 1857

CALL BOARD

NO LITTLE ENEMY

Once again a target for an unseen assailant, Tom tips the police off to the strange activities that threaten him, while Helen sets out to investigate on her own

BY OLIVER WELD BAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

AFTER completing an assignment for the Office of Pictorial Propaganda, Tom Bonbright, famous political cartoonist, was asked to go on a two-week bond-selling tour. On the train to New York he met ex-Senator Carlinger, to whose Washington career Tom's cartoons had helped write finis. The senator said he had been offered a job by Lawrence Kenyon, head of a noted law firm, but that he was not going to accept.

Among the crowd around the club-car bar, Tom thought he recognized Roger Tally, looking rather shabby in a diamond-patterned blue suit. Until a year ago, Tally had lived more than well on contributions to his "Plan," a get-rich-quick scheme that benefited no one but himself. His career had been brought to a halt by the publication of a book written by Tom's friend, Bill Roberts, and illustrated by Tom.

On arriving in New York, Tom went immediately to the Castle Theater, where a rehearsal of the bond-selling "caravan" was being held. Seated in the darkened auditorium, Tom was suddenly slugged from behind. Regaining consciousness, he found he was in Helen Hathaway's apartment. She was the Caravan's leading lady. Charlie Ross, her press agent, had insisted that sending Bonbright to a hospital would mean bad publicity for the Caravan—and incidentally for his client.

Tom took Helen to see Bill Roberts, only to find that Bill had been murdered—just a few minutes before their arrival! Tom suspected Tally of the crime, and Helen, on hearing of the "Tally Plan" and the cause of its demise, agreed with him.

Besides Helen, Tom, and Charlie, the Caravan included Rupert Wells, famous English actor who has a son in the R. A. F.; Daniel Stock, whose heroic rescue of six men from a torpedoed tanker had made him nationally known and whom Charlie Ross had enlisted for the tour as a "home-front hero." Stock had been reluctant to join the tour until Charlie had mentioned Bonbright. There was also Nadine Hall, young and naïve, writer of the war's most popular song; and six beautiful chorus girls.

The troupe boarded their special car en route to Pittsburgh, first stop on the bond-selling tour. Tom was furious when he saw Stock going through his portfolio; but Stock appeared so nonchalant when he was discovered, that Tom thought perhaps he *had* left the portfolio open.

PART THREE

THE next noon, Tom sat with the rest of the troupe on the stage of the Herrick Auditorium in Pittsburgh and watched the crowd that filled every seat and overflowed into the side aisles. There are many ways to collect money for wars, he was thinking—as many ways as there are peoples. There was the grim shake of the money box and the Nazi gun behind it; and there was this way. These people had come with pockets full of money to buy war bonds, and if they wanted to buy them in this manner, with laughter and an eyeful of glamour and a look at the celebrated, that only went to prove they were in an American city and not in darkest Europe.

As they rose to sing The Star-Spangled Banner, they looked like no other crowd on earth. Factory and store workers out on their lunch hour, office girls with bright lips and shining hair, women holding a child or two by the hand, soldiers on leave, here and there a police officer, occupying a seat like any one else. Their voices rang out the familiar words—not too true on the high notes, but steady and loud.

When they were seated again, Mr. Rupert Wells opened the program. He told them about the Caravan, and as he described it the eyes of the audience traveled across the stage. First there were the six pretty girls, then the burn-scarred hero, then the college student song writer, then the actress with the alert mobile face, then the rugged-looking man who was so clever with a pencil. It was a good line-up.

To Tom, watching the performers along with the audience, there was one very false note: Stock, with his cold light eyes, his burns, his restless hands that couldn't hold a cigarette without crushing it out, couldn't hold a piece of paper without folding it into a tiny wad. As Mr. Wells interviewed him and he told the story of the burning tanker in his soft, insinuating voice, Tom thought again about the scene he had witnessed backstage.

What had happened was this: There were dozens of reporters and cameramen backstage when the troupe arrived, and as they pressed around with their questions, Tom had happened to glance up just as a man pushed through to grasp Stock's arm, his face alight with welcome and recognition. Stock returned neither of these sentiments. He stepped away, freeing his arm. But the man persisted, talking rapidly; and now Stock's eyes bulged with anger and he said something in a sharp tone. The man stood frozen for an instant; then, with a shrug, he was gone.

The point was that, if Stock didn't know the man, Tom did. He knew, too, that there was a distinct unpleasantness surrounding his memory of that face, but the memory itself wouldn't come. He watched the rest of the performance through a mist. He knew that there was loud applause after Helen's song, and he caught a glimpse of Charlie's fervent face in the wings. The program clicked off smoothly, as it had in rehearsal, but it wasn't until Tom heard his own name spoken that he gave up the chase after the elusive idea jogging around in his mind. He promised himself sternly to keep on with it later.

When he walked to the center of the stage, the rows and rows of faces staring up at him set going a whirl of reactions. He felt naked and exposed. He wanted something to hide behind. He thought briefly what a good target he must make. If Tally or any one else wanted to draw a bead on him, here was surely the grand chance. But this phase was soon over. In its place came an immense stimulus. It was intoxicating to know that hundreds of people in the flesh before him were waiting for him to speak. And then he thought, It is a good thing I have been pushed out of my office and out of my studio. This is what I needed to understand.

A SWINGY tune came from Wilbur Kahn's piano, and the tap of a dozen feet behind him as the chorus danced in with the huge pad of white paper. The girls were dressed in red, white, and blue, and little of it, costumes that Charlie had dreamed up with a sure sense of showmanship.

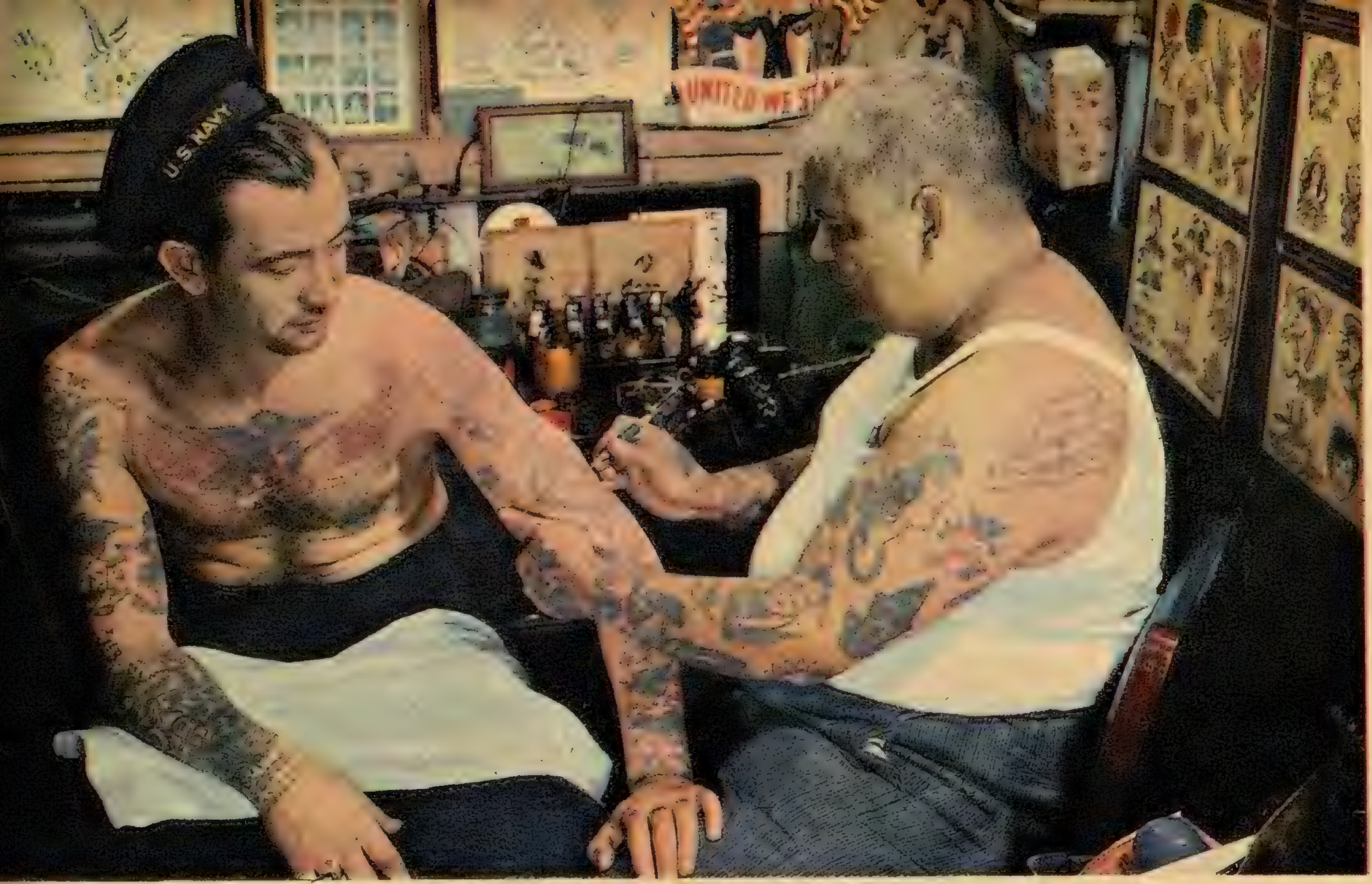
Tom took the soft black crayon out of his pocket and stepped up to the pad. He hesitated for a moment, then took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. There was an appreciative giggle from the audience.

He reached up and made some quick strokes on the paper. The crowd watched him with silent concentration. In a few seconds, when he was drawing the forelock, they shouted "Hitler!" Rapidly Tom drew a Russian scythe around the Führer's neck, and there was a thunder of clapping. He tore the page off and started another. Pretty soon Tojo appeared, too.

Tom turned around to face the audience. He said, "These are our en-

(*Continued on page 47*)

Stock stepped away, freeing his arm. His eyes were bulging with anger.



KODACHROME TAKEN FOR LIBERTY BY ROY PINNEY

The ancient skin game: the ungenteel but undying art of tattoo.

Have You a Spider on Your Dome?

BY STANLEY YOUNG

WE don't give it priorities and we don't talk about it much, but it's a wartime industry and it's booming. That's the ancient skin game—the ungenteel but undying art of tattoo—and Americans are second only to the Japanese in their patronage of the skin-sketchers.

Diamond Bill Haley, professor of tattoo, who hangs his needle up near one of our great training centers, says that since Pearl Harbor he has got under the skin of more soldiers and sailors than any roaring sergeant or chief petty officer.

"But it's not all anchors and roses in this business," Diamond Bill confides. "Most of it's just plain needling."

What he means is that the men in service in this war aren't going in for old-time mermaid, snake, and flower sketches. There is, to be sure, some fancy work on modern lines—Japs' heads with knives through them, and hasty revisions of Indian swastikas—but the big business is more matter-of-fact. More than half of his clients want only a reproduction of their Army or Navy identification numbers inked in on arm, chest, back, or wherever. Farsighted fellows are asking to have their blood-type classification stitched in at the same time, so that stretcher-bearers will know their type immediately. A few add their Social Security numbers.

War changes the old art of etching on anatomy. Business is terrific, but Diamond Bill thinks it's a sin what they do to their skin

"This number business ain't pretty and it ain't art," Diamond Bill says, looking around wistfully at his roomful of designs ranging from boa constrictors to battleships. "But it's the new thing. Must be. There's a line from here to there on paydays. Getting a number on your chest costs only a dollar, takes fifteen minutes, lasts a lifetime."

Seven days a week Diamond Bill tats and crochets in human flesh. He takes a lively if impersonal interest in his clients. Screwballs fascinate him, and he always records their doings in his diary.

"The last guy I couldn't tie," he says, dipping his needles in a germicide, then in alcohol and ink, "is the one who come in here last month and had his name put on in forty languages. Even put on telegraph codes and some of them Egyptian hieroglyphics—all so he wouldn't get lost. He was carrying a compass, too. Funny thing, I can't remember that guy's name to save me—after doing it forty times."

A young sailor came in rolling up his sleeve. "I want you to change this," he demanded, ripping off a bandage that covered an anchor-and-roses design with the name SYLVIA tattooed below in green and red.

"That ink's hardly dry, sailor," Diamond Bill said. "Just put that on for you this morning, didn't I? What you want changed?"

"Want the SYLVIA crossed out and LOUISE put in," the gob said firmly.

Without further argument, Diamond Bill settled him on a wooden stool and switched on the juice for the electric-needle machine. Bill worked out the SYLVIA and blended it into the scrollwork above, then added LOUISE below. The sailor grinned a grin of relief, planked down fifty cents, and left.

Diamond Bill shook his head. "I keep telling those guys not to do that—not to put on names. 'Put on something permanent,' I say. 'Put on something that's always good like YOU AND I. Then you can say, 'See, sweetheart, YOU AND I, put on just for you.' That'll cover any situation. The old ones take my advice, but the young ones never do. Words and names are dangerous. MOTHER is about the only word I never have to work out."

According to Diamond Bill, MOTHER is the word most often asked for as a signature for his designs, although many men return later and sheepishly ask to have FATHER added. I LOVE YOU is often added to the FATHER and MOTHER combination.

(Continued on page 72)

UNDER A LUCKY STAR

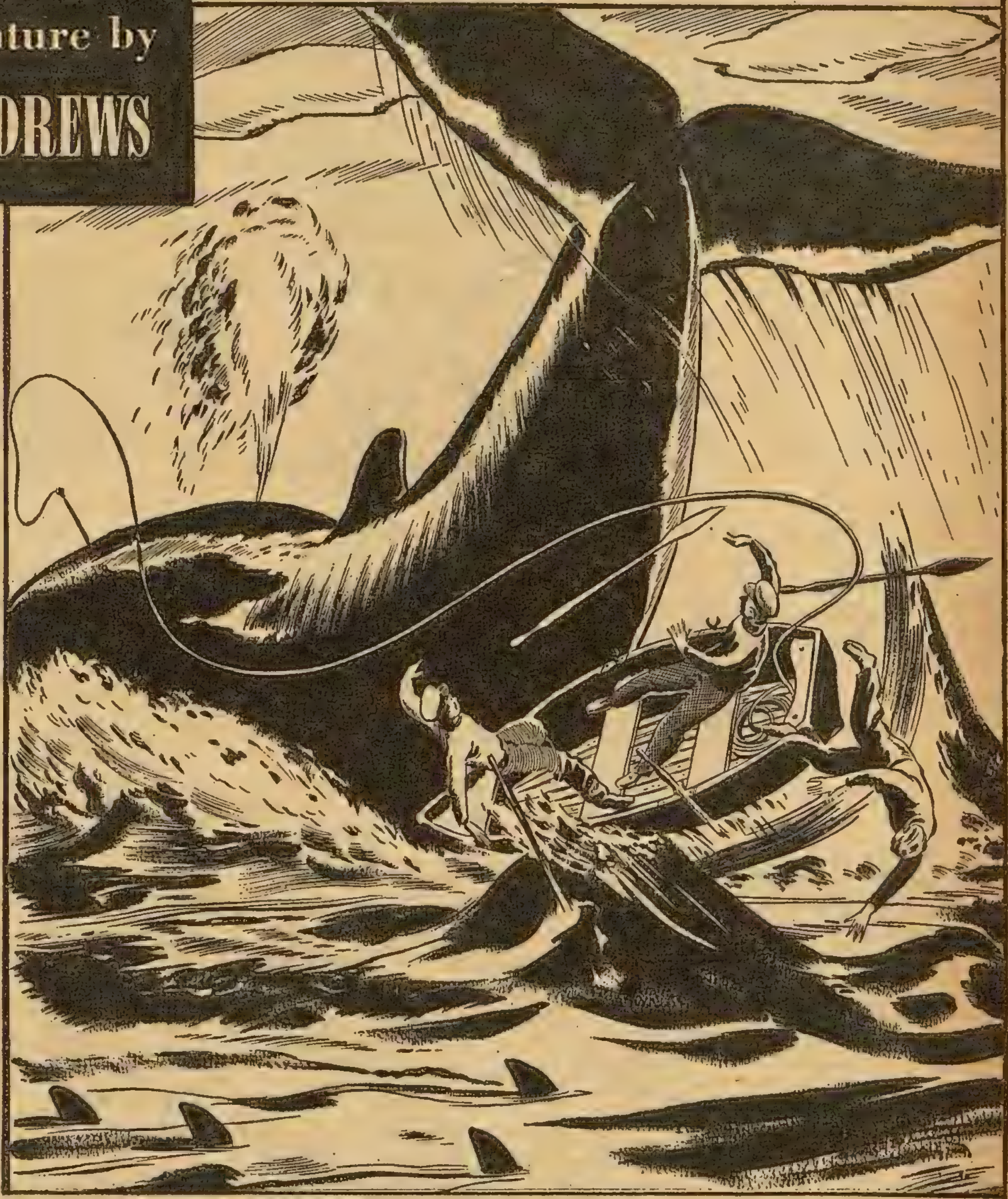
A Lifetime of Adventure by

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

He roamed the world to discover new creatures, new scientific facts — new places man had never seen before — and he rolled up a lifetime of adventures you'd hardly believe — if you didn't know they're true!

ILLUSTRATED BY WIN HOSKINS



OFTEN I have had to sit on a lecture platform when I was going to speak, and listen to a long introduction. It bored me and the audience. I wanted to get at the business in hand and the job I came for. That's the way I feel about this book. It is the story of a life in which I have had a lot of fun and excitement. So I'm going to begin the tale as quickly as possible.

I was born in Beloit, Wisconsin, at approximately two o'clock in the morning of January 26, 1884, when the temperature was thirty degrees below zero. Beloit lies on the banks of the Rock River in a part of southern Wisconsin that was all fields and woods and rushing streams. As a boy I was like a rabbit, happy only when I could run out of doors. To stay in the house was torture to me then, and it has been ever since. Whatever the weather, in sun or rain, calm or storm, day or night, I was outside, unless my parents almost literally locked me in.

The greatest event of my early life was when, on my ninth birthday, father gave me a little single-barrel shotgun. That was fifty years ago. Only four years ago a man from Arizona wrote a letter to the "Head of the American Museum of Natural History," saying he had in his possession the first shotgun Roy Chapman Andrews ever used, and he would sell it for a good price. What was he offered? Roy Chapman Andrews, then director of the American Museum, told him that the museum wasn't interested, but I have always regretted that I did not buy it for myself. It was acquired by the Wisconsin Historical Society, I believe.

From the time that I can remember anything I always intended to be an explorer, to work in a natural history museum, and to live out of doors. Of course I didn't know *how*, but I never let ways and means clutter my youthful dreams.

My love for shooting led naturally to taxidermy. My collection of bird skins is today in the Department of Ornithology of the American Museum of Natural His-

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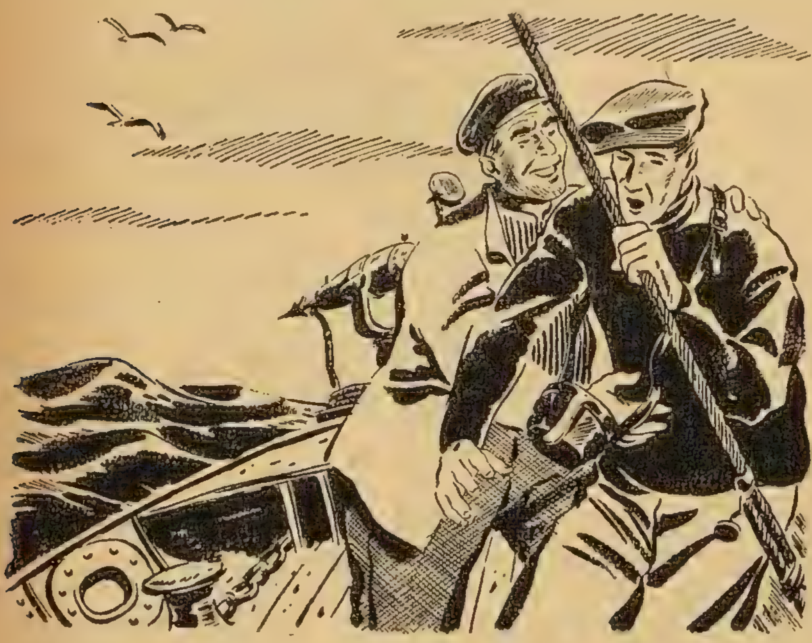
tory. I taught myself how to mount animals and deer heads by means of William T. Hornaday's book, Taxidermy and Home Decoration, and since I was the only taxidermist in our neck o' the woods, I had as much as I could do during the fall shooting season.

Beloit College was then, and is now, a fine institution. It is called the Yale of the West, and has much the same spirit. A boy could get a fine education there if he wanted it, but, in any event, was required to do a decent amount of work in order to continue as a Beloit student. It was natural that I should go there since I could live at home, and I had made up my mind that I would finance myself through college. By summer work and taxidermy, it would be easy. I didn't do a very good job in college, except in literature and science. These things came easy and I loved them. But most of the other subjects bored me and I worked just hard enough to get medium grades. But I did a lot of other things, particularly in athletics and social activities.



During my junior year in college came the first great tragedy of my life. A young graduate of Hamilton College, New York, had come to Beloit as an instructor in English. His name was Montague White. Monty became one of my best friends. Early in the spring, when ice was still in the river, we went duck shooting about seven miles north of Beloit. Our camp was on a promontory where normally a tiny creek emptied into the river, which had overflowed its banks into the low fields on the east side. On a sunny day we paddled in our canoe to the other shore and were talking about what we would have for luncheon. I remember the decision was for corn bread and broiled wild duck.

"Well," said Monty, "we'll never get it by sitting here. Let's go."

Those were the last words he ever spoke. As the canoe shot across the river, he dropped his paddle, made a lunge to recover it, and the next second we were in the water. Monty had been in the bow. He was only ten feet from shore, where the water was not more than six feet deep, and he was an excellent swimmer, but he went down like a stone. Just the top of his head once came to the surface. The doctors said it was a stomach cramp which doubled him up like a jackknife.

I was too bewildered to realize that he was drowned, for I was fighting for my own life. The flood whirled me along like a chip and I was fast becoming numb with cold. The current set in toward a half-submerged line of willows on the east bank. The rushing water forced my body against a branch and for the next hour, climbing and swimming, I worked down the line of willows to a point where the water was only a foot deep, and on my hands and knees I crawled more than half a mile.

A farmer and his wife saw me crawling toward their house, carried me inside, wrapped me in hot blankets and telephoned my parents. I had been in the icy water more than three hours and was nearly dead.

Although I was not physically sick after the experience, the shock and my sorrow over Monty's death played havoc with my nerves. During the next few weeks I lost forty pounds and the slightest excitement would set my body to shaking and twitching. All that spring and summer I spent most of the daylight hours wandering alone in the woods with field glasses and notebook studying birds and sleeping in the sun.

One of the most important events of my senior year was a visit to the college by Dr. Edmund Otis Hovey, curator of geology at the American Museum of Natural History of New York. Since the one desire of my life was to work in the American Museum, I hounded the hotel until I could see him. I spoke of my taxidermy work and very diffidently suggested that he go with me around the corner to Moran's saloon where some of my deer heads were hanging. He was exceedingly pleased and said that he would speak to Dr. Bumpus, director of the museum, upon his return to New York. He did so, and I wrote the director myself. A note from Dr. Bumpus replied that there were no positions open, yet if I were in New York at any time he would be glad to see me—but, of course, not to come unless I had other business in the city.

It was just the sort of polite note I, myself, as director, wrote hundreds of times in later years. But my mother and I were greatly excited at the letter, and as soon as graduation was over I set out for New York. Up to that time, Chicago, ninety miles away, had been the limit of my travels. I spent a day in Pittsburgh and went to the Carnegie Museum, but there was no job for me there.

NEW YORK was next. I arrived at night, and the next morning, Saturday, at eleven o'clock, I confronted the majestic façade of the American Museum of Natural History. Feeling very small, I was admitted to the director's office.

Years later, when I sat in the director's chair in that very same room, and young men and women came to see me, frightened half to death, I tried to do for them what Dr. Bumpus did for me that day. For he couldn't have been more friendly, and my fear left me as soon as he spoke. He was tall and spare, with thinning hair and a small black mustache. An air of vitality and tremendous energy held in check dominated his personality.

For some time he asked me questions. At last he said, regretfully, that there wasn't a position of any kind open in the museum. My heart dropped into my shoes. I blurted out, "I'm not asking for a position. I just want to *work* here. You have to have some one to clean the floors. Couldn't I do that?"

"But," he said, "a man with a college education doesn't want to clean floors!"

"No," I said, "not just *any* floors. But the museum floors are different. I'll clean them and love it."

His face lighted with a smile. "If that's the way you feel about it, I'll give you a chance. You'll get forty dollars a month. You can start in the department of taxidermy with James L. Clark. Now come to lunch with me. Then I'll introduce you to Clark and the others."

I had been told to report at nine o'clock Monday morning. I reached there at eight fifteen, but was afraid to go in that early, so I sat down on a granite boulder just inside the entrance to Central Park at Eighty-first Street. Finally, a few minutes before nine, I shut my eyes and made a little prayer; then walked to the entrance on Seventy-seventh Street and, for the first time, went through the doors of the American Museum as an employee.

My duties at first consisted of mopping the floor in the morning (for Dr. Bumpus had taken my plea literally), straightening up the room, mixing clay, and doing all the odd jobs of an assistant to Jimmy Clark, whom I liked better the longer I knew him.

Jimmy was never idle for a moment and almost lived in the museum. Since college graduation I had had a horror of wasting time. Thus Jimmy's example added fuel to my inner fires. There was, moreover, no place in New York so fascinating to me as the museum. Every Sunday, every holiday, and usually far into the night found both Jimmy and me busy on our separate interests somewhere in the building. His were mostly connected with art, while mine were in study of specimens, learning photography, or reading books on natural history.

I had been in the museum only a few months when my Lucky Star took charge again. A whale was killed off the coast of Long Island at Amagansett. Jim Clark and I were sent to get the skeleton. The director's instructions, as he dashed into and out of his office, were: "Get the whole thing; photographs, measurements, baleen and skeleton—every bone." We did not learn until afterward that he never believed we could do it. He knew about beached whales and how quickly the great bones sink into the sand.

We arrived at the village and bought the whale. The carcass was beached just at the edge of low tide. After the fishermen had stripped off the blubber, they went away. The skeleton lay embedded in some fifty tons of flesh. Jimmy and I could do nothing alone, and the fishermen were not eager to work, even for high wages. The thermometer stood at twenty above zero and the wind was bitter.

Finally we did persuade half a dozen men to hack away at the carcass with great knives. A horse helped to drag off huge chunks of meat by means of ropes and hooks. It was a slow business, but at last the head was separated and on the beach; also the ribs of the upper side. Then a storm blew up from the east, beating upon the coast with hurricane force. We anchored our whale as best we could, working hip-deep in the icy water.

For three days the shore was a smother of white surf. Anxiously we waited. Only half the skeleton was on the beach and that would be almost worthless if the remainder were lost. The fourth day was dead calm but very cold—twelve degrees above zero at noon. When we got to the beach, a smooth expanse of sand met our eyes. The bones had disappeared!

Jimmy and I were frantic, but the anchor ropes extended down into the sand where the bones had been. A little shoveling exposed the skeleton, deeply buried. It would have been difficult enough in the best circumstances to uncouple the huge vertebrae and get the ribs of the lower side, but now it was almost impossible. As soon as we dug out a shovelful of sand the depression filled with water. We had to grope blindly with small knives, our arms in the freezing water up to the elbows, to disarticulate each vertebra.

We carried on alone for three days, warming our hands every few minutes over a driftwood fire. It seemed hopeless, but the director had told us to get every bone, and we simply couldn't give up. At last some of the fishermen decided to help when they saw us two kids struggling hopelessly in that icy water. Half a dozen men pitched in and we began to make progress. At the end of a week a huge pile of bones lay well up on the beach. We checked them off one by one on a drawing from a skeleton in the Smithsonian Institution. They were all there except the pelvic rudiments, and eventually these were rescued from the pot where the blubber was being tried out for oil. That meant we could return to New York with a clean bill of bones.

I HAD become so keen about whales that after the Amagansett skeleton was cleaned, I begged the director to be allowed to describe it. This was my first scientific paper, and when it came off the press I was as proud as though I'd given birth to quintuplets. In describing the skeleton it was necessary to use a lot of impressive technical language, and so I felt that I had become a real scientist at last. It was a pretty good paper at that, for although these particular whales had been killed for centuries, no trained scientist ever had been on the spot when a specimen was fresh. Study of the whale literature also made it clear that almost nothing was known about the habits of the beasts. Whalemen knew how to kill them and had described that well enough. But when it came to really accurate knowledge of their life histories, the books were full of fantastic yarns. There never was a more virgin field for an enthusiastic young naturalist.

Three shore whaling stations had been established on the west coast of Vancouver Island and southeastern Alaska. The great beasts were hunted from little ninety-foot steamers, killed with an explosive harpoon, towed to the factories on shore, and there converted into oil and fertilizer. I figured I might go there to advantage if the director could be made to see it my way. It didn't take much persuading when I told Dr. Bumpus I was willing to go without salary. If he would risk a possible thousand dollars I'd guarantee to bring him results.

Thus it came about that in the spring of 1908 I set out on my first real expedition equipped with notebooks, field glasses, tapes and measuring lists and, most of all, a Graflex camera. That instrument represented the winter's saving from my salary, which had been increased to one hundred dollars a month.

Twenty miles up the great gash which Barclay Sound cuts into the west side of Vancouver Island, the whaling factory huddled against a fir-clad mountain. I came to it on a little coastal steamer, weak from seasickness. We had battled a terrific storm all night and I had my first experience with what was to become a major problem during all my whaling days. In thinking back over a somewhat adventurous life, my considered opinion is that nothing I have ever done required more unadulterated guts than going out on those tossing, twisting whaling vessels. Often I was so weak that I lay on the deck behind the harpoon gun like a dead thing, and only when one of the sailors lifted me to my feet and hooked my arm about a stay could I work the camera and take my notes.

But dogged persistence drove me to my work. With nothing to distract my mind except a heaving stomach, I could time how long whales remained at the surface when feeding, how often they blew, how they used their flippers and flukes, and a hundred other details which no whale hunter had time to note in the heat of battle.

IT was positively indecent the way I pried into the private lives of whales during those days at sea. With field glasses, from the masthead I watched the love-making of a pair of humpback whales fifty feet long. An amorous bull whale executed a series of acrobatic performances, evidently with the object of impressing the female. He stood on his head with the tail and fifteen feet of body out of water. The great flukes were waved slowly at first, then faster, until the water was pounded into a spray and the terrific slaps on the surface could be heard a mile away. This performance ended, he slid up close to the female, rolling about and stroking her with his right flipper. She lay on her side apparently enjoying his caresses. Then he backed off and dived.

I thought he had left her for good, but she lay quietly at the surface; she knew full well that he would not desert her—yet. He was gone for perhaps four minutes; then, with a terrific rush, he burst from the water, throwing his entire fifty-foot body straight up into the air. It was a magnificent effort and I was proud of him. Falling back in a cloud of spray, he rolled over and over up to his mate, clasping her with both flippers. Both whales lay at the surface, blowing slowly, exhausted with emotion.

I suppose I am the only naturalist who has ever been present at the birth of a baby whale. One day a big female finback was brought to the station, obviously in an "interesting condition." The captain told me he had killed her only a few miles from shore, where she was probably seeking quiet water for the accouchement. Wire cables were made fast about her flukes and as the steam winch drew the sixty-ton body out of the water the baby was born right before our eyes. It was twenty-two feet long and would weigh about fifteen tons; the mother measured sixty-five feet. Of course the reason why the babies are so proportionately large is because whales live in a supporting medium.

Absolutely nothing was known about the breeding habits of whales, so I went into the study in a big way. The uterus of an eighty-foot sulphur-bottom is about as large as a double bed, and hunting for an embryo is a messy job. By recording the size of each fetus and the dates, it became evident that there is no regular breeding season for whales, although the "joys of spring" seem to have a slight effect upon their love-making.

Some years later the British government became worried about the rate at which whales were being killed in the South Atlantic. They wanted to enact laws to protect them during the breeding season. Would I please tell them when whales bred? It seemed as simple as all that, but my records of pregnant females showed that they couldn't impose blue laws or birth control on a bull whale. By the same token, if they put a ban on the human hunters, no good would come of it. We can never know whether or not whales have any constancy in their marital relations. But with the whole ocean to roam in, I should judge that free love was the order of their lives.

These new facts of life history and many more were learned during my stay at the whaling station in Vancouver Island and Alaska. Moreover, at the Barclay Sound factory I had roughly cleaned and prepared for shipment the skeleton of a humpback whale, so the trip represented an actual specimen as well as factual data.

IN the spring of 1909 the director called me to his office. "Would you like to go to Borneo and the Dutch East Indies?" he asked. Would I? Would I like to go to Paradise? For answer I almost leaped out of my chair. It was ridiculous to ask me if I wanted to go anywhere. I wanted to go *everywhere.*

"The U. S. Bureau of Fisheries have asked if I would lend you to them to go on a cruise of the exploring ship Albatross. They want to investigate the small islands of the East Indies and do deep-sea dredging. Your job will be to study the porpoises. Doubtless there are many new species to be discovered. No one has done it. Also you are to collect land mammals and birds wherever possible. Better look up the ships at once. The northern route from Seattle will be the quickest."

When the S.S. Aki Maru of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha sailed from Seattle, I was on board. She wasn't much of a ship judged by those on which I crossed the Pacific many times in later years, but to my youthful eyes her luxury was superlative. I looked forward eagerly to the crossing, but, as it turned out, almost every one was seasick every day, and I led all the rest.

Almost from the moment I set foot on shore at Yokohama, I felt that I belonged in the Orient. Even the smells, which most foreigners abhor, enticed me. There is a particular odor always associated in my mind with every country of the Far East. It may be that of the food that is cooked there, or of the people themselves, but if that particular scent were put in a bottle and presented to me anywhere in the world, I could tell you to what part of the Orient it belonged. We ourselves have just as characteristic an odor. The Chinese say we smell like sheep!

In Yokohama there was the Grand Hotel and "Number Nine." The former was the meeting place of the Orient and represented the *n*th degree of respectability; the latter was the most famous house of prostitution in the world and, in its way, was equally as important to the eddying currents of cosmopolitan life which flowed through its doors.

In the Grand Hotel was Martin; in Number Nine was Mother Jesus.

Martin was a "runner" of mongrel ancestry (I think mostly Portuguese), but he had a fluent tongue and an uncanny understanding of the Japanese mind. When your ship was warped into the pier, Martin came aboard. He was immediately besieged by every foreigner on the vessel. Above the babble of the stevedores and chattering Japanese one heard the cries of "Martin! Martin!" How he ever kept his mind in such a flood of importunities is a marvel which only Martin could know. But when you finally captured him, like dragging out a dress from a bargain sale, Martin was always suave and unhurried. To him you surrendered the keys of your trunks, whispering in his ear the things you particularly did not want the customs to see. He never forgot. Your trunks arrived intact and were placed in your room in their virginal beauty. "Martin of the Grand Hotel"—ah! he was the oasis in the desert, the draft of water to the thirsting traveler, the one known tie in a strange land.

Mother Jesus of Number Nine was just as important as Martin but in a different way and to fewer people. Number Nine was a house of prostitution, to be sure, but it was much more than that because of the woman who had made it famous. It stood at the far end of the Yoshiwara, the street of ill fame in Yokohama. It was a broad street, lined with impressive houses, each fronted with a long narrow gallery and bamboo bars. After dark, when the lights threw a yellow glow against the sky, these bamboo cages flamed with color. A row of lovely girls, each sitting behind an *hibachi* (charcoal stove) on the clean white mats, enticed the stranger or the young man about town. The color theme of one house was royal purple; of another, peacock blue; still another, rose or pink or yellow. The passers-by looked and laughed and joked with the maidens sitting so demurely behind the bars. When a man was attracted by a girl, she came to the front of the cage and they talked with each other. If it went beyond that stage, he stepped inside the doorway, where he made a bargain with the house steward.

The girl had nothing to do with financial matters, for she was as much an employee as any clerk in a department store. Her earnings went to the house, except for what gratuity she might be given. The patron was escorted to a room, furnished with a kimono, and was served the drinks or food he ordered. In due time the girl of his choice appeared.

In those early days the prices of each house that was keen for foreign trade were boldly advertised on huge street signs in English: "Short time, three yen; all night, five yen, including breakfast." A yen was fifty cents of American money.

But Number Nine was not like the others. Standing alone at the far end of the street, there were no bamboo cages in front of its dignified portals. A huge two-storied house, built around an open court, it boasted one of the loveliest gardens in all Japan, and no better food could be had in Yokohama than was served there.

One had there what one wanted. It might be to dine quietly with another man where there was gaiety and laughter and the tinkling music of *samisens* (guitars). Perhaps it was to see a true geisha dance or to entertain a group of friends as one would do at any restaurant. If one wished to spend the night with a girl companion, that was ten yen (including breakfast). But one was never importuned.

I WENT there on my second night in Japan with an Englishman who had known Mother Jesus ever since she was a child.

We ordered dinner of *sukiyaki* in a beautiful little room opening off the gallery above the garden. My friend sent his card to Mother Jesus, and when our meal was ended, a screen slid back and our hostess came. I don't know what I expected her to be like, but certainly not what she was. She was barely thirty, slim and graceful, not beautiful or even pretty, but strangely attractive, with calm appraising eyes behind which seemed to lie the wisdom of the ages. Her special friends were the captains and officers of the foreign coastal ships and ocean liners with a sprinkling of world travelers such as I became. For them she was a clearinghouse of information. She delivered private messages, kept their money, paid bills or debts, and gave them good advice which probably they never took. Whenever a ship came in, Mother Jesus knew just who its officers were, heard all the gossip, and could arrange a passage even when the boat was crowded. These things and many others she did for those she liked. In return, they brought her presents from every corner of the world and spent money in her house as only sailors will.

The first Japanese dinner I ever attended was given in my honor at Shimonoseki by the British consul, who had invited all the gay blades of the town. When we arrived, each was given a beautiful kimono and shed his pants, for there is no more uncomfortable garment in which to sit upon the floor than a pair of trousers. They were checked with our shoes at the door. Then we repaired to the banquet hall. There was a little table for each of us. They were arranged in a semicircle. And there were a whole flock of Madame Butterflys flitting about, laughing and chattering. My particular little insect alighted in front of me unerringly and announced in broken English, "I am you."

"Well," said I, "that's fine. How did you find me so quickly among all these foreigners?"

"Oh," she giggled, "that was easy. I have the honorable photograph." Then Cherry Blossom, for that was her stage name, proceeded to serve me. This took place after we were seated on the floor, each behind his little table with his own particular *musume* to wait on him. She was his for the night and apparently she considered it an honor to do his slightest wish.

Half a dozen geishas came in and did a song and dance which left me cold—a nasal whining which no foreigner can appreciate and a series of postures supposed to portray an iris, a lily, or some other flower swaying in the wind, by movements of the hands and graceful sweeps of the kimono.

I noticed every so often that some one of the men got laboriously to his feet and disappeared into the main hall. Always his particular little shadow accompanied him. I supposed I knew what he was about, but I couldn't understand the girl companion. Eventually I said to her, "I gotta go. I gotta go." Apparently she understood for she said *"Hai"* (yes) and, taking me by the arm, conducted me to the *benjo*, which was open and distressingly public. She got a basin of water and a towel and stood there expectantly. I tried to shoo her away, but she wouldn't be shooed. By that time I'd had enough *sake* so that I guess my inhibitions were somewhat anesthetized. I discovered that the basin of water and the towel which she was so patiently holding were for what you pay ten cents to the attendant in the hotel washroom when he fills the bowl and brushes your clothes. She wasn't a bit embarrassed; it was just custom. It was good training, however, for in later years I was able to argue brazenly with a lady in a Paris theater anteroom, bound on a similar mission, as to who was first. After all, it is simply a matter of physiology.

The dinner didn't end until a late hour. I said good-by to Cherry Blossom (I thought). She recovered my pants and shoes and helped me put them on. Also she established me in a ricksha. Then some one suggested that we stop at the Shimonoseki Club for a nightcap. It was an hour or more before I reached my room in the Sanyo Hotel and the lights were on. There, sitting on the bed, was Cherry Blossom.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Why, Griffith-san engaged me for the night—for you."

"The devil he did! I'm sorry, but I don't want anybody. I'm tired and I want to go to bed—alone!"

Then she began to cry. That was terrible. I'm a push-over for a woman that cries. So we talked and I discovered that Griffith-san had paid for all the girls to spend the night with all the men. If she went back she'd lose face because her employer would think she hadn't made good with me, the guest of honor, and oh, it would be terrible, terrible! As I said, I'm no match for a weeping woman.

"There's the other bed," said I. "Suppose you just get in there and don't bother me. All I want is sleep. Good night."

From the moment I touched the pillow I don't remember another thing. It was noon when I opened my eyes, and Cherry Blossom had gone. I never saw her again.

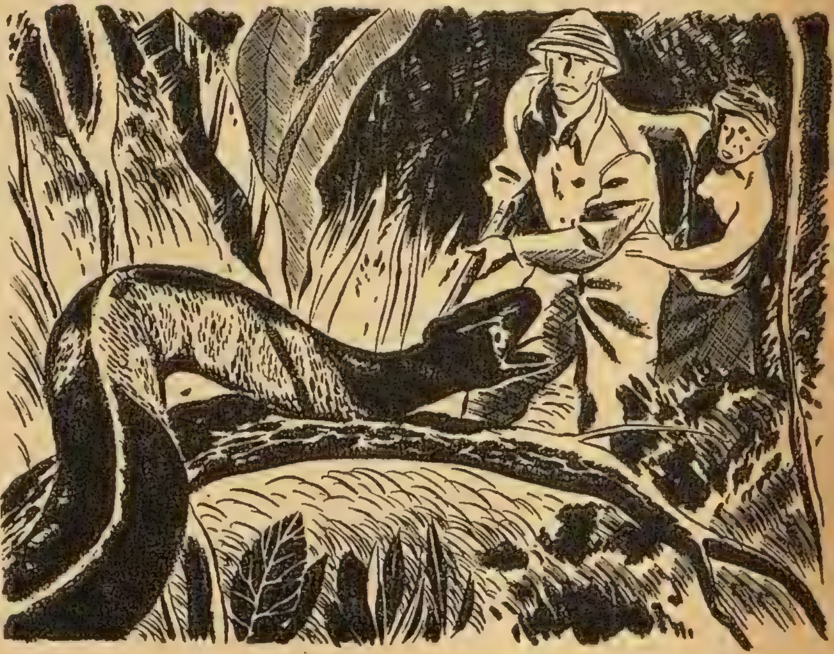
THE Aki Maru took me to Hong Kong, where I got another ship to Manila and joined the Albatross. We steamed southward from Manila, through the Sulu Sea, with only a momentary stop at Twa, British North Borneo, and then on to Sibattik Island for coal. It was a breathless day of torrid heat when she dropped anchor in Sibattik Bay. I can see in memory the sheer wall of jungle; the giant camphorwood and "king trees" stretching up and up till their summits seem to touch the sky; the palms and creepers and ropes of vines, bristling with thorns like the barbed-wire entanglements.

I remember, too, my first attempt at moving through the jungle. I tried to force my way—but once only. Thorns and barbs caught and held me in a dozen places; "wait-a-bit" vines laced my chest and dug deep into my arms and legs. Every move was agony. There was nothing to do but detach them one by one and cut my way to freedom.

A surprise of the present war is how armies have been able to fight in the jungles of the East. I remember talking years ago to British officers about the defense of Singapore. To the land side they merely waved their hands and smiled.

"There is the jungle! It's better than any man-made fortification; no troops could move through that."

It seemed so at the time, and yet the Japs did it. They slithered through the tangle of thorns and creepers with the lizards and pythons, like some half-human creatures born of the primordial slime, each one cutting his own path, worming his way behind the British lines. The jungle didn't stop them, nor fever, nor the leeches. Swarming on the leaves, in the bushes and on the ground, the bloodsuckers work their way through every tear or hole in your clothing, even through the eyelets of your shoes. Moreover, the wretched creatures deposit a serum which prevents the blood from coagulating. The wound stays open and is certain to become infected; then you have a nice mess.



All my life I have loathed snakes; I have to force myself to touch them, and yet I have injected and brought back hundreds for the museum. Of course I supposed there would be dozens of snakes in the jungle, and dutifully I did try to find them, but the vegetation was so thick and many of them are so protectively colored that they eluded me completely. There was, however, one shining exception. I was following a deer trail with my Filipino boy, Mirfanda, when suddenly he jerked me violently backward.

"Excuse, master, but right there big snake. You shoot him quick."

He pointed and I looked, but to no avail. I couldn't see any snake. A great tree overhung the path and he kept saying, "There, there, don't you see him? Right on that branch."

Suddenly a breath of wind shifted the leaves and a patch of sunlight filtered down to rest upon a glittering eye in a great flat head pressed upon the branch. Following it back, I made out yards and yards of snake stretched along the tree trunk, poised to drop upon anything that moved. I backed off and lined my sights upon that shining eye. At the crack of the rifle, a typhoon seemed to have struck the jungle. A writhing, twisting mass of flesh and muscle mowed down bushes, crushed small trees, and wrapped itself in a mass of thorn vines and creepers. Mirfanda and I ran. At a safe distance, we watched until the storm quieted, then cautiously ventured back. The snake lay there, still jerking spasmodically, looped and coiled upon the ground. The head was smashed to a pulp, and when we straightened the reptile out I paced the length. It measured twenty feet. The stomach was empty and it must have been very hungry. It was lying above the game trail, ready to throw its coils about anything that passed below.

Because the Albatross had explored the sea bottom from the Philippines to Borneo, she did no hydrographic work until we crossed the Celebes Sea. In those waters, blue as indigo, she dropped her nets sometimes a mile, or even two, straight down to the ocean floor. Animals from the complete darkness of a submarine life where the water pressure was enormous were dragged to an upper world for which they were not adapted. There were fish with eyes far out on stalks; others bearing phosphorescent spots along the sides like the glowing portholes of a lighted ship; fish carrying little lanterns in front of their noses to light the way. Sometimes in the sudden ascent to the surface and release from the terrific pressure they were turned almost inside out.

Every day of the cruise was filled with interest and excitement. Often I was dropped off on tiny uninhabited islands to spend a day or two while the ship dredged in the vicinity. There were birds and animals of which I had read but never seen. We hunted the great sambur deer, as big as an American wapiti; the strange wild boar, babirusa, with tusks growing straight up through the snout, and monkeys of half a dozen species.

WHEN the Albatross returned to the Philippines she tarried less than a fortnight at Cavite because her three-year Oriental cruise was ended, and she was due in the States. Steaming northward, we touched briefly at the southern tip of Formosa, where I collected a few new birds and mammals. The little village of Soo Wan in the north came near to being the last earthly port of call for the Albatross, because we ran out of the bay full into a typhoon sweeping up the Formosa channel. It came with amazing suddenness, catching us when we were halfway to Keelung, forty miles from Soo Wan. In the beginning, we passed a small low-lying British gunboat. She was only a few hundred fathoms off our port beam when I saw a man start aft presumably to hoist her colors. I was watching through my binoculars and saw a great green sea lap over her stern, sweeping the man off the deck like a straw. It was pretty awful, seeing that man disappear so quickly into the smother of white-topped waves! Neither did it help our peace of mind, for we had begun to realize that the gallant old Albatross might end her twenty-eight years of service at the bottom of the sea right there. In a few hours perhaps we ourselves would feel the strangling water closing over us.

The Albatross was headed directly into the seas which broke over the bow and swept the deck every time the ship dived into one of the mountainous green waves. A mile away sheer cliffs rose like a wall above a narrow beach smothered in white foam. For some reason the captain had decided to fight his way against the rising storm instead of riding it out in the open sea. Keelung was only twenty miles away, but often we barely held our own. Foot by foot the old ship crept forward, sometimes losing more than she gained, but always coming back for another assault upon the crushing waves.

Just as night closed in, lights showed on our port bow. An hour later the ship limped through the narrow entrance of the outer harbor, battered and bruised. Outside, the typhoon roared past, increasing in violence every minute. Next morning, during the half-hour run to the inner anchorage, the starboard engine gave way. Had that happened before we reached shelter, nothing could have saved the ship. It was because the captain knew of the weakness of that particular engine that he dared not ride out the storm in the open sea.

It required a week to make repairs in Keelung; then we went northward to the Loochoo Islands, and at Nagasaki, Japan, the voyage on the Albatross ended for me and a new and different one began on land.

Walking through the market at Nagasaki the day after the Albatross arrived, I saw great chunks of whale meat on sale. I didn't know that shore whaling was being carried on in Japan and I am sure no other naturalist did. Pacific whales were virtually unknown from a scientific point of view. If I could stay to study and collect specimens it would be a ten-strike both for the museum and for me.

The meat, I was told, came from stations in the Bonin Islands, and the headquarters of the whaling company were at Shimonoseki. I went there the next day. The company officials said they would be delighted to have an American scientist study at their stations and I could have all the skeletons the museum wanted. The Bonin Island season was almost ended, but they had half a dozen stations in other parts of Japan. They would send me where I could find the most whales. A few days later I was settled in a tiny Japanese hotel in the fishing village of Oshima.

My life in Japan, thirty-three years ago, might have been lived in a different country and with people of a different race, judging by the present-day Japanese. Seemingly the people I knew, and liked, have no relation whatever to the inhuman creatures we are fighting in this war of horror. It was only six years after their struggle with Russia, when they were just beginning to emerge as a world power. The wine of success had already begun to make their rulers dizzy, but dreams of Pacific empire and the "master race" for Asia had not yet permeated below the upper stratum of officialdom. The everyday Japanese was a likable person, avid to learn of Western ways and the great world beyond his shores. But it was with the eagerness and humility of a schoolboy. The inferiority complex, the basic curse of the modern Japanese, did not dominate relations with foreigners as it does today. Their own ways and customs were good in their eyes. Since they were newly hatched from the egg of Oriental exclusion there was no reason to be ashamed of their lack of knowledge any more than is a child when it seeks information from its parents. Only when their politicians determined that their destiny lay in Westernizing the race with frenzied rapidity, and they started to ape Occidental customs, did their inferiority complex begin to color their whole lives.

I watched them change year by year with amazing rapidity as they assimilated more and more Germanic ideas and *Kultur*. I saw them lose much of their courtesy and kindliness, their simplicity and charm. Each time I returned to Japan there was less that was admirable and more of those characteristics which stamp the Japanese of today with the infamy of treachery and inhuman cruelty. But in those early days, when I went to live and study at the whaling stations, I had the feeling of being an honored guest of the whole community.

The season was in full swing at Oshima and not a day went by without at least one whale. Because everything depended upon getting the meat to market in the shortest possible time, the whole operation of "cutting in" was unlike what I had seen in any other part of the world. The whale was seldom drawn out upon the "slip," but the blubber and meat were stripped off at the end of a long wharf while the carcass rolled over and over in the water. The moment it arrived, men, women, and girls attacked it like vultures, cutting off huge chunks and loading them on fast transports. There were no regular hours and work never ceased until the last scrap of meat was on its way to market.

Often whales arrived in the middle of the night. I always went down to the wharf not only to do my scientific work but to watch the strange scene. Flares of oil-soaked waste lighted the station yard. Men and women, stripped to the waist, girls and children in blue kimonos or skin-tight breeches, waded through pools of shining blood, slipped on the greasy blubber, and tore like demons at masses of steaming meat. The scene was weird and unearthly, like a picture of the Eternal Pit with grinning devils at their business of torturing the ungodly.

I worked as hard as any one, and longer hours than the rest, for after the blood and grease of the cutting platform had been washed off, my notes and measurements must be transcribed while they were fresh in mind. Seldom did I have more than six hours' sleep a night.

The problem of greatest scientific importance was to find out whether the whales of the Atlantic and Pacific were the same, or different, species and whether they migrated from one ocean to another. For future study, I had to take photographs, descriptions, and about forty measurements of each specimen, and send skeletons to the museum.

I SENT back four skeletons: a sperm, sulphur-bottom, sei, and finback. The consignment weighed many tons. A humpback, two gray whales, a dozen rare and unknown porpoises, and two killer-whale skeletons joined the parade to New York the following year. These gave the American Museum the finest collection of cetaceans in the world. Most of them hang today in the Hall of Ocean Life.

From Oshima I moved to the village of Aikawa, in the north of Japan, where the whaling company had one of their biggest stations. There I lived in a beautiful little doll's house overlooking the bay.

Also, I rated a servant girl of my own. Her name was Kinu. To look after me was her sole duty. Kinu was tiny and pretty and delicate and eighteen years old.

She looked like a beautiful butterfly when she fluttered about the house in a flowered kimono. I told her I liked it much better than the usual blue one, and she said she did too and she'd like to wear it every day, but she couldn't because she had only one and it wouldn't last long. Then what would she do, when she wanted to dress up? The next week I took her shopping at a town across the bay. There were three kimonos which she particularly liked and, as she couldn't make up her mind, I bought them all with *obis* (sashes) to match. Never did I see such transports of delight. From that time on she wore brilliant kimonos with reckless abandon, to the envy of all the village girls.

Kinu-san used to do the nicest little things besides cooking my meals, keeping the house immaculate, and waiting on me. Every morning the screen would slide back softly and she would place a vase of flowers just where I would see them when first I opened my eyes. If I were gone for several hours she would be kneeling at the door upon my return, murmuring the polite phrases of greeting which, meaningless in themselves, nevertheless were pleasant to hear. "I have been inexpressibly lonely while you were away. The sun has been under a cloud. The hours were dark." That's the way they went.

Fourteen little ships were operating out of the Aikawa station and each carried a Norwegian gunner, for the Japanese had developed their shore whaling industry under the tutelage of the Norwegians, from the land where shore whaling first began. They hired some of the best gunners to teach them how to kill and prepare whales, and purchased the ships and equipment in Norway. Later, as might be expected, they copied the ships and gear themselves and sent the gunners home. These gunners were rough men, but we had a lot of fun together. I used often to go out with one of them for a week or more at sea to study and photograph live whales. In August I had an experience which came near to being the end of the road for me. When we got ashore I wrote the story in my journal.

"The harpoon struck a big finback between the shoulders and as the bomb didn't explode he was virtually uninjured. Dashing off like a hooked trout, he took rope so fast that the brakes on the winch were smoking. Cable after cable was spliced together and before his rush could be checked he had out nearly a mile of line. Then the brakes were set and he towed the ship forward with the engines going at full speed astern. After an hour of this, even his great strength began to fail. The rope was slowly reeled in, but we could never get closer than about half a mile. Then a wild rush would take him off again in a smother of foam. The fight dragged on for six hours.

" 'He'll keep us fast all night,' said the captain. 'I'm fed up with this. I'll send a boat and lance him.'

" 'Let me go,' I asked. 'I want to get some close-up photographs. I'll pull one of the oars.'

" 'All right. You'll take the *praam*.'

"A *praam* is a Norwegian boat big enough for three or four men, which sits deep at the stern and can be spun around almost like a top. The mate carried a long slender lance. A seaman and myself were at the oars. The whale lay at the surface, nearly a mile away. As the tiny boat slipped up from behind, the body loomed bigger and bigger. To my excited eyes it seemed like a half-submerged submarine. Actually the whale was seventy-two feet long. Standing in the stern, with lance poised, the mate steered us up right beside the whale.

" 'Way enough,' he whispered.

"Swinging the *praam* about, we backed up till the boat actually touched the gray body. Bracing himself, he plunged the slender steel deep into the animal's lungs. As his arm went down, we gave a lusty pull at the oars. My right oar snapped short off and the *praam* swung directly against the whale. Up heaved the great body. I saw the tail, twenty feet across, weighing more than a ton, waving just above my head. It appeared to hang in mid-air and then to be coming down right on me. Never will I forget that second—it seemed hours long! The tip of the fluke missed me by six inches, but the side of the boat was smashed like paper.

"I was in the water with the other two men, swimming for the floating wreckage. We caught hold of the stoved boat and looked around. The whale lay at the surface a few fathoms away, blood welling from the blowholes. We could hear the rattling of the winch as it wound in the line, while the ship crept closer. Suddenly I felt something bump my foot. It was a huge shark. The water was alive with flashing white bellies and great sharp fins. I was yelling like mad and sick with fright. The other two men joined the chorus. They were as scared as I. Wrenching off pieces of wood from the smashed boat, each of us hung on with one hand, beating the water with the other. But the sharks weren't really interested in us. They swarmed like flies about the dying whale, drawn by the blood pouring out of its nostrils.

"The ship came alongside and the captain shouted:

" 'Hang on a little longer. I want to kill this whale before I lower a boat.'

"With that he calmly left us and went over to the dying finback. We yelled and cursed while the whale was drawn up under the bow and lanced again. The captain only grinned. When we were on deck I walked up to him, mad as a hornet.

" 'What the devil did you mean by leaving us there among the sharks while you killed that damned whale?'

" 'Well, you were all right, weren't you? The water is warm and you had a nice boat to hang onto. As for those sharks—shucks, they aren't man-eaters!' "

WHEN the station at Aikawa closed in August, I had eighty tons of specimens crated and at last got them aboard a freighter bound for Yokohama. Besides the great haul of specimens, my notes and photographs held more information about whales, living and dead, than had been gathered since whale hunting first began. All this, strange as it may seem, because I was the first naturalist who had ever had the opportunity of studying cetaceans in the Pacific. It was an absolutely virgin field and I happened along with the youth, enthusiasm, time, and money to take advantage of the opportunity with which my Lucky Star presented me.

When I was in Japan I heard of a strange whale called the "Koku Kujira," or "devilfish," which was being taken off the Korean coast. The description sounded much like the California gray whale. But the gray whale had been extinct for fifty years, at least as far as naturalists were aware. The animals used to come into the California lagoons to breed; there they were hunted ruthlessly, and eventually disappeared.

I thought a good deal about this Korean devilfish during that year in Japan. It was either a species new to science, or else the lost gray whale. If I could go back, perhaps I would have the opportunity to rediscover a supposedly extinct species! The devilfish appear twice a year along the Korean coast—as they go northward in the spring, and again in the autumn upon their return journey to warmer waters. Therefore I planned to reach Korea in January, to be ready for the spring migration. It meant I would have only a few months in New York, but that would be enough. I knew I would be ready to seek the open road again before the year was out.

Another stimulant to my desire to go to Korea was a book by Sir Francis Younghusband on his first expedition in 1879 to the "Long White Mountain" near the Manchurian frontier. He wrote of the wonderful fields of wild flowers on the slopes of the mysterious mountain; how its summit was white, not from snow, as supposed, but from pumice; and of the beautiful lake in its crater. But what intrigued me most was his account of how he and James and Fulford had looked across the vast forests of Korea, through which no white man had ever passed, and wondered what secrets they contained.

I wrote to Younghusband. He replied that the forests were still unexplored, and that if I could go in from the Korean side and make a traverse to the base of the mountain it would be a really worth-while job of exploration. It fitted in beautifully, for I would catch my whale during the early spring and have the whole summer available for the Korean expedition. Professor Osborn agreed enthusiastically. Now I was ready to begin, at last, the program of land exploration which had been my ambition for as long as I could remember!

I picked the maiden voyage of the beautiful Shinyo Maru for my return to Japan. We landed at Yokohama on December 31, in the afternoon, and a few days later I sailed across the Japan Sea to the whaling station at Ususan. That very night the station whistles roared out the call of whales. In ten minutes I had drawn on my long boots and heavy coat, for it was bitterly cold outside. The whaleship Main, shrouded in ice from stem to stern, swept proudly into the bay and slid up to the wharf. From her bow drooped the huge black flukes of a whale. My great moment had come. Either I was to find a species new to science or rediscover one that had been lost for half a century!

First glance showed that the flukes differed in shape from any that I had ever seen; also they were marked with strange gray circles. When the cutters hacked through the body and the posterior section came slowly into view, I saw that the back was finless and the dorsal edge strongly crenelated. Up came a wide stubby flipper; then a short arched head. These told the story. It was the gray whale, beyond a doubt.

DURING the next six weeks I examined more than forty gray whales; learned their clever tricks to avoid their enemies; and pieced together, bit by bit, the story of their wanderings.

One day a herd of killer whales put on a fascinating but horrible show for us. Killers are the wolves of the sea and hunt in packs. Armed with a double row of tremendous teeth, they will literally devour a whale alive. We were chasing a big gray whale about fifty feet long close inshore, where he was trying to escape by sliding behind rocks. Suddenly the high dorsal fins of a pack of killers appeared, cutting the water like great black knives as the beasts dashed in. Utterly disregarding our ship, the killers made straight for the gray whale. The beast, twice the size of the killers, seemed paralyzed with fright. Instead of trying to get away, it turned belly up, flippers outspread, awaiting its fate. A killer came up at full speed, forced its head into the whale's mouth and ripped out great hunks of the soft spongy tongue. Other killers were tearing at the throat and belly while the poor creature rolled in agony. I was glad when a harpoon ended its torture.

By the time the station closed in March I had boxed and shipped two gray skeletons; one for the American Museum and the other for the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Then I went up to Seoul for the expedition into the northern forests.

In Seoul I got a Korean cook and Japanese interpreter, assigned to me by the Foreign Office. When he turned up at the hotel for our first interview, I was astonished. He wore an ancient frock coat and a badly ruffled top hat much too big. I explained that we were going on a trip of real exploration where we wore rough shirts and high boots, not long coats and silk hats. That did not deter him. As a matter of fact, he proved to be an excellent man.

There was one experience which I am not likely to forget. It happened on the west coast, just south of the Manchurian border. A man-eating tiger was reported ravaging the countryside. Already he had killed half a dozen children and the villagers were in despair. They welcomed me with open arms. Would I kill the tiger? There was nothing I was more eager to do, and they recommended a fine old Korean hunter named Paik. He had received the title of *Sontair* because he belonged to the fraternity of hunters who had killed a tiger single-handed. It was something like an English knighthood for public service.

The animal's custom was to go from village to village picking up pigs, chickens, dogs, and now and then a child. Never did he stay more than a day or two in one place. A breathless native would arrive at my camp saying that the tiger had been seen at his village twenty miles away. In fifteen minutes, Paik and I would be gone. Always we drew a blank. In a day or two, news would come that the tiger had appeared somewhere else. We chased him up hill and down, till my shoes were thin and my patience thinner.

THEN one day a native reported that the big cat had just gone into a cave near the top of a mountain only a few miles away. Paik and I were there in an hour. Sure enough, fresh pug marks showed in the dust at the entrance. We sat down to wait, concealed behind a clump of bushes. The sun set and it grew dark. Still, there was moonlight and the tiger couldn't get out of the cave unseen. It was a long night. In the gray light of dawn we examined the dirt in the cave's mouth. No new tracks.

"If he won't come out, we'll go in and get him," announced Paik in a matter-of-fact voice. Just like that! "We'll go in and get him!"

I hadn't lost any tigers in that cave! Besides, the poor old tummy needed food; I was tired and, most of all, scared pink at the thought of crawling into that cave with the tiger sitting there ready to receive us. When Paik said, "Are you going?" I gave him an evasive answer. When he urged me, I was more explicit. I told him to go to hell. He stared. "You've got a flashlight. The tiger won't charge fire. He'll be frightened." Well, I was frightened, too.

"Besides, I'll be behind you with my spear," announced Paik as though that made everything all right. I gave him a still more evasive answer. Then he lost all patience.

"If you are afraid, give me your rifle and I'll go in alone," he said, but the look he gave me told just what he thought about white men who pretended they wanted to kill a tiger.

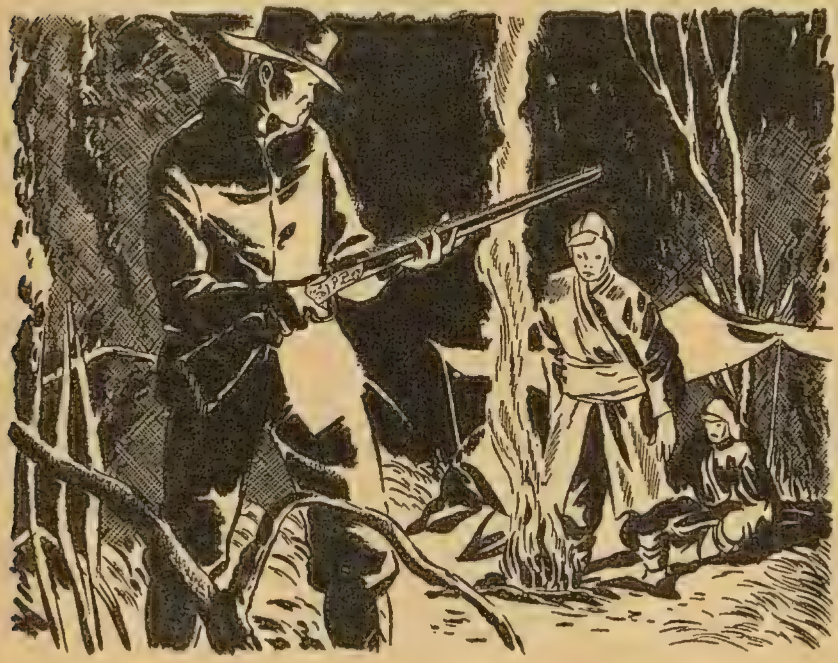
"Let's go," I said in a husky voice.

We had to crawl in on hands and knees, for the cave was less than shoulder-high. I went first, rifle in one hand, electric torch in the other. Paik followed with spear advanced. As a matter of fact, it was advanced so much that it kept pricking me in the rear end, to my intense annoyance. I wouldn't swear that he did it on purpose, but I suspect him strongly.

About twenty feet from the entrance was a small chamber. A sickening smell of rotting meat almost suffocated me, but no tiger. We could see that the passage veered sharply to the left. I felt certain the damned cat was waiting just there, ready to reach out and claw me when I turned the corner. Paik seemed to know I had lost my nerve and gave me a few extra prods with the spear. Sticking my flashlight out at arm's length, I edged around the rock. Thank God, no tiger! The passage led on, dipping slightly downward. In the distance I saw the faint gray of daylight and knew that the tiger was not at home.

We emerged on the other side of the peak in a deep gorge filled with boulders which concealed the mouth of the cave. Pug marks plainly showed in the soft sand. They were all leading outward. Evidently the animal had scented us while we were watching the entrance to the cave and had quietly slipped out the back door. We heard of the beast next day at a village twenty miles to the south. After three weeks, I gave up, for I had to get on with my main job.

The traverse through the larch forests to the base of the Long White Mountain was a mixture of elation, discouragement, utter exhaustion, and final satisfaction. I had four Koreans and eight ponies. The men didn't want to go, for the Koreans are timid. It was only because the Japanese gendarmes ordered them to do so that they reluctantly accompanied me. Never having been more than a few miles into the forest, they were certain we would be lost and die of starvation. My compass, of course, they could not understand. It was a pretty grim place, I must admit. The forest became denser at every mile, with more swamps and surface water. Time after time our ponies were mired and had to be pried out of the mud with poles. The trees were festooned with long streamers of gray moss which formed a thick canopy overhead. Down where we were there was only a gloomy half-light. No sounds broke the stillness except the calls of the men. To make matters worse, it began to rain a dull drizzle which continued for a week.



The men were completely disheartened, frightened at the gloomy stillness of the forest, and exhausted by strenuous work. They began to talk furtively among themselves. The interpreter said they were planning to desert that night with the ponies and food, leaving us to die or get back as best we could. We were only two days' march from the base of the Paik-tu-san and I determined to complete my traverse. I told the men that we must reach the mountain; that I would give them double wages; further, that I should watch all night and if any one touched a horse he would be shot.

They didn't like it much. My ultimatum was received in silence. The interpreter and I stood guard by turns through the night. Now and then one of the men got up to replenish the fire, but they made no move to leave the camp. The next night was a repetition of the first. Both the interpreter and I were exhausted from lack of sleep and hard work. We wondered if we could stick it out another twenty-four hours without rest. In the late afternoon we emerged into a great burned track and the mountain rose majestically right in front of us. Banked to the top with snow, it looked like a great white cloud that had settled to earth for a moment's rest.

The open sky and the mountain acted like magic on my men. They began to talk and call to each other in laughing voices. That night we camped in the shadow of the mountain, well out in the burned area, beside a pond of snow water. I slept for fifteen hours, utterly exhausted. In the late afternoon I shot a roe deer and that completed the contentment of our party. Four days at the Long White Mountain was sufficient. It was not important to climb to the summit, for Younghusband had been there already. My object was to find what lay in that Korean wilderness over which he had looked thirty-three years before. We had a compass line straight through the forest to the base and a rough map of the traverse.

I determined not to return by the way we had come but to strike through the wilderness to the headwaters of the Yalu River, which could not be far to the west. It was a tough trip, just about what we had experienced on the way to the mountain: dense forests, swamps, and drizzling rain. But the men pushed on with light hearts until we reached Antung, at the mouth of the Yalu, where I took a train back to Seoul, then home via Peking, Russia, and Europe.

A few weeks after the First World War began in 1914, I remember talking with a prominent New York banker.

"How long," I asked, "do you think the war will last?"

"Well," he said, "from an economic standpoint, I don't see how it can go on more than six months. At the rate they're spending money there just isn't enough cash or credit to carry Germany beyond that."

THAT gave me a certain amount of comfort because bankers are supposed to know about such things and, moreover, my particular banker was far from standing alone in his idea. People in those days couldn't conceive of a world wherein a million dollars an hour could be spent in order to kill other people, with all those dollars going out in gun flashes and nothing coming in by way of international trade. Also most Americans at the time agreed we would not get into the war. Having settled this with my conscience, I turned to matters of personal importance.

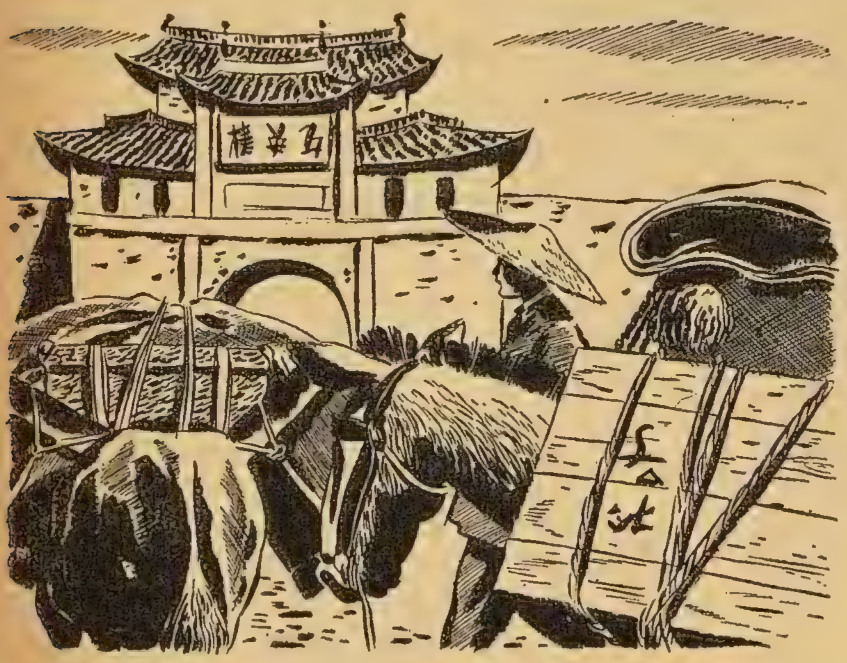
I had decided to abandon the study of whales for land exploration. Always that had been what I wanted to do. After my first trip to the Orient, a paper by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, in which he expounded the theory that Asia was the home of primitive man and the mother of much of the animal life of Europe and America, was always in my mind. Professor Osborn was president of the board of trustees of the Museum and I had attended his lectures on zoology at Columbia. To explore Central Asia and test his theory had gradually become almost an obsession with me. Then in February, 1915, Dr. W. D. Matthew published his brilliant paper, Climate and Evolution. It was an elaboration of Osborn's thesis and fired me with enthusiasm. I wanted to begin at once. But Central Asia was a forbidding place and virtually unknown. One couldn't go there just like that. First, I had to know where to go, learn the customs, methods of travel, and the language. I could speak Japanese fluently and some Korean, but Chinese would be most useful of all.

I thought it all out and then went to Professor Osborn. I wanted, I told him, to make a really scientific attack on Asia, but the first expedition would work along the margin of the Central Asian plateau. It would be purely zoological, bring to the museum valuable collections of mammals, birds, and reptiles, and incidentally teach me some of the things I needed to know before I was ready to go at the heart of the continent in a big way.

Professor Osborn was a man with great vision and a believer in young men. He was an explorer at heart, but because his life had been cast in academic halls, he did his exploration by proxy. I can think of no man in the world who has been responsible for so many expeditions. Since my idea was eventually to test his own theory, which had been evolved after years of research and thought, he was more than sympathetic. But there was the question of money, as always. The expedition would cost fifteen thousand dollars, and I agreed to raise half of it among my friends if the museum would provide the remainder.

I don't remember where all the money came from. I think Sidney M. Colgate, James B. Ford, Charles L. Bernheimer, George S. Bowdoin, and Henry C. Frick gave most of it. Anyway I got it, and by March, 1916, we sailed. Edmund Heller was the other scientist of the expedition. Heller had accompanied Colonel Theodore Roosevelt on his African trip after he left the White House and was an excellent small-mammal collector.

The expedition had been largely publicized because one of our objectives was to hunt the so-called "blue tiger" in the jungle of south China. The phrase caught on. It made every one curious and we went off to the accompaniment of popping flashlight bulbs and screaming headlines.



The "blue tiger" had been discovered by Harry Caldwell, a shooting missionary who had made quite a reputation for himself in China. With a Bible in one hand and a rifle in the other he pursued his evangelical work among the Chinese, ridding their villages of man-eating tigers the while he poured into their ears the Eternal Truth. Twice Harry had seen the tiger at close range. He described it as striped with black on a blue-gray ground. Doubtless it was a partially melanistic phase of the ordinary yellow tiger. Melanism, the opposite of albinism, occurs very frequently in some animals but is rare in others. Black squirrels, of course, are common and so are black leopards, but no dark-colored tigers had previously been reported.

The animal ranged in a district about Futsing, not far from Foochow. The method of hunting was the same I had followed in Korea—hard traveling from village to village wherever the beast was reported by the natives. The heat was terrible. Wet soggy air, blazing sun, fast traveling, hard climbing.

For a month we kept on his trail, but he was as elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp.

Once we missed him by sheer bad luck. Natives had seen him go into a deep ravine early in the morning. It was a wild place, seemingly cut out of the mountainside with two strokes of a mighty ax, and was choked with a tangle of thorny vines and sword grass. Impenetrable as a wall of barbed wire, the only entrance was by the tiger tunnels which drove their twisting way through the murderous growth far in toward its gloomy heart.

Caldwell and I staked out a she-goat with her kid in a small clearing. We concealed ourselves in the grass on a slope thirty feet away. Crouched behind the screen of bushes for three long hours, we sat in the patchwork shade motionless, dripping with perspiration, hardly breathing, and watched the shadows steal slowly down the ravine, pass over us, and reach a lone palm tree on the opposite hillside. By that I knew it was six o'clock. Suddenly at the left, and just below us, there came the faint crunching sound of a loose stone shifting under a heavy weight, then a rustling in the grass. Instantly the captive goat gave a shrill bleat of terror and tugged frantically at the rope which held it to the tree. Harry put his mouth close to my ear and whispered, "Get ready."

The "blue tiger" was there, not twenty feet away, taking a last survey before he dashed into the open to leap upon the goat. I sat waiting, every nerve tense, the butt of the rifle nested against my cheek. Suddenly pandemonium broke loose. Over the hill opposite to us came a party of woodcutters. Blowing horns and banging tin pans, they streamed down the slope across the bottom of the ravine and up the other side. They were taking a short cut home and the noise was to drive away the tigers. Our chance was gone.

A few days later a Chinese found the "blue tiger" asleep under a rice bank and dashed frantically to our camp, only to find that we had left for another village half an hour earlier. Others have hunted him since, but at the time of my last report he was still at large. His death toll had reached nearly a hundred people.

We came to Yunnan via the then little known island of Hainen and French Indo-China. At the port of Haiphong a French train took us to Hanoi, the capital, and thence through the jungle plains into the mountains of China's most beautiful province, to Yunnan-fu, now called Kunming.

The Chinese proverb that "a road is good for ten years and bad for ten thousand" applied perfectly to what passed for a highway in 1916 when we traveled over its entire length from Yunnan-fu to the Irrawaddy River. It was paved with huge blocks, broken and irregular, standing up at impossible angles. Where they were still in place they had been worn to such glasslike smoothness that one slipped and slid as though walking on ice. As a result, every caravan avoided the paving whenever it could find a path, and sometimes dozens of deeply cut trails spread over the hills beside the road, only coming back to it when a ravine or impassable slope made other routes impossible. It was a highway which wound over mountain peaks, down into valleys, across rivers on swinging rope bridges, and finally reached the jungle-filled plains of Burma and the Irrawaddy River at Lashio or Bhamo. How it could have been converted into a route for motorcars, God and the Chinese only know.

FROM Talifu, almost in the center of Yunnan, we left the Burma Road and traveled far into the north, even into the borders of Tibet where the wild aboriginal tribes lived in secluded mountain valleys, still using crossbows and poisoned arrows. Wherever we went we searched for animals—big mammals, small mammals, rats and mice and shrews, and birds, frogs, reptiles, and fish. For this was a zoological expedition pure and simple for the purpose of bringing back to the American Museum a cross section of the animal life of this little-known region.

Passing through the Moso country, up to the frontier of Tibet, we went, finding new mammals and birds, new plants, new tribes, and unmapped trails. Then across the Yangtze into the Mekong gorge and southward to the steaming tropics of the Burma border.

The Salween River valley lay between us and Bhamo. I wanted to go there, but hesitated, wondering whether it was worth the risk. A ghastly place it is, deserted of all human life, given over to peacocks, leopards, and wild red dogs.

I decided to go even though we were flirting with death, for other collectors had avoided it like a plague spot and I knew that whatever mammals we obtained would be new to science. There were gloves and mosquito nets for every man, and I was prepared to give deep injections of quinine, which is the only way successfully to battle malaria. So we went, and remained ten days. Our reward was a fine collection of mammals and I was the only one who contracted malaria. For three days I shook with chills and burned as though there was fire in my blood, but an injection of quinine brought me through and never has the fever returned.

There were other hunts for goral, sambur, and leopard before we were back again on the Burma Road, working slowly southward to Bhamo and civilization. For nine months we had been wandering in the wilderness to bring out the biggest collection ever taken in Asia on a single expedition. There were 2,100 mammals and 1,000 birds, besides fish, reptiles, and batrachians, all from regions where no collector had ever before set foot.

In Bhamo we had news of the outside world and heard that the United States had declared war on Germany. The moment I knew we were in the struggle for better or worse, I felt a tremendous urge to get home and into the show. It is not permitted, even now, to tell what part I played in the war, but I was offered a post in the Naval Intelligence which I accepted. I was assigned to the Far East where my experience could be useful.

Peking was my headquarters all through the war period, but it was not a static existence for me. My peregrinations took me over much of China and Manchuria, twice across the Gobi Desert from Kalgan to Urga, the capital of Mongolia, and northward, on horseback, through the vast unexplored forests into Siberia.

Those two glimpses of Mongolia which I had during the war made me know that I would surely return to this "Land of Yesterday." And so it happened, just as I planned, for after the armistice, in the spring of 1919, I came back again. I had to use a motorcar to Urga for the sake of time; then with camels, ponies, and carts I went to the desert as the Mongols go.

I knew from the first that Mongolia was where I would make the scientific attack on Central Asia to test Osborn's theory. My look at Tibet from its edge showed it wasn't good enough. The plateau was too high, the political difficulties too great, and the religious superstitions well-nigh insurmountable barriers. But Mongolia had all the answers and I needed only to know it intimately.

WITH Professor Osborn's help I was able to make a successful expidition there which achieved some scientific results, but was more important because it gave me the information I needed to launch the most important expedition of my career. On my return to New York from the preliminary search I presented to Professor Osborn the pet plan I had been perfecting for years. I told him that now I wanted to undertake this expedition that I had dreamed about to test his theory of Central Asia. Especially, to try to find evidence of primitive man. Mongolia, I told him, is the place. We could try to reconstruct the whole past history of the Central Asian plateau —its geology, fossils, past climate, and vegetation. "We've got to collect its living mammals," I went on; "birds, fish, reptiles, insects, and plants, and map the unexplored parts of the Gobi. It must be a thorough job; the biggest land expedition ever to leave the United States."

"Of course," said he, "it's a gamble so far as fossils are concerned. The Russians never found anything in Mongolia. What makes you think you can do better?"

"Their past work has been too much political and too little scientific. There have been a few good men—Przhevalski, Kozlov, Obrechev—but along with the others they had to produce economic or political results. Science never was the primary aim of any of the Russian expeditions. Moreover, they all used camels. They could only average ten or fifteen miles a day. We'll use motorcars. We can go a hundred miles a day, if my estimate is right, so we ought to do in one season quite as much as the others did in ten."

"How are you going to supply your cars with gasoline? You can't carry enough to go very far."

"We will have a supporting caravan of camels. It will act exactly like the supply ship to a fleet at sea. The camels must leave months ahead of us, during the winter, and we'll meet them at a rendezvous perhaps six or seven hundred miles out in the desert. They will carry food, too, and most of our equipment."

"What about your scientific staff?" asked the professor. "How do you intend to work?"

"We must have the best men in the world representing all the sciences that will help us solve our problem. Each man will assist the others with his special knowledge in interpreting what we find."

"But," said Professor Osborn, "you probably can't all work together in the same place at the same time."

"I've thought of that. There will be three or four separate units, each complete and able to maintain itself for at least a fortnight. The main camp will be the base and each party will work out from there."

The president asked me a lot more questions, but I had all the answers ready. Why not? I'd been thinking about it for months in the Gobi and out of it. Finally he said:

"Roy, we've got to do it. The plan is scientifically sound. Moreover, it grips the imagination. Finances are the only obstacle. You estimate five years for the expedition and a quarter of a million dollars. That's a lot of money and there is a severe business depression at present. Of course, the museum will do all it can, but that won't be much in the way of cash. Getting the money will be up to you. What are your ideas on that score?"

"My only chance, I believe, is to make it a 'society expedition' with a big S. You know that New York society follows a leader blindly. If they have the example of some one like Mr. Morgan, for instance, they'll think it is a 'must.'"

"Yes," said the professor thoughtfully. "It might work. Anyway, it's worth trying and I think the best way. This is big enough to be interesting to those people who are accustomed to think only of big things."

"Then, if it's all right with you, I'll get to work at once—tomorrow."

The professor's face broke into the wonderful smile of affection and enthusiasm which made his friendship one of the most valuable and inspiring things that ever came into my life.

"In spite of all the difficulties, Roy, I'm sure you can do it. Whom are you going to see first?"

"Mr. Morgan," said I. "If he is interested, I'm sure of the others."

The next day I telephoned Mr. J. P. Morgan and asked for an interview. The day after that I met him in the Morgan Library, unfolded a map, and we bent over it.

There is always something exciting about a map, and this was particularly true in those days when a lot of blank areas were still marked "unexplored." The entire central Gobi was a white space with only a few thin lines waving uncertainly across it. I launched into my story with enthusiasm. In two minutes everything was forgotten except the prospect of what could be done if only I had the money. Mr. Morgan listened with rapt attention. Two or three times he interrupted with questions: "How are you going to get there? Why do you think there is anything there?"

I answered all his questions and then explained Professor Osborn's theory of the distribution of animal, and particularly human, life from a Central Asian point of origin.

At the end of fifteen minutes I stopped, breathless. Mr. Morgan swung about with his eyes aglow.

"It's a great plan. I'll gamble with you. How much money do you need?"

"A quarter of a million dollars, Mr. Morgan."

"I'll give you fifty thousand. Now you go out and get the rest of it."

"That's wonderful. There is, I suppose, no use asking who of your friends might be interested?"

"No, I couldn't tell you that. But hold on. Albert Wiggin! He sent a man to me last week. It cost me ten thousand. You tell him I sent you and that he'll do damn well to shell out."

A FEW days later I was ushered into Mr. Wiggin's office. We chatted for a moment and then the banker said: "My secretary told me you had a message from Mr. Morgan. May I ask what it is?"

"I'm trying to finance a great expedition to Central Asia and Mr. Morgan has given me fifty thousand dollars. He told me to come to you, say he sent me, and that you'd do 'damn well to shell out.'"

Mr. Wiggin laughed, albeit ruefully. "Well, tell me about the expedition."

I got out my map and started, but it was obvious Mr. Wiggin wasn't much interested. So I cut it short and rose to go.

"Very exciting, very exciting," he said. "I'll send you a check in a few days." He did, but it wasn't for ten thousand!

The late Arthur Curtiss James, holder of more railroad securities than any other man in the world, was next on my list. Mr. James was one of our trustees. When I got to his office, Mr. James was hopping mad. He had just read a letter from Professor Osborn asking for a contribution to the museum's deficit of $75,000. As I came in the door, Mr. James roared:

"Here's a letter from your president asking me to contribute to the deficit. There shouldn't be a deficit. He ought to spend his income and no more. I'm going to get off the Board if he uses his trustees just as checkbooks."

Museum finances were not my responsibility. I simply said: "I'm sorry, Mr. James. I seem to have caught you at the wrong time. I was going to talk about an expedition to Central Asia, but I guess it had better wait."

"No, no, you're here. Go ahead. What's it all about?"

I began rather lamely. I couldn't capture his interest. His eyes were still snapping with anger. Finally he broke in: "How much am I going to be stuck for this expedition?"

That made *me* mad.

"Mr. James, you're not going to be stuck a damned cent. This isn't something the trustees are doing alone. I came to you as an individual. If you aren't interested, I don't want your money. You are busy and so am I. Good morning."

I got to my feet and started out the door. The anger went out of his eyes as though a switch had been turned. He had never called me by my first name before, but he said: "Now, Roy. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have ripped out at you like that. I can't let you go off to China being sore at me. Will ten thousand do you any good? You can have it and welcome. Teach me not to lose my temper. Always ought to pay for it when I get mad."

I walked dazedly out of his office. Raising money from the world's greatest financiers was a strange business. One man gave it to me because it was the pay-off for another, and now I had ten thousand by getting mad and making a friend ashamed of his own temper.

I was still a long way from my goal however, and now we relied on a number of dinners and receptions where I could meet wealthy people and interest them in the expedition. At one of these I spoke to J. Starr Murphy, a friend and adviser of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Mr. Murphy said he would mention it to Mr. Rockefeller.

About ten days later Mr. Murphy telephoned that Mr. Rockefeller would like to see me. I never had met or even seen John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and was enormously impressed by the simplicity and kindly graciousness of his manner. I talked for half an hour, but he said very little. He showed quiet interest, but it might have been merely the courtesy he would extend to any guest. I left without the slightest idea of whether or not I had made a favorable impression. Imagine my excitement, therefore, when, a fortnight later, I received a note from his secretary: "Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., directs me to inform you that he will be pleased to contribute fifty thousand dollars to the Asiatic expedition. He wishes to know how the money shall be paid. This is a personal contribution and will not go through the Foundation."

With Mr. Rockefeller's gift to the expedition, the funds had reached the $200,000 mark and the rest dribbled in from other sources.

By the time we were ready to sail for China, in March, 1921, the money for the expedition had all been raised and the equipment shipped. Also I was well nigh a nervous wreck. It took several months of Oriental quiet to put me right again, but, after all, it was worth the price. The expedition of my dreams was now a fact.

WE established headquarters at Peking, and on April 17, 1922, we left for the first expedition to Mongolia. During the late winter our caravan of seventy-five camels had set out from Kalgan at the entrance to the great plateau, loaded with gasoline, food, and countless items of equipment. At last the years of preparation, the months of strain and worry were ended. The field work had begun!

Certain incidents of those first exciting months in the Gobi stand out in my mind with photographic clearness.

One picture is of our motorcars, piled high with baggage, covered with brown tarpaulins, winding up the steep Wanshien Pass leading to the great plateau. Wonderful panoramas unfolded at every turn as we wound higher and higher. We looked back over a chaos of ravines and gullies, to the purple mountains of the Shansi border. Above us loomed a rampart of basalt cliffs crowned with the Great Wall of China. Before us lay Mongolia, a land of painted deserts dancing in mirage; of limitless grassy plains and nameless snow-capped peaks; of untracked forests and roaring streams. A land of mystery, paradox, and promise!

I shall always remember the day we found the first fossils. Before we went to Mongolia only one fragment of a "rhinoceros" jaw had been discovered on the whole Central Asian plateau. At a promising-looking exposure of yellow gravel on the edge of a great basin filled with camel sage, I dropped Drs. Berkey, Granger, and Morris.

"You stop here and have a look," I said. "I'll make camp five miles away, where the caravan should have left us gasoline."

While I was watching a sunset, which splashed the sky with gold and red, the geologists' cars roared into camp. Walter Granger's eyes were shining. He dug into his pocket and produced a handful of bone fragments; out of his shirt came a titanothere's tooth, and the various folds of his clothes yielded other fossils. Berkey and Morris were loaded in a like manner. Walter stuck out his hand.

"Well, Roy, we've done it. The stuff is here. We picked up fifty pounds of bone in an hour."

WE all laughed, shouted, shook hands and pounded one another on the back and did the things men do when they are very happy. No prospector ever examined the washings of a gold pan with greater interest than that with which we handled that little heap of fossil bones. Some we knew were rhinoceros and we were sure that other were titanotheres. That was what was so exciting, for *no titanotheres had ever before been discovered outside of America.* The other specimens of smaller animals were not positively identifiable.

While dinner was being cooked, Granger wandered off along the gray-white outcrop that lay like a recumbent reptile west of camp. Even in the failing light he found half a dozen fossil bones. We realized that we had another deposit at our very door. The next morning, just as I was starting out, Dr. Berkey returned to camp. For a distinguished professor he was acting very queerly, but he would give me no information. "Come with me," was all he said.

When we reached the summit of the outcrop, I saw Granger on his knees working at something with a camel's-hair brush.

"Take a look at that and see what you make of it," said Berkey. I saw a great bone, beautifully preserved, outlined in the rock. There was no doubt it was *dinosaur.*

"It means," said Dr. Berkey, "that we are standing on Cretaceous strata of the Age of Reptiles—*the first Cretaceous strata and the first dinosaur ever discovered in Asia north of the Himalaya Mountains.*"

Unless one is a scientist, it is difficult to appreciate the importance of that discovery. It meant that we had added an entirely new geological period to the knowledge of the continental structure of Central Asia and had opened up a paleontological vista of dazzling brilliance. With the rhinoceros and titanothere teeth, the dinosaur leg bone was the first indication that the theory upon which we had organized the expedition might be true: that Asia is the mother of the life of Europe and America!

For more than a month in the early spring, sandstorms made life miserable. An entry in my journal on June 14 tells of what we had to face day after day until July brought heat and mirage:

"There had been a gentle breeze, but suddenly it dropped to a dead calm. Slowly I became conscious that the air was vibrating to a continuous even roar, louder every second. Then I understood. One of the terrible desert storms was on the way. The shallow basin seemed to be smoking. Yellow 'wind devils' eddied up and swirled across the plain. I started back toward camp, but almost instantly a thousand shrieking storm demons were pelting my face with sand and gravel. Breathing was difficult; seeing impossible. I stumbled over the rim of the basin, and tried to strike toward the tents. Even the ground beneath my feet was invisible. I stumbled into a depression and lay there trying to think.

"Suddenly forms took shape in the smother right beside me. I reached out and caught one of them by the leg. They were three of my men. Pressing our mouths close against one another's ears we held a consultation. One thought the tents were directly south of us. I had no idea where they were. Clinging together, we groped our way through the blinding murk. At last we stumbled against a black object. It was the cook tent, still standing but in danger of being torn to shreds with every blast. We felt our way inside and lay on the ground, faces buried in wet cloths; it was the only way we could breathe.

"The gale continued for an hour and then suddenly dropped into a flat calm; not a breath stirred the American flag which hung limply above my tent, whipped almost to ribbons.

"We dug out the tents and emptied the sand from our clothes and beds. It had sifted even into the tightest boxes. I sent a car to the Well of the Mountain Waters, a mile away, and every one had a bath and dressed in clean clothes. We felt human once more. But while dinner was being served one of the men looked toward the north and gave a shout. There it was again—the same tawny cloud!

"The attack came with a crash and a blast of gravel like exploding shrapnel. For five minutes the sand spout whirled round the camp as if trying to suck the tents and all our belongings up into the smoking vortex. Then, repulsed at every point, it danced away across the plain and vanished in the distance."

The wind began again and developed into a full gale before the hour had passed. For ten days it blew without a rest until our nerves were worn and frayed. But we knew that sometime it would end and give place to the perfect sunlit days that make Mongolia in the summer a land of joy.

THE evening of August 4 was one of the high spots of the first expedition.

Late in the afternoon a black car with Granger and Shackelford in it came out of the north and slipped quietly into camp. They had discovered parts of the skeleton of a *baluchitherium!*

The "Beast of Baluchistan" was the largest mammal ever known to have lived upon the earth. Only a neck vertebra and foot bones had been found in India by my old friend C. Forster Cooper of Cambridge University, England, and one could only guess what sort of creature it would prove to be. Now the mystery would be dispelled. Except for the remains of primitive man, no discovery could have been more exciting to a paleontologist. Later we discovered the skull of a *baluchitherium,* and even though we realized the "baluch" was a colossal beast, the size of the bones left us astounded.

When the remains were later studied in the museum by Professor Osborn, he confirmed the original supposition that it was a giant hornless rhinoceros and the largest known land mammal. It reached a height of seventeen feet at the shoulders, was twenty-four feet in body length, had a long neck, stilted limbs, and probably prehensile lips adapted to feeding on the herbage of the higher tree branches like a giraffe. The "baluch" lived during the Oligocene Period, about thirty-five or forty million years ago, and was so highly specialized that when the climate and vegetation changed, it became extinct without leaving Central Asia.

September 1 was the greatest day of all for the Central Asiatic expedition. We were almost in the center of the Gobi. I was eager to leave, for geese and ducks flying southward warned that winter might drop on us suddenly at any moment. The cold didn't worry me, but every day increased the danger of blizzards which made traveling by car difficult and dangerous.

The Russian maps, the only ones in existence, showed a great blank space between us and the Sair-Usu trail where we were to rendezvous with the caravan. Nothing was marked on the unexplored area except a range of mountains six or seven thousand feet high. I laid a compass course directly across the mountains. How the motors could negotiate them I didn't know. Perhaps we could find a pass or a break in the chain.

For three days we plowed along over rough going, without sight of even a hill. On the third night Berkey and Norris computed our position from star sights. We were far beyond where the range was marked upon the map. The mountains simply didn't exist. Nor had we seen a Mongol for more than a hundred miles. Water was very low. At last three *yurts* showed in the distance, and the fleet halted while I drove over to inquire about a well.

Shackelford noticed some peculiar-looking stones on the plain and walked over to investigate. From there the rim of a great red basin was just visible. He decided to spend five minutes looking for fossils before returning to the cars. Halfway down the steep slope a white skull, about eight inches long, rested on the summit of a sandstone pinnacle. He picked it off and hurried back. None of us had ever seen its like. Granger was only able to say that it was a new type of reptile, unknown to science. Obviously we must camp there for the night.

The badlands were almost paved with white fossil bones of animals unknown to any of us. Granger picked up a few bits of fossil eggshell which he thought were from some long extinct birds. No one suspected, then, that these were the first dinosaur eggs ever to be discovered by modern man—or to be identified. Neither did we dream that the great basin would prove the most important locality in the world from a paleontological standpoint. In the late afternoon sun the brilliant red sandstone seemed to shoot out tongues of fire and so we named the spot the Flaming Cliffs.

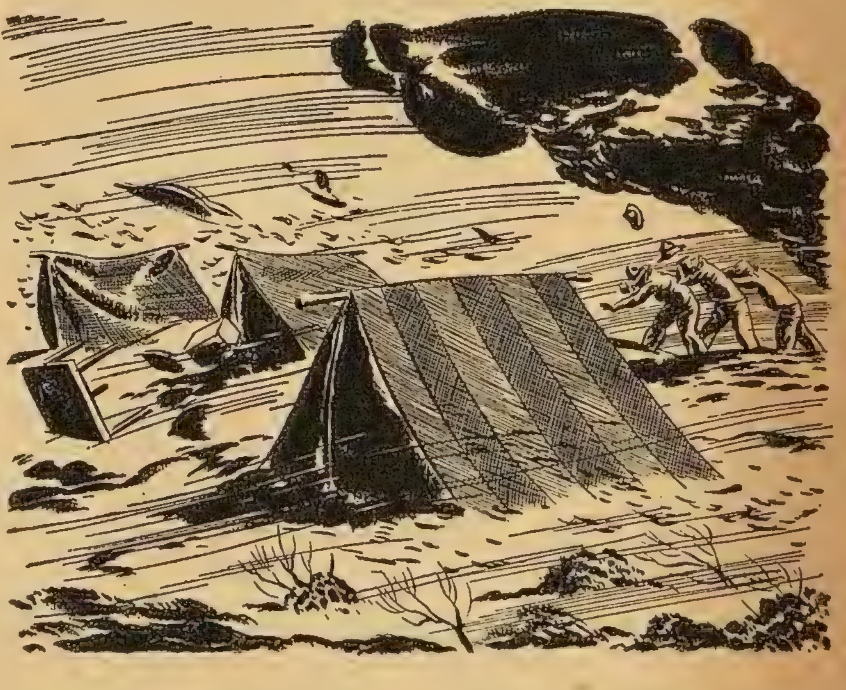
I shall always remember our return to Kalgan. We drove through the narrow streets of the Chinese frontier town, our cars covered with the yellow dust of the Gobi, with cut-outs open and blaring horns.

At the British-American Tobacco Company's mess they gave a dinner party that night for all Kalgan residents.

But when we assembled at dinner we all felt strange and uncomfortable. Later Walter and I tried to sleep on a soft bed in a stuffy room. We tossed and turned and smoked cigarette after cigarette. Sleep wouldn't come. Finally, Walter said:

"Hell, Roy, it's this damned bed! Let's get our sleeping bags and bunk outside."

We stole out like thieves, unrolled our fur bags on the earth, looked up at the stars for a few minutes, and dropped into a dreamless sleep.



Scientific results had surpassed our greatest hopes, yet we knew that we had only scratched the surface. We tried to cram all of the results into a cable, and just reading it over made us realize, as we scarcely had before, what an expedition it had been. At once every one began discussing plans for extensive field work the following summer.

Professor Osborn cabled: "You have written a new chapter in the history of life upon the earth." More than that, we had had an experience that never again could come to any living man, for the Central Asian plateau was the last great region scientifically unknown. Almost everything was new. The mammals, reptiles, fish from the desert lakes, the geology and particularly the fossils wrote illuminating words upon pages in the record of natural history which had hitherto been blank.

Since the first expedition was only a reconnaissance to explore and appraise the country, we prepared for a second year of intensive work in the localities already discovered, with a larger staff.

There was much to do. I must buy more camels, get additional equipment, food, and other supplies which the first year had shown to be necessary for the comfort and health of the expedition members. Everything had to be thought of in advance, from shoestrings to chewing gum. The desert gave us nothing but game.

Exactly a year after our first expedition (April 17) we left Peking again for the Gobi.

The year before, when Shackelford found an extraordinary reptile skull at what we named the Flaming Cliffs, I sent it back to New York with him as one of our prize exhibits.

A few weeks later I had an exciting cable from Professor Osborn telling us that we had discovered the ancestor of the ceratopsians.

The ceratopsians were a group of great horned dinosaurs, fossils of which suddenly appear in the upper strata of the Age of Reptiles in America. They were of large size, highly specialized, and evidently had gone through a long period of evolution. But where they came from, and when, was a mystery to science. In our little eight inch skull we had the answer. They came from Central Asia and we had found an early ancestor of the group. The species was named in my honor *Protoceratops andrewsi,* "Andrews' Before-the-Ceratopsian" dinosaur! It really should have carried Shackelford's name, for he was the original discoverer, but the leader of an expedition always gets the lion's share of credit.

Professor Osborn urged us to return to the Flaming Cliffs and learn more of the history of this important creature. In fact, he said, "If you don't go anywhere else the entire season, you must get back there." Thus the Flaming Cliffs was our main objective.

OUR arrival there was a great day for the Central Asiatic Expedition. We camped at three o'clock in the afternoon and almost at once the men scattered over the badlands. Before night every one had discovered a dinosaur skull.

But the real thrill came the second day, when George Olsen reported that he was sure he had found some fossil eggs. We joked him a good deal, but, nevertheless, were curious enough to go down with him after luncheon. Then our indifference suddenly evaporated. It was certain they really *were* eggs. Three of them were exposed and evidently had broken out of the sandstone ledge beside which they lay. Other shell fragments were partially embedded in the rock, and just under the shelf we could see the ends of two more eggs.

While the rest of us were on our hands and knees about the spot, Olsen scraped away the loose rock on the summit of the ledge. To our amazement he uncovered the skeleton of a small dinosaur lying four inches above the eggs. Almost certainly these were the first dinosaur eggs ever seen by modern human eyes.

Every day of the second expedition was full of excitement and interest. The fossil localities located in the first summer's work all gave more important results than could have been expected. At Iren Dabassu the paleontologists discovered a great quarry where bones of both flesh-eating and herbivorous dinosaurs were piled one upon another.

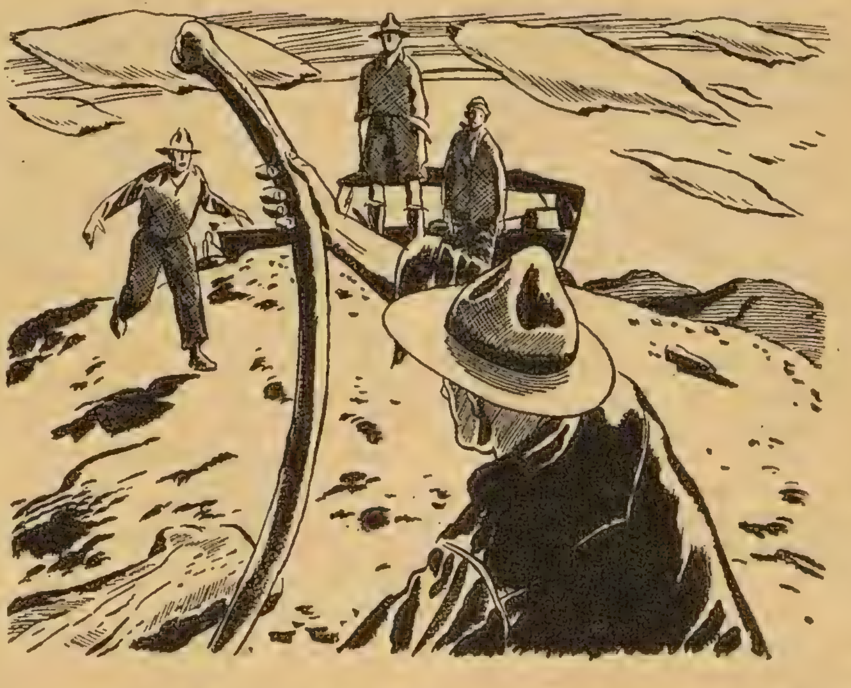
My journal says of Iren Dabassu: "The number of dinosaurs that swarmed in this region during the Age of Reptiles baffles the imagination. It must have been a nightmare country, filled with goblin-like creatures, stranger than those born of delirium."

A dozen other spots yielded strange animals. But we could only skim the cream. Most of the deposits would warrant years of exploration.

While the fossil hunters reaped their rich harvest, work just as important was carried on by the topographers, who mapped great new areas; by the geologists, zoologists, and every other scientist on the expedition.

At the end of August we worked our way eastward and camped at the Valley of the Jewels. There Mac Young and I left the others to meet Professor and Mrs. Osborn in Peking. The professor had traveled half around the world to visit the expedition in the field. At the railway station in Peking we were met by Colonel Seth Williams of the U. S. Marine Guard. His first words were:

"Yokohama and Tokyo have been destroyed by earthquake and fire. Hundreds of thousands of people have been killed. No one knows how many."



As soon as word of the disaster reached the outside world, American naval vessels, loaded with doctors, nurses, medical supplies, and food, steamed at full speed from the Philippines to Japan. They were halted in the outer bay by Japanese warships and ordered to explain their presence. An officer on the American flagship was sent by our admiral to the Japanese commander in chief to inform him that the United States Navy wished to render aid. He found the Japanese vessels stripped for action with crews at quarters ready to give battle. It was many hours before Japanese suspicions could be allayed sufficiently for our men to begin their work of mercy.

I thought then, and have thought often since, what a revealing commentary it was on Japanese character. If they could believe that a friendly nation would take advantage of a great natural disaster to attack them, to kick them when they were down, it is just what they would do under similar circumstances. Otherwise it would not have entered their minds. Pearl Harbor has shown how true that was!

When Professor and Mrs. Osborn arrived at Peking, I had planned not to say a word about our discoveries until we had reached home, but before leaving the station platform the story was tumbling from my lips. Dinosaur eggs, titanotheres, coryphodons! The words poured out. Professor Osborn was as thrilled as I had hoped that he would be by the expedition's extraordinary success, and the next day he and I, with Mac Young, left for Mongolia.

It was a great moment for me when the man whose brilliant prediction had sent us into the field reached our camp. He could hardly speak as he looked at the blue tents, the long line of camels, and the orderly row of cars.

"This," he said, "is the high spot in my scientific life."

On the last night of Professor Osborn's inspection we camped in an amphitheater surrounded by grassy hills. After dinner he and I sat for an hour in front of my tent discussing the future of the expedition. It was obvious that our job could not be completed in the five years originally planned. Ten years at least would be necessary. That meant that I must return to America to raise another quarter of a million dollars. We determined, therefore, to declare a recess in the field operations for a year and start anew in 1925.

In 1925 the expedition was our largest and most ambitious. In fact, it was too large, I discovered, for completely effective work. Fifty men all told; eight motors, and 150 camels. It took so much food, so much gear, and so many cars to handle the big party that our mobility was somewhat reduced. Nevertheless, it proved to be one of the most successful seasons.

Osborn's original thesis that Central Asia was a great center of origin and distribution of northern animal life had been demonstrated pretty clearly. But other important facts emerged. The Central Asian plateau was the oldest continuously dry land in the world. For 150,000,000 years it had been rising while Europe and America in part had successively risen and sunk below the sea. But Central Asia furnished an unbroken record of animal life such as existed nowhere else in the world.

That season was similar to the first two—new country explored, new areas mapped, new fossil deposits opened.

At the Flaming Cliffs more eggs were found; bigger and better eggs. Also there came a fortnight of intense excitement when traces of a previously unknown human culture were discovered in the basin less than half a mile from camp.

Tiny rounded scrapers, delicately worked drills, and arrowheads of red jasper, slate, chalcedony, and churt were scattered like newly fallen snow. Among them were bits of dinosaur eggshell, drilled with neat round holes—evidently used in necklaces by primitive peoples. Also there were pieces of crude pottery. It was a strange jumble of conflicting specimens, some indicating an Old Stone Age culture; others dating the time of their deposit there as much later. After two weeks of intensive work certain pretty definite facts emerged. The site had been used continuously by human beings for thousands of years. The oldest culture was Paleolithic, then came a transition stage which gradually developed into the Neolithic.

It is believed that most of the primitive races whose remains have been discovered in Europe came from Asia, and that wave after wave arrived from the East, each one driving out or annihilating the people they found in possession of the region. Many of these races left stone tools or weapons highly characteristic of their particular cultures.

The problem confronting us was to determine where our people fitted into the mosaic of primitive European humans.

As a matter of fact, they represented a hitherto entirely unknown race, with a culture distinctly their own, most closely allied to the Azilians of France and Spain. We named them the Dune Dwellers. They roamed over all Mongolia ten to twenty thousand years ago. Dressed in skins, probably living under crude shelters of hides or bushes, they hunted, fought, and loved much as do the primitive savages of Australia and Tasmania today.

THERE was another great discovery at the Flaming Cliffs that summer. In our first year's collection, Granger had labeled a tiny skull "unidentified reptile." Eventually it was freed from rock and Dr. W. D. Matthew wrote excitedly: "It is one of the earliest known *mammals.*"

Bryan and all his cohorts to the contrary, we know that out of cold-blooded egg-laying reptiles evolved the warm-blooded mammals which give birth to their young alive and nourish them with milk. In a hundred years of scientific research only a single skull of a mammal from the Age of Reptiles ever had been discovered. That was *Tritylodon* of South Africa. The British Museum considered it one of the world's greatest paleontological treasures. At the Flaming Cliffs we found seven skulls and parts of skeletons of these Mesozoic mammals. They were tiny creatures, not larger than a rat, and crawled about in the midst of dinosaurs at the close of the Age of Reptiles 100,000,000 years ago. After the dinosaur eggs have been forgotten these little skulls will be remembered by scientists as the crowning single discovery of our paleontological research in Asia.

The years 1926-27 marked a turning point in the history of modern China. It was vitally important, too, in the fortunes of the Central Asiatic Expedition. Anti-foreignism burst into flame out of the still smoldering fires of the Boxer Rebellion of 1900.

In his campaign to unite China, Chiang Kai-shek, in command of his Yangtze Valley army, was making plans to attack the North under Chang Tso-lin with the object of bringing the entire country under the control of his party, which had been getting assistance from the Russian, Borodin, and Russian generals.

There was something like panic in Peking. The southerners were pushing slowly northward and all legations advised their nationals to leave.

The prospect for continuing our explorations in Mongolia could not have been blacker. We proceeded to liquidate certain effects of the expedition, put others in a place of safety, and reduce current expenses to the minimum. All the staff, except McKenzie Young, I sent back to America. He remained with me to watch events and prepare for an expedition in 1928 if it became possible.

In time conditions quieted down and we did organize the expedition of 1928, which was successful in a new part of Inner Mongolia but ended in a distressing experience.

Politically the year had been important. The southern armies pushed rapidly northward. Chang Tso-lin's troops withdrew to Manchuria. All China theoretically was under the Kuomintang, the "People's Party." A wave of intense nationalism swept the country; anti-foreignism was rampant.

When our caravan reached Kalgan from the Gobi, all the specimens were confiscated on the grounds that we had "trespassed on China's sovereign rights," "stolen the nation's priceless treasures," were "spies against the Chinese government," and had been "searching for oil and minerals."

EVENTUALLY the specimens were released, but bitter feeling had been engendered on both sides. Negotiations extended to Colonel Stimson, Secretary of State of the U. S. A.; the Chinese Minister at Washington and the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the new Nationalist government at Nanking. It was all senseless and absurd; we were simply the victims of circumstances. Any agitation directed against foreigners found immediate popularity with the masses and their own government officials were powerless to resist. It marked the beginning of the end of foreign scientific work in China for several years.

Chinese scientific friends predicted that the agitation would end in a few months and urged us to try again. I did, and devoted the entire year of 1929 to costly and nerve-racking negotiations. Then we did one more expedition in 1930. But it was restricted only to paleontology, for we were not allowed to make maps and were so handicapped with stupid restrictions that our whole plan of operations was crippled. It simply wasn't good enough.

I decided to quit, even though we had only scratched the surface of the Gobi.

This unfortunate anti-foreignism in China stopped short a dream which had begun to develop in my mind, just as did the Central Asiatic expedition—to establish an "International Institute for Asiatic Research."

I am going to outline the plan briefly, at the risk of being a bore, for some day some one else will surely do it. Now that airplanes have demolished distances and the obstacles of land traveling, there are no longer unknown corners of the earth. The prophecy is that when the war is ended the world will enter upon a new and great era of intensive exploration. There are still vast little-known regions. And some hold undreamed-of treasures in the realm of science.

Most important of all is Central Asia. By that I mean Mongolia, southern Siberia, Chinese and Russian Turkestan, and Tibet. There is no other region on earth which will yield such important results in every branch of natural science. But the scientific attack must be made systematically, like the campaign of an army, to insure the best results. It must be international.

In addition to a president, field director, and other necessary officers, the international organization would have an advisory council represented by distinguished specialists in various branches of science from all over the world. This body would decide upon the general plan of research (project the work to be undertaken each year), the scientists who would be invited to participate, and the ultimate disposition of their collections. These would be deposited in various world institutions, where they could be most advantageously studied and be accessible to the greatest number of students in that particular field. In return for such collections an amount to be decided upon by the advisory council would be contributed to the endowment of the "Asiatic Institution."

The institution would not only finance each expedition but would arrange all details of permits, transportation, servants, equipment, etc. When the particular scientists arrive at the point of departure they could go into the field at once without loss of time or energy. These expeditions, necessarily requiring assistants of various kinds, would furnish an excellent training school for young scientists and explorers who now find great difficulty in entering the field of scientific exploration. Although the study of the collections would be made at the institutions where they were deposited, the scientific results would be published by the Asiatic Institution for world distribution.

Such was the plan I had conceived. I discussed it with scientific societies in England, France, Sweden, and Germany. Every one was enthusiastic. I already had the pledge of a million dollars to start the endowment. All that remained was the official co-operation of the governments concerned. China's wave of anti-foreignism made it impossible. The chaotic state of Chinese politics, of course, was responsible, and I believe that in due time, after the war, it will meet with the same enthusiastic response it had in Europe and America. It calls for a Utopian state of international co-operation, to be sure, but I don't think that this is too much to expect in the future.

Sir Hubert Wilkins has the same dream for an international meteorological institution where weather reports from stations all over the world can be assimilated and long-range predictions made. It, too, will come true some day. Think what it would mean to farmers in widely separated regions if they could be told with accuracy six months in advance, where there would be drought and where excessive rainfall!

Wilkins and I may not live to see our dreams become reality—but I am sure both will be a part of the new adventures that are always just around the corner in this world of ours.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

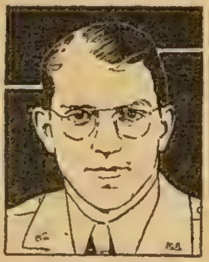
POSTERITY will probably wonder at the paradox of the two countries which had the greatest material possessions in the world (and the greatest facilities for adding to them) being beaten at first in a war by countries relatively poor in both.

To the mind of a simple Chinese peasant it was an incredible state of affairs, as **Pearl Buck** makes clear in her latest novel, **The Promise.**

This book, a projection of Dragon Seed, opens with Ling Tan—whose family suffered so at the hands of the Japanese when the war began—remembering the promise of the white men, English and American, that they would help China fight. From there it swiftly moves into the Burma campaign, in which Ling's third son, now known as Sheng, took part with the Chinese Army.

Pearl Buck

When that army set out to walk the hundreds of miles to the Burma border the Generalissimo knew, and its general knew, the size of its task; but they also remembered that the English and Americans had promised them help, and now they must bring aid to these white men and prove what good soldiers they were; show how well they would use the machines the white men would some day send to help them fight the common enemy.



Chaplain Wm. C. Taggart

They did not think, however, they would meet their first rebuff when they were told to wait at the border because the white men did not care to have them in Burma. Nor was it easy to understand the coldness with which they were received, the attitude which showed them they were good enough to rescue the rulers of Burma but not good enough to fight with them as allies.

Confused and embittered, they nonetheless did fight when called upon. In the words of Sheng, "It is not to save the white men that I sit here tonight, my feet on this earth that is not mine. But if the white man is the enemy of my enemy, then the white man is my friend." (A lesson many of us have still to learn about the people who fight with us.)

The Chinese fought and were killed, and only a few battled their way back out of Burma. Among them were Sheng and Mayli, whom he loved and who fought with the army as a commandant of nurses. And in the end, these two, typical of young China, went on in their resolve to fight and in their reliance on the promise of American and English aid—because they hated our common enemy and must believe somehow in eventual victory.

It is a beautiful, stirring book, the kind of novel we expect of Pearl Buck when her heart and her mind and her beliefs are all in it. It is a book which shows, too, the strength of one of our allies—and how much we must do to measure up to it.

IN another inspiring book of the war, **Chaplain William C. Taggart,** U. S. Army, has related his experiences with the Nineteenth Bombardment Group to **Christopher Cross,** for publication as **My Fighting Congregation.**

The story begins on a transport which was to take them to the Philippines, but their destination was changed to Java and they waded into the war there with heroism and, despite their later evacuation, considerable success.

Not the least heroic was "Chaplain Bill," who is modest as well, and intends his exploits to be indicative of what chaplains on all fronts are doing for the boys they help, comfort, and counsel.

NO LITTLE ENEMY

Continued from Page 29

emies. We all know their names. These are our enemies, but they are not the ones who can beat us. No German or Jap living can beat us. We're Americans, and the only ones who can beat us in this war are other Americans. Our worst enemy is within."

His eyes traveled the rows, looking at each face, and then he saw the man again. He was sitting in the very end seat of the second row—and even something about where he sat was disturbing and familiar at the same time.

"This is a war," Tom continued, "against the Fascist mind, wherever it is. And, unfortunately, Berlin and Tokyo are not the only places. There are plenty of minds of that type right here with us in America. We must recognize them and be on guard against them."

Tom's crayon was busy on the pad again. He had thought over what he wanted to say, but he had never put it into words before.

"The Fascist mind," he told his audience, "has been bullying decent folks for years. It has pushed us around and blackmailed us and held us for ransom. It has blocked all the progress we have been trying to make. You can recognize its methods a mile off—lies and violence and threats, to say nothing of a bad smell."

Skillfully he finished the head of an Uncle Sam, the face pained, the mouth wide open to show an aching blackened tooth. He started to draw an open door.

"When we win the war," he went on, "there are some among us who will continue working to see that we lose the peace. If they are successful, our military victory will mean nothing, and they know it. It is these native Fascists who are our biggest menace. The focus of infection in a huge healthy nation. We've got to get rid of them." He drew a string from the tooth to the doorknob, and turned around abruptly. "We've got to slam that door!"

WHEN the cheers had subsided, Tom stepped to the edge of the stage. "For whatever they are worth, I'd like to offer you my suggestions."

His eyes traveled the faces before him again, and lingered on the one in the aisle seat of the second row. A recollection swept almost to the surface of his mind, and then receded. He talked for two or three minutes more and returned to his own chair on the platform.

Mr. Wells took over again. "If there are any of you who have courage enough to face Mr. Bonbright and his black crayon," he announced, "you may come to the stage and have your caricature drawn by America's greatest cartoonist. Then, if you purchase a war bond, the picture will become your property. We cannot guarantee that you will be pleased with the results of your posing. It is well known that many of Mr. Bonbright's models have not been. But, in this case, it is your patriotic duty to be brave. I can promise you that Mr. Bonbright is not as deadly as a P-38."

There was a great shout of laughter and dozens of waving hands.

"Since it will be a strain, for you who try it, to face the caricaturist," continued Mr. Wells, "we want to help you conserve your strength as much as possible. For that reason, the young

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CALIFORNIA
SAUTERNES
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MADE AND BOTTLED BY
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•

Before you buy wine—
buy War Bonds

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Roma Wine Company . . . Fresno . . Lodi . . Healdsburg, California

ladies of the chorus will come and escort you up here on their strong young arms."

Tom glanced at the man who had accosted Stock. He sat slouched down in his seat, staring moodily up at the stage. The girls started to pair off to bring back the volunteers. Tom stopped Kathleen and Judy as they went past him.

"See that guy?" He pointed unobtrusively. "Go get him and make him come up here. He won't want to—but you kid him into it."

Kathleen looked at the sullen face with misgiving. "But he doesn't seem very—"

"Go on," urged Tom. "I'll lose all my faith in you if you can't do a little thing like that. Go on!"

Judy objected. "He's such a sourpuss. Can't you pick somebody else?"

"Bet you dinner tonight I'll have him smiling before the sketch is finished."

The girls put on their most entrancing expressions and, with a swish of their short skirts, started down the steps into the audience.

TOM drew the caricatures rapidly with the spare sure lines that were his trade-mark. The sitters were delighted and each succeeding page from his pad brought a higher price in bonds than the one before. The OPP stunt worked to perfection, as the boss had told Tom it would. The people who had stayed on to watch left their seats and gathered close about the stage. Tom liked having them there and hearing their comments. This was a welcome change from the solitude, the chain of cigarettes, the pacing and brooding that usually accompanied his job. He reminded himself to write to the boss and dispel any ideas that he was still sour on the assignment.

He had drawn six or seven faces when Kathleen and Judy appeared with their prize. They hung onto their scowling captive with determination. The watchers were quick to sense the man's reluctance. They called out encouraging words and jokes, but his expression did not change. When he sat down beside the easel, Tom got his first close look at him, and again the faltering recollection almost slipped into its proper niche—but not quite.

The man had a thorny set of features, the main characteristics of which were dark brows that met on the bridge of the nose and a churlish turned-down mouth.

Tom remembered the technique the young lieutenant on the train had used on Helen.

"You look familiar to me, Mr.—uh—" He hesitated, but the man made no attempt to supply a name. "Haven't we met before?"

The man shook his head. "Not that I know of. I don't get to many of these meetings." He crossed his legs and picked at a loose thread on his trousers.

"This is my first one, too." Tom began to draw. "Hold your head up, please. How'd you like the program?"

"I liked it."

"Ever see a prettier bunch of girls? I expect it'll affect my style—looking at so much beauty. I won't be able to make funny faces any more."

The crowd laughed. The man continued to pick at the thread.

"Will you look up, please?" Tom's eyes met the irate black ones that were raised to his. He reproduced them on the paper.

"And now—smile, if you please."

The watchers giggled. The man looked startled. He made a grimace, and, lightninglike, Tom caught it.

Mr. Wells held up the finished picture; but, before he had a chance to say anything, the man snatched it away.

"I'll take a hundred-dollar bond!" he cried out—and in his voice there was a warning of hysteria.

Charlie came to lead him to a bond booth as the crowd cheered politely, and in a moment he had disappeared.

"You cheated," Kathleen accused Tom. "Naturally, he had to smile when you told him to."

"O. K.—dinner's on me," Tom said slowly. "It was worth it."

THE Caravan was scheduled to make two more appearances in Pittsburgh. One was later that afternoon, at a high school auditorium in the suburbs. The other was in the evening, at a hotel ballroom downtown. It turned out that there was to be also a dinner at the hotel, attended by city officials and dignitaries, complete with speeches and unrationed roast chicken. Tom transferred his invitation to Kathleen and Judy from dinner to supper before train time. But the audience at the evening's performance was too enthusiastic to go home. When Charlie finally herded the performers to the station, they had only twenty minutes to spare before their train left for Cleveland.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Here's our nomination for the cleverest ad ever inserted in the classified columns of a daily newspaper:

"Lost: One lead pencil. By blonde; blue eyes, height 5 feet, weight 112, age 20, very good dancer. Reward if returned. Dial 45893."

—*Stars and Stripes.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The station was dismal and almost deserted. The only activity in the place seemed to be at a soda fountain in one corner. Most of the troupe headed for it, and Tom, hooking his arms through those of the two girls, led them in the same direction.

"Come on," he told them. "I promised you supper before train time."

Mournfully Judy climbed up on a stool and leaned her elbows on the damp marble counter. "You're getting off easy," she said. "I'll have a chocolate soda."

The woman in a spotted apron behind the counter flicked her cloth over the ice-cream freezer.

"No chocolate," she said sternly. "Ain't had no chocolate for two weeks now."

"What are they drinking?" Kathleen gestured toward Stock and Nadine, sitting a few seats away from them. "Coffee? O. K., black coffee." She picked up the menu and peered at it. "Coffee, ten cents. Now he's getting off even easier!"

Tom said, "Sure coffee won't keep you girls awake? Maybe we'd better skip the whole thing."

The girls groaned and Kathleen slipped her brown-and-white pumps off her feet to the floor.

"What's the matter with you kids? Didn't you ever do four a day in vaudeville?"

"Vaudeville?" said Judy. "What's that?"

"Mr. B.," said Kathleen dreamily, "when we work we belong to a union. We've got rules. Right now we're just on a vacation trip—so they tell us—with a little bond selling on the side."

"That's the story they told me," said Tom. "The vacation angle is strictly exaggerated—strictly—" His tone changed abruptly and he slipped off his stool. "Excuse me," he told the girls. "I'll be right back."

They looked up in weary surprise as he hurried across the waiting room to a newsstand. He took some money out of his pocket, picked up a paper, and hurried back to them.

Judy saw the masthead. "What are you going to do—study up on Cleveland ahead of time?"

"Maybe Miss Hathaway will show him around. It's her home town," suggested Kathleen slyly.

Tom had been leafing through the newspaper, examining each column carefully. Now he let out a whoop and pointed to a story on the first page of the second section.

"City Council to Vote on Redistricting," read Kathleen. "So what?"

Tom indicated the by-line. "Jason Woodburn. I've been killing myself trying to remember that reporter's name since this noon."

"What for? And talking about this noon, what was it all about—having us bring that plug-ugly up on the stage?"

"Did you have to work hard on him?"

Judy's tone was indignant. "Work on him? He was so unreceptive he shook my confidence in myself. Who is he?"

"That's what I'm going to find out from Jason Woodburn when we get to Cleveland," said Tom. "If it amounts to anything, I'll tell you then. But not a word to any one—understand?"

"Why, how thrilling!" said Judy. "Secrets."

"Gosh," said Kathleen, "have I a lot to write to the corporal tonight!"

Tom couldn't sleep. Bill Roberts' thin freckled face and sharp blue eyes kept popping up before him in the dark, and jumbled memories of their long friendship flashed across his mind. He tossed around in the hot, airless berth for a while longer, and then switched on the lamp near his head and looked at his wrist watch. It was 2 A. M. He put on his robe, fumbled in his coat pocket for cigarettes, and quietly stepped out into the aisle. Two dim lamps shone from the ceiling, shedding an eerie light on the swaying green curtains. Tom walked through the car and pushed open the door to the platform. The fresh country air smelled good. He sat down on a pile of luggage.

A MOMENT later he heard a click as the door was pushed open again and some one joined him on the platform. He couldn't see who it was. There was only the intensified darkness of a body standing a few feet away from him, and the glowing tip of a cigarette. He braced himself against the metal wall behind him, nerves tingling, as he held his hands in readiness. He felt his pajama collar rise and fall with the quick beating of the pulse in his throat. I'm afraid, he thought. That's why I couldn't sleep. When I've got time to think about it, I'm scared.

"Do you mind if I join you?" said a voice. It was Helen's.

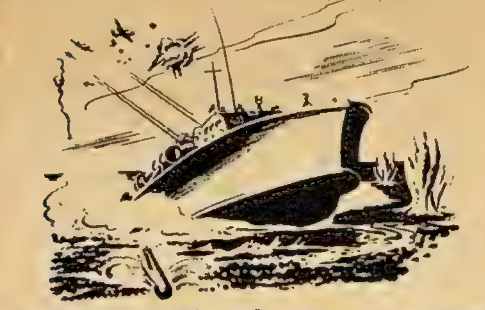
Grateful for the darkness that hid the relief on his face, Tom said, "Not at all. Have a hatbox or a nice soft Gladstone."

She sat down beside him. "I saw you come out, and I couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd come too."

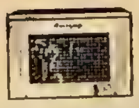
"Coffee in the station?"

"Nothing so simple as that. My mind

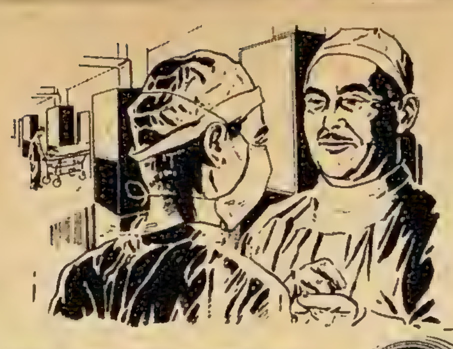
(*Continued on page 50*)



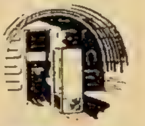
Fresh food on the high seas during long, heavy-action periods away from port is the result of compact, efficient refrigeration.



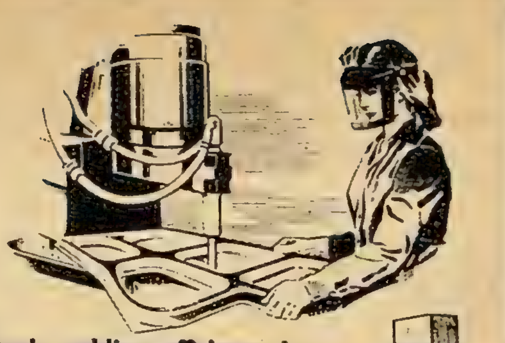
Self-Contained
¼ h.p. Refrigerating Unit



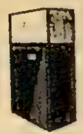
Cool, clean air protects the life of the wounded in Army hospitals. Special aircraft refrigerators safeguard serums and plasma.



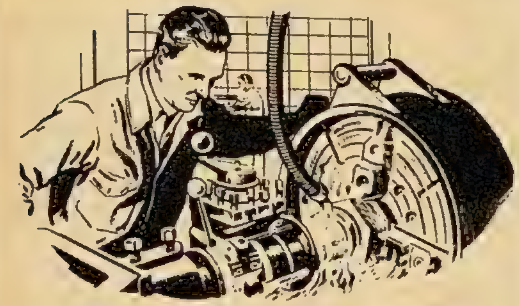
Aluminum
Aircraft Refrigerator



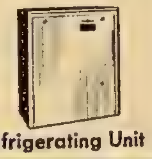
Peak welding efficiency is made possible by cooling of welding tips with water or brine held at the right temperature.



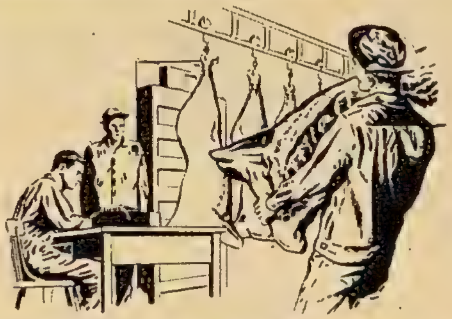
Spot Welder
Tip Cooling Unit



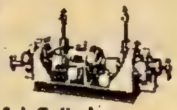
Tool life is increased and rejections are fewer when cutting oils used in high-speed machining are properly cooled.



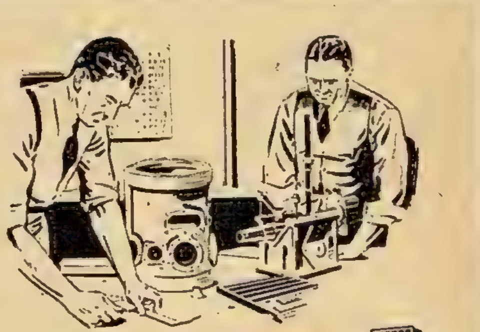
Refrigerating Unit



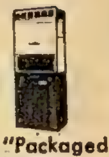
The health of our armed forces is protected by dependable refrigeration in cantonments, huts, barracks, and on ships.



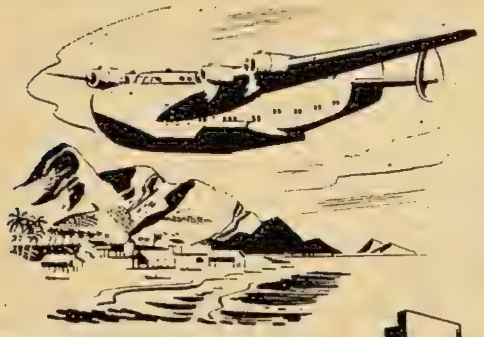
14 Cylinder
Air Conditioning Compressor



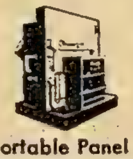
Super accuracy in gauge rooms is possible when the air is clean, dehumidified, and maintained at a constant temperature.



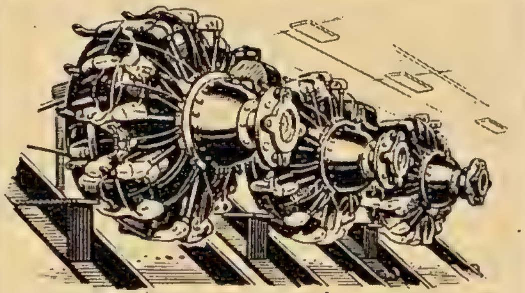
3 h.p. "Packaged"
Air Conditioner



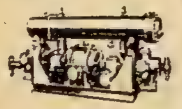
Protection in the tropics against the ravages of humid atmosphere and vermin is necessary to preserve food and equipment.



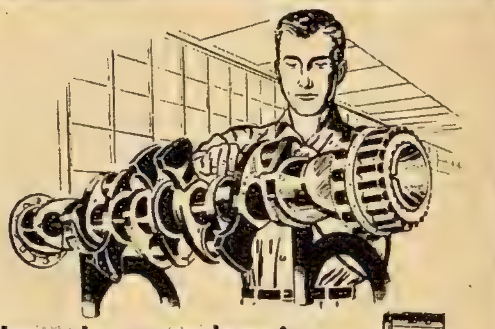
Portable Panel
Refrigeration Unit



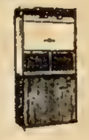
Identical performance of aircraft engines is assured by operation tests with carburetor air kept at the same temperature.



14 Cylinder
Refrigerating Compressor



Clean, dry atmosphere is vital for machining sensitive metal surfaces where a spot of rust would ruin high-precision products.



5 h.p. "Packaged"
Air Conditioner

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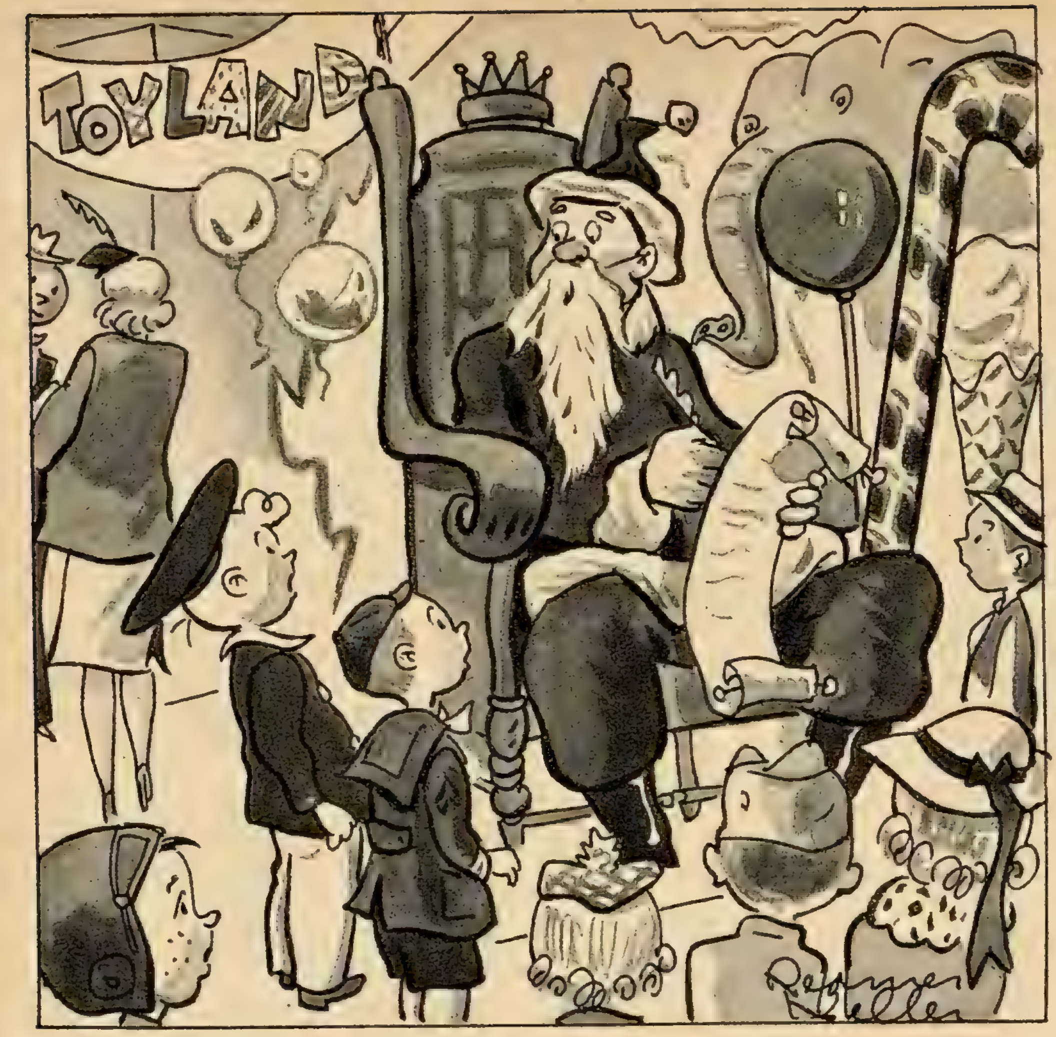
BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

HARDTACK



"Where are you gettin' the merchandise to back up all those promises?"

(*Continued from page 48*)

won't quiet down. Things keep whirling around inside of it."

"What kind of things?" Now that he could trust his hands not to tremble, he lighted a cigarette and drew deeply on it to help himself relax.

"Do you think Tally's given up chasing you? If it was Tally."

"I don't think it was," he lied. "The police have probably got Bill's murderer by now—and I'm back to my old theory. That bang on the head I got was meant for some bad actor."

"Oh." She was silent for a moment. Then she said, "Tom, there's something fishy about Mr. Daniel Stock."

"HELEN," he said, "that's a very interesting statement. Now tell me why you think so."

"You're going to be disappointed. I haven't a single reason—just intuition. I know he's a genuine hero —he's certainly got those awful burns to prove it—but he seems kind of crazy. Behind that benevolent glaze he puts on, his eyes are—fishy. I don't trust him."

"Has he bothered you? Made any—passes?"

"It's not that. Though I think he consciously exerts what he considers are his charms. Have you noticed how that nice kid Nadine has fallen for him? She seems hypnotized. No—it's the way he looks at you that makes me feel funny."

"At me?" Tom was startled. "I haven't noticed."

"Of course not. It's when you're too busy to notice. It's—menacing."

He said, "Aren't you all hopped up because of that gruesome thing we walked into Friday night? Isn't your imagination working overtime, darling?"

"All right. Let's leave it at that for now. By the way, I suppose you're one of those New Yorkers who call every one 'darling'?"

"Lord, no. I was born in a town of five thousand souls. If a boy walked down the main drag with a girl, he had to get engaged to her. As a result, I'm still very cautious."

"That's funny," she said. "I'm cautious, too. Not for the same reason, though. You see, my father always bought me everything I wanted—sometimes before I wanted it. I began to have the feeling people were nice to me because they knew they'd get paid for it." Her voice cut through the darkness, sharp with confession. "I want to do something by myself, for a change. I want to show everybody that I can be an actress without my father buying a play for me. This tour seemed like a good chance. And," she added defensively, "we *are* selling war bonds."

Tom stood up. The countryside was one long stretch of blackness, with here and there a truck's headlights on the road or a single illuminated window. He knew that she moved to stand beside him, though he neither saw nor heard her.

"I suppose," he said, "the light at that farm means a calf or a colt is being born—or a horse is sick. On a farm it's always something."

"Something fundamental, you mean? Something that matters more than whether a show is a hit or whether the leading lady's name is Hathaway, or whether a million people know it? Is that what you mean?"

"Well—" he said.

She stepped on the stub of her cigarette. "Good night," she said. "Thanks for the hospitality." He felt her lips pressed on his suddenly. Then the door clicked behind her.

"Good night, darling," he said.

AFTER she had left, Tom smoked one more cigarette and then went back to his berth. His restlessness was gone—he was sleepy and filled with a great contentment. He wanted the morning to come quickly, so he could see her and make sure. He closed his eyes, but the sound of her voice kept sweeping over the rim of his consciousness. He fell asleep listening to it.

When he awoke, it was still dark and the train was making a series of clanging jerks. They were in some yard, he thought, taking on other cars. He tried to remember a dream he'd had, because it had been unpleasant. He had felt something pressing on him. It seemed he was out on the platform again, begging for air, and some heavy object had fallen on him and shut it off. As the train gathered speed, he discovered he was taking deep gasps, as if he would never catch his breath.

Then instantly he knew. He lay still, every muscle alert, his eyes boring uselessly at the place where the curtains parted—and waited. When the movement came, he was ready. He shifted his body as far as he could toward the window, and his fist shot up blindly with all the strength that was in him. This caused his assailant to lose his balance for a second, and in that second Tom found the face and struck at it. The man grunted and pulled back. Tom's hands slid down over the front of a jacket and one of them hooked onto a pocket. There was the sound of tearing cloth, and a silhouette showed fleetingly against the dim light outside the curtains.

Tom leaped into the aisle. He thought he heard the familiar click of a door, but he wasn't sure whether it was at the front or the back end of the car.

He got back into his berth and switched on the light. In his hand was a piece of shabby diamond-patterned blue wool the size of a pocket. Close to his own pillow there was another one, larger, the type that is rented from the porter in the coaches for a quarter a night. A man could be quite comfortable, Tom reflected, with his head lying on top of such a pillow, and quite dead with his head lying under it.

THEY were to stay at the Forrest Hotel in Cleveland for three days, making a side trip from there to Akron, Ohio. The schedule was jammed with meetings and factory rallies, luncheons and dinners, entertainments for the cadets studying at near-by colleges, and one show to be broadcast over a national hook-up. Looking at the list, Tom knew he'd have to snatch whatever free moments he could and make them pay.

When they got into Cleveland the next morning, he was dressed and ready to get off the train. He turned his luggage over to Charlie and promised to be at the hotel in plenty of time. Then, without waiting to speak to Helen, he took a taxi to the Cleveland police station.

In about ten minutes he had told his entire story to Lieutenant Stacy. After all the details were noted down the lieutenant put in a call to Sergeant Boyd in New York, who reported to him that there were no new developments in the Bill Roberts case. The sergeant was given a summary of Tom's recital and a detailed description of Roger Tally. When the conversation was ended the lieutenant turned to Tom.

"If you'd told this story in New York Friday night," he said, fingering the piece of blue wool Tom had brought him, "things might be further along by now."

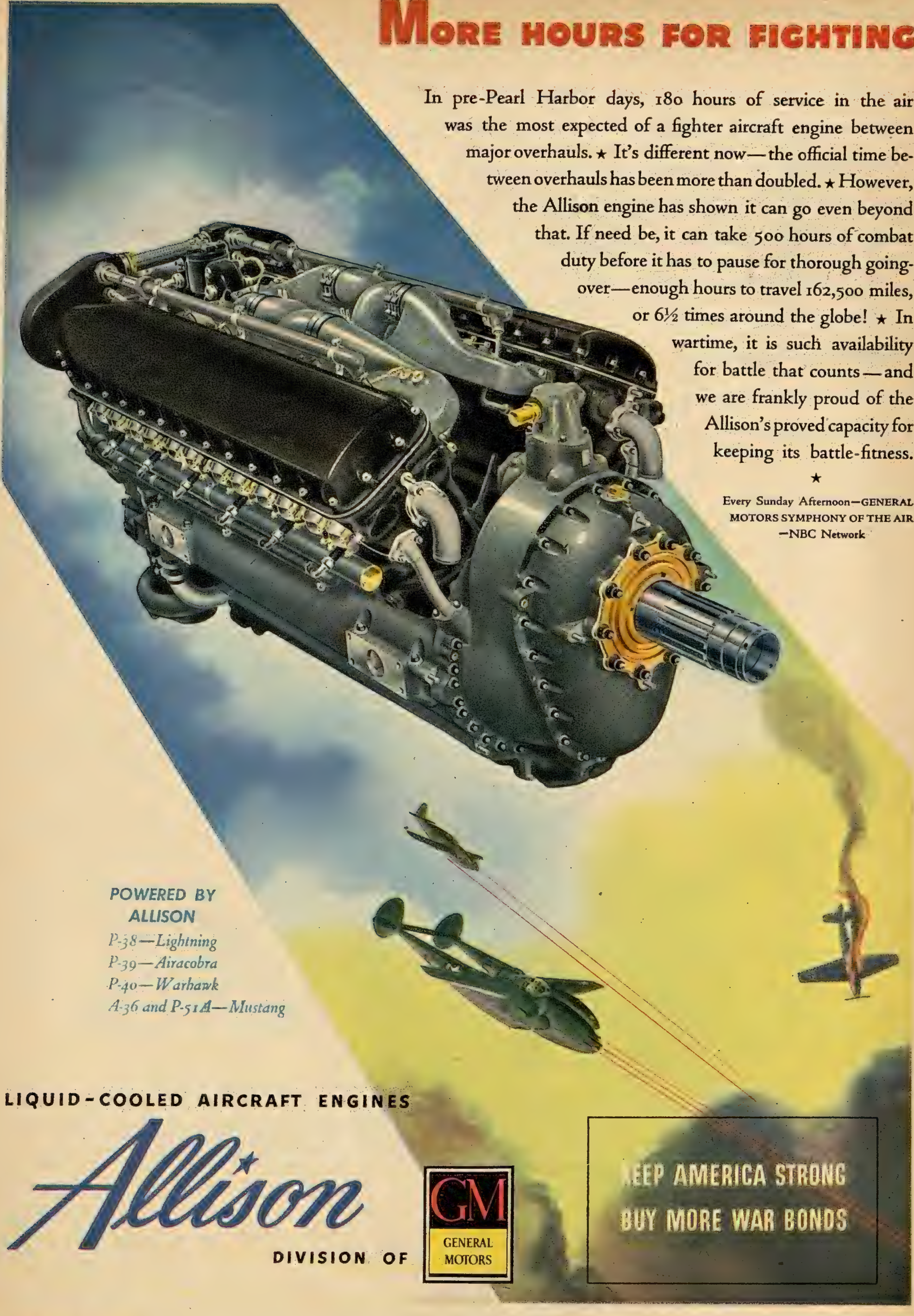
(*Continued on page 52*)

MORE HOURS FOR FIGHTING

In pre-Pearl Harbor days, 180 hours of service in the air was the most expected of a fighter aircraft engine between major overhauls. ★ It's different now—the official time between overhauls has been more than doubled. ★ However, the Allison engine has shown it can go even beyond that. If need be, it can take 500 hours of combat duty before it has to pause for thorough going-over—enough hours to travel 162,500 miles, or 6½ times around the globe! ★ In wartime, it is such availability for battle that counts—and we are frankly proud of the Allison's proved capacity for keeping its battle-fitness.

★

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network



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P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
A-36 and P-51A—Mustang

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from page 50)

"I know," Tom shrugged. "I haven't any excuses. It seemed too fantastic, that's all. Too many coincidences."

"How do you figure that? This man followed you to New York, and directly to the theater, where he struck you and thought he killed you. Then he went after Mr. Roberts. When you phoned, he knew he had failed in your case. He took care of Roberts, left the apartment, and waited his next chance at you. Evidently last night was the first good opportunity he had to try again. Where's the coincidence, Mr. Bonbright?"

"That I happened to phone Bill Roberts while his murderer was with him, for instance."

"In our work, Mr. Bonbright," said the lieutenant, "we do not make the mistake of discounting too much for coincidence. At second glance no two things turn out simply to have happened. There are usually causes and good explanations for the timing."

Tom stood up and walked to the window. He was frowning.

"The timing is what puzzles me. How come he decided to start out after us after a whole year had gone by?"

"There's an answer to that one, too." The lieutenant consulted his notes. "Maybe I'll have it for you soon."

"I CAN'T swear it was Tally last night, you know. That piece of cloth doesn't prove anything, and I didn't see his face."

"I understand. In the meantime, I think you should have some protection. I'm going to assign a couple of men to keep their eyes on you."

"You mean a bodyguard? That's impossible. How will I explain it?"

"I'll ask them to be as discreet as possible, but I can't let you go around alone in the city and in the crowds you're going to meet. This Tally, or whoever it is, has been fairly cautious about hiding his tracks up till now. As things get harder for him, he may not be. He may jump at any opportunity to get you and not give a damn about himself." Tom stepped away from the window. "Am I alarming you?"

"There's no sense in telling you I'm comfortable about it."

"There's no sense in not taking precautions, either. You're too valuable a man. I know. I've watched your cartoons for years." The lieutenant stood up and held out his hand. "It's been an honor to meet you, Mr. Bonbright."

The two men shook hands and walked through the corridor into the waiting room. Sunshine made big square patches on the floor and the uniforms of two policemen reading the bulletin board looked protective and reassuring.

"I'll keep in touch with you," said the lieutenant.

Tom walked down the station steps. There was a taxi waiting in front. It took all his will power not to make a dash for it.

HE inquired at the desk for his room number and went directly up. Evidently the others had rooms near by, but before he started reconnoitering he had two things to do. His familiar suitcase and portfolio, his topcoat thrown across a chair, the conventional hotel furniture, and the morning noise of a vacuum sweeper in the next room blotted out both the unreal horror of the incident of the night before and the too real session he had just had with the police. Everything seemed normal again, and with the return of normality his appetite rose up in full force.

He picked up the telephone and ordered breakfast—as much of everything as it was legal for the kitchen to send up to him. Then he dialed the number of the Cleveland Inquirer. Jason Woodburn was out, he was told—out on a story.

When Tom hung up, the phone rang immediately. It was Charlie.

"Everything all right, Tom?"

"O. K., thanks. What's Helen's room number?"

"She's not staying at the hotel. She's out at her folks' house—out in a place called Shaker Heights. As a matter of fact, I'm out here with her right now."

"Good. Call her, will you, old man? I want to talk to her."

Helen's voice came over the phone right away. It hadn't any of the intimate quality Tom remembered from the night before.

"Good morning."

"Good morning to you."

There ensued an ungraceful silence.

"Uh—how did you sleep?"

"Very well. And you?"

"Fine."

"Are you always such an early riser? Charlie says you jumped off the train before it had properly stopped."

"Oh." Tom was beginning to understand.

"Or was it I you were running away from? I assure you, there was no danger."

"Darling, I wouldn't have left without seeing you, but I had an important errand. Listen. I'm coming out to your house to talk to you. I'll get a taxi right away."

"You'd better not. There are a lot of reporters and photographers and people here. I'm really going to be very busy."

"So that's starting again! Well, watch the birdie and don't put your autograph on any blank checks."

THE house, a square red brick colonial with white pillars, looked big enough to be called home by two dozen uncrowded people. There was an air of solid prosperity about it. The wide lawn and the shrubbery were sleek and the knocker shone. Several cars were drawn up on the crescent-shaped drive leading to the entrance.

Tom cut across to a large open veranda along one side of the house, and looked through the French doors at the reporters milling about in the living room. Helen was nowhere in sight, but Charlie was a good stand-in for her. He did everything but pose for her pictures. Tom swung his legs up on a bamboo chaise longue, stretched out, and waited.

The conversation indoors became suddenly intensified. Tom leaned over in time to see Helen coming into the room in a red-and-white-striped dress, a huge red flower on her shoulder.

"We'll finish the interviews in here and take the pictures in the garden," Charlie was announcing.

Tom stood up, and two men who had been sitting on the porch steps stood up with him. He had caught a glimpse of Jason Woodburn in the crush around Helen.

Woodburn shouted, "Mr. Bonbright! It's Tom Bonbright! How are you?" He pumped Tom's hand with loud enthusiasm.

There was a sudden flow of humanity away from Helen and the photographers jumped for the best place to focus on Tom. Helen gave him a cold stare and tramped out, Charlie trotting after her.

After several minutes of questions and answers, Tom finally escaped, Woodburn with him.

"Give me a piece of paper—quick," Tom said.

"Sure." Woodburn brought out a tattered envelope. "It's sure good to see you again, Mr. Bonbright. Must be four years, isn't it?"

"On the nose. You have a good memory, thank heaven. This paper's too small. Let's look around for something larger."

A search of the room they were in, a breakfast room, yielded nothing. Tom pushed at a swinging door and they went through into the kitchen, and saw a table with a white porcelain top. Tom got out his crayon and began to draw. In a few seconds the black wax produced a face that glared up at them from the table-top. It was the face of the unwilling model the girls had corralled in Pittsburgh.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

STRETCHEROUS: Little Willie's slingshot.

MISTYMEANOR: Misbehavior in the fog.

ADDLESCENT: A muddled youngster.

AFISHIENCY: Ability of a salmon to climb a ladder.

STUBBURN: A fire that won't go out.

SUBSTITOOT: A cornettist who takes the place of another.

BEARTH: The beginning of the world.

MODOR: An engine that smells.

COSTOMB: A shroud.

VETERANARYANS: What Hitler thinks his living horse doctors are.

"Know him?" Tom asked Woodburn.

Woodburn scowled at the connecting brows and ill-humored, turned-down mouth.

"I've seen him." All at once he brought his fist down square and hard on the drawing's nose.

"Philip Wald! The dirty little Fascist skunk!" he yelled.

One of Lieutenant Stacy's men peered around the door.

"Everything all right, Mr. Bonbright?"

"You bet," said Tom.

THEY got into Woodburn's car and drove to the Inquirer Building. Woodburn shuffled impatiently while the elevator took them up to the third floor. When they got into the newspaper library, it was only a minute before he found what he wanted. He pulled a dusty envelope out of a cabinet and emptied it on a table.

"Here it is," he said grimly, holding up a glossy photograph.

As an illustration of various human emotions the photograph was interesting enough. It was a flashlight picture. Two or three rows of an audience showed in the background. In the foreground a man crouched in his seat, shielding his head with his arms. A dark trickle could be seen running down his chin. Behind him stood the man Tom had just pictured on the table, a vicious expression on his face, his upraised hand holding a short heavy club. A man in an adjoining seat had half risen, popeyed and open-mouthed. Farther along the row there was a big blur where some one had moved as the shutter clicked.

"Me," said Tom, putting his finger on the blur.

Woodburn looked down at the picture with narrowed eyes. "I had to have six stitches taken in my scalp," he said.

The two men bent over the news clippings that had been in the envelope with the picture. Tom picked up one of them. The headlines read:

CLEVELAND REPORTER SLUGGED
Madison Square Bundist Rally
Ends in Near Riot

"Tell me what's up, Mr. Bonbright," begged Woodburn. "Have you run into Wald? Is he up to something? What's it all about? Wouldn't I like to get my hands on him once!"

"I'm afraid you can't do that unless you go to Pittsburgh," Tom said. "As a matter of fact, I don't know what it is all about. If you have time to walk back to the hotel with me, I'd like to get your slant."

"Sure thing." Woodburn picked up his hat and started for the door. "Come on upstairs while I tap out this story about Cleveland's own Helen Hathaway, then I'll go with you."

In the elevator Woodburn said, "By the way, how is the glamour girl to work with?"

"She's O. K. You sound as if—"

"Yeah. I don't go for this stuff she's putting on. A press agent! You'd think she was important."

"It looked like it," commented Tom as they walked down the hall. "You fellows were out in full force."

"It's her old man who's important. He always bought Helen everything. Now I suppose he's got a deal on for an acre of Broadway."

They walked into the city room and Woodburn sat down before a typewriter. The keys clicked rapidly.

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CHAMPION
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LET THE LIBERTY BELL RING 'ROUND THE WORLD
BUY WAR BONDS

He said, "What is this myth about Miss Hathaway's talent?"

"I wouldn't call it that," objected Tom. "She hasn't been cast correctly yet. If she ever gets the right part, I think she'll take."

"She ought to know something about acting," admitted Woodburn, tapping steadily. "She's acted like a spoiled brat all her life."

"What was she like as a youngster?"

"Awful. Skinny as a pole and gawky. It would have been a pleasure to wring her neck." Woodburn rocked his chair back on two legs as he reminisced. "When she got older she went away to be finished, and when she came back she was a debutante and a prom trotter. Then she got tired of that and worked on a newspaper. Then she wanted to be an actress, and now she's donating her talents to Uncle Sam. Nuts!" He brought his chair down with a bang.

"LISTEN," said Tom. "Give her a chance. This trip is going to do something for her. She'll be changed when it's over. After all, she's had a lot of strikes against her. I should say papa is a big one."

"She's changed already," Woodburn said. "She's beautiful now."

As they walked over to the hotel, Tom told Woodburn about the incident in Pittsburgh, about Wald's effusive greeting of Stock and Stock's freeze-up, and how the girls had inveigled Wald to the platform to sit for his caricature.

Woodburn nodded. His face still bore an expectant expression.

"I'm afraid," concluded Tom, "that's all. I warned you it wasn't much of a story, but it—it kept me awake last night. I myself suggested that Stock be brought along because of the superman rescue he pulled out there on the Cape—but I keep wondering if a pal of Philip Wald ought to be along on a morale-building tour. Besides, we're going to be seeing the insides of a lot of plants and other places. I don't know—"

Woodburn asked, "What more do you know about the gentleman?"

"Not much," Tom admitted. "He's talkative enough, but never about himself. Usually he asks all the questions. The only definite thing I've picked up is that he originated in Boston and spent a couple of years at Harvard. It's hard to tell when—his age is vaguely forty. How could we find out more about him in an unobtrusive way?"

"It can be done. Where does the Caravan go from here?"

"Detroit day after tomorrow. Then Chicago for three days."

"Let me know your hotel in Chicago. I'll have something for you by then. In the meantime, I think I'll go to this luncheon today. I want to get a look at him."

They turned the corner onto Euclid Avenue and were caught up in crowds lining the sidewalk. The strains of a brass band drifted to them.

"Circus parade," explained Woodburn.

They had come to a stop in front of the entrance to a bar. "Let's duck in here," suggested Tom. He turned abruptly and beckoned to the two men behind them. "Come on, boys; I'll buy you a drink."

"Who are they?" demanded Woodburn, staring at the two strangers who had joined them so suddenly.

Tom shrugged. "I don't know their names. They're friends of Lieutenant Stacy of the Cleveland Police Department." He crooked his finger at the waiter. "What'll you have?"

"Straight whisky," murmured Woodburn. "I need it. And, at the risk of repeating myself, may I ask what it's all about? What's up, anyway?"

"The only risk you run is not getting an answer," said Tom. "Just leave it that this is a sample of your home city's hospitality."

He turned to the two plain-clothes men. "Would you mind going to a circus tomorrow afternoon? I'd like to take a lady."

His bodyguards greeted this proposal with pleasure, and the conversation turned to the attractions of the Big Top.

"By the way, Mr. Bonbright," said Woodburn, "there will be a slight charge for my services in this Stock matter, in the form of your telling me why you are being protected by the C. P. D."

"I can't do that now," answered Tom, "without violating my orders. I promise you that if there turns out to be a story in it, I'll let you know before any one else."

"In the meantime," said Woodburn grimly, "I'm going to do my damnedest to find out. You apparently have two stories, Mr. Bonbright, and as an old newspaperman you ought to know which one is news. That is the one you have not told me."

* * *

After devoting forty-three years to the study of the earthworm, a Michigan professor is beginning to be rather discouraged. He has found, he says, that he has only made a beginning.

* * *

BY the time Tom and Woodburn arrived at the ballroom of the Hotel Forrest, the five hundred luncheon guests were already eating. Tom tried to slide quietly into his own place at the speakers' table, but two city fathers flanking him welcomed him profusely and a couple of flashlight bulbs went off. Remembering the awkward moment the cameramen had given him at her house an hour before, Tom glanced quickly at Helen. He was presented with a cold profile.

Later, before the sherbet, he wrote her a note:

"I see by Charlie's schedule that we are given a lay-off tomorrow afternoon from two to six. There is a circus in town. Will you go with me? Otherwise I shall have to spend those hours working—and all work and no play makes, etc. T. B."

After the coffee the answer came back: "You don't *really* believe anything could make you a dull boy, do you? Well, I do. The answer is no. Thanks. H. H."

It was much, much later that Tom finally came face to face with her.

"Now look here—" he began.

"It's no use," she cut him off. "I've already told Mr. Stock I'll go with him."

Her smile was rather smug, he thought, but there was just a hint of anxiety in her voice.

Is Helen punishing Tom for what she thinks is his indifference after that kiss? Read about the shock Daniel Stock gives her in next week's Liberty!

IF THINGS WERE DIFFERENT

Continued from Page 13

of arrangement about Timmy, since it wasn't possible to keep him longer herself. And she owed it to him—and to Lila, her sister—to make that arrangement the best possible one.

She'd had Timmy only the five short weeks since his mother's death—but already she couldn't look at him without something hurting deep inside her.

There was something peculiarly vulnerable about Timmy—about the way his golden dark-tipped lashes lay along his cheek, the way his blond hair curled in ringlets against his forehead. He was so fair—perhaps that was it. He didn't look like Lila. He had nothing of her dark, vivid, restless quality, and Kay found herself wishing unhappily he had. It would have been something of her sister, something tangible, to remember. Perhaps he looked like David—though David too, she remembered quickly, was dark.

SHE had been fifteen when Lila married David. She hadn't known Lila well—the eight years between them had made too glaring a difference at that age—but she had found it in her youthful heart to envy Lila the world she lived in. It had been a gay romantic world of beaux and dates, with Lila at the center of it, flitting gaily, and a little heartlessly, from man to man. Until Gregory Adams had come along. Then Lila had stopped. Then there had been only Greg. He had been quick and gay and careless as herself, with the same unfettered charm, and it was inevitable they should become engaged. Inevitable they should marry.

But they hadn't married. Kay never knew what had happened, but there had been a quarrel, Gregory had gone to Canada, and Lila had left for California to visit a school friend. When she returned, three months later, she was wearing an engagement ring and an air of subdued happiness. "This is it, darling," she had said to Kay. "I'm marrying David Bruce in October—and David will do me a lifetime."

Kay had seen him that once, when he had come in October for the wedding. He had been tall, dark, quiet-looking, not Lila's type at all. They had been married at once and had gone to New York, where an engineering assignment awaited him. They had never come home. Two years later they had had Timmy, and by the time Kay had finished her art course and come to New York to get into designing, they had also had their divorce. When Timmy was a year old David had asked for it, and Lila had given it to him.

And that had been all—until five weeks ago. Lila had stayed on in the small Connecticut town, accessible to New York, where she lived with Timmy. Kay had settled in New York, spending frequent week-ends with her sister. Lila never talked about David, who had got himself a commission in the Navy, but Kay could still see the look at the back of her sister's eyes—the look that had changed slowly from stark unhappiness to something very like desperation. She could still see Lila with her arms tight about the small Timmy, staring out over his blond head with that remote, lost, brooding look. Only Timmy had kept her going—and in the end, Kay suspected, even Timmy had not been enough. They had found Lila one autumn dusk, five weeks ago, her car piled up at the side of the road. No one had seen the accident. No one knew how it had happened. Kay had come, made the arrangements, and returned to New York with the four-year-old Timmy. She had got Ella in to take care of him daytimes, and had cabled his father to the Navy address she had found in Lila's desk.

And in the five weeks since—long weeks of growing anxiety and resentment—she had had no word from David Bruce. Until tonight. Tonight, at last, he was coming. Tonight he would have to face, and take over, the responsibility he had evaded in the past.

The ringing of the doorbell broke into her thoughts, and she jumped to her feet. She went to the door and opened it, but even with the vague memory of David Bruce she had from that meeting six years ago, she wasn't prepared for the man who stood there on the threshold. He was bigger, broader, definitely older than she remembered him. Perhaps the officer's greatcoat had something to do with it; that, and the unmistakable air of authority about him.

"Hello, David," she said coolly. "Come in."

He stared a moment, then said bluntly, "Hello, Kay. You've changed. I wouldn't have known you."

"It was a long time ago. You scarcely saw me."

"I would have, if you were the way you are now."

She stiffened. She mustn't allow the personal element to enter into this. "You can leave your coat here," she said, and watched as he dropped it on a chair, noting the two wide gold stripes and one narrow one that circled the sleeve. She turned and went ahead of him into the living room.

"SIT down," she said. "We've a lot to talk about."

He nodded. "I'm sorry about it all," he said. "I would have taken charge if it had been possible. But I was on sea duty. I only got in tonight."

"That's all right." Her voice was impatient. "Lila was my sister—and anyway, it's over. Now it's a question of your son and what to do with him."

"Where is he?"

"Here."

"Here?" His eyes took in the obviously small apartment. "I thought he might be with your parents."

"Mother died a year ago," she said shortly. "Father is very old, and not well. There was nothing to do but keep Timmy here with me—for the time being," she added pointedly.

"I see." He stood up abruptly. "You've been very kind. The financial end of it I can make up to you, but the rest—"

"That isn't important now either," she said doggedly. "It's Timmy. What do you intend to do about him?"

He took a couple of turns about the room, staring down at the floor, then faced her, his hands in his pockets. "I don't know," he said. "I don't know what I *can* do. I've a couple of brothers in the service, both unmarried. As for myself"—he smiled and she realized how the smile changed him, making him younger—"well, the Navy these days doesn't concern itself too much with a man's personal problems."

Kay's face paled a little. "You mean—you've no one who can take him?"

"No one." He looked at her steadily, and she looked away, refusing to meet the question in his eyes. Why should she? she asked herself. Even if she

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2.	**ALKALINIZE YOUR SYSTEM.** Lemon and soda (fresh lemon juice with water and baking soda) forms *sodium citrate,* excellent to offset acid condition.
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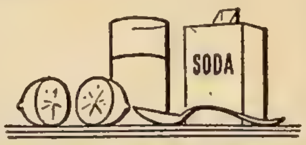

To make lemon & soda *pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.*

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could manage it, which she couldn't, why should she take over his responsibility? Timmy was *his* son.

"*I* can't, if that's what you mean," she said sharply. "Oh, I know he's my sister's child, and all that. I'd do it if things were different. But I have my own living to earn, and a career of sorts to pursue. There's no place in it for a four-year-old boy."

"I was sure of that," he answered quietly. "I simply wanted you to know I have no alternative." He paused, then added shortly, "I'll board him with a good family until the war's over."

"Board him? With strangers?" Timmy's small face rose up before her, the blue eyes with their dark-tipped lashes looking at her gravely. "Oh, but you wouldn't, David!" she cried.

The man shrugged. "What choice have I?" he asked bluntly.

She stared at him, every nerve in her body quivering with anger. "You'd really put him out among strangers?" she asked incredulously.

"Am I responsible?"

"But of course you are!" Her control was slipping, her voice rising dangerously. "He's your son, isn't he? Just because you walked out on him—walked out and left Lila to carry the load alone—"

"Just a moment." His voice was quiet, but now his eyes glinted with an anger that matched her own. "Lila and I had an understanding. She was to have the child, and I wasn't to interfere. I'm sorry if you don't approve."

"It doesn't matter whether I approve or not. It's Timmy who has to suffer."

THEY stood facing each other now, fury and resentment in the look that blazed between them. Something else was in the look, too—something deeper, more instinctive than this antagonism that flared so hotly. For a long moment their eyes held. Then Kay looked away. "I'm sorry," she said stiffly. "We don't have to make this a personal feud."

He turned away, lit a cigarette and drew on it deeply. He walked to the window and stood staring out, and when he turned back to her his face was expressionless, his voice again calm and unfeeling. "I don't know what work you do. Does your career mean a great deal to you?"

"It's a living. And security, until such time as I marry."

"Then, if you were provided for—"

She looked at him quickly. "By you, David? Is that what you're going to say?"

"It would be a solution, wouldn't it? I'd have peace of mind about Timmy. I'd allot you the greater part of my pay. I've something put aside—you might buy a small house in the suburbs and take him out of the city—"

"And hire myself out as nursemaid-governess?" Her voice had a sharp edge of sarcasm, her eyes looked at him with contempt. "Is that what you're offering me?"

He shrugged. "I'm sorry if you feel that way. I thought, since he's your sister's child, there might be something else involved."

"There is," she said quickly, flushing at the note in his voice. "There's a great deal more involved. The small matter of getting to love him, for instance, and wanting to keep him—and then having you come back after the war and take him away from me."

"I wouldn't," he said briefly.

"You don't know. You'll probably marry again, and—"

"I have no plans for remarrying. I—"

"You will have, most likely," she said dryly. "And you and your new wife will have first claim on Timmy."

There was a pause. After a moment David said evenly, "In that case, there seems to be only one answer. You should be my new wife."

"*I?*" Kay's eyes looked startled, and the flush deepened along her cheeks. "You're not—"

"Proposing to you? You might call it that." He smiled, and again the smile changed his face magically. "Oh, not romantically, of course. It's a purely business proposition. If you take on Timmy, you want a legal as well as a moral right to keep him. All right, I'll give you that right. If and when I come back from this war, I won't try to take him from you. You'll have my insurance, for the benefit of Timmy and yourself, and my monthly allotment—"

Kay's eyes were blazing, but she said coldly, "And *my* obligations, David?"

"Your obligations," he said quietly, "will be to Timmy, not to me. After the war, you can have a divorce whenever you want one. You can take a few weeks to think it over. My new orders won't come through immediately. It's understood, of course," he added dryly, "I won't bother you before or after the ceremony."

"I'm sure you won't," Kay said, her voice trembling with fury in spite of her effort to control it, "since there isn't going to be any ceremony. Oh, it's worked out beautifully for you in the past, David—you've been able to get out from under quite a bit of responsibility by shifting it to somebody else! But it so happens I'm not having any."

He stared at her, his eyes narrowing, as if he couldn't quite take in what she was saying. Then he said quietly, "It strikes you that way?"

"It strikes me that way."

He turned away. "Well, that settles that," he said.

Suddenly Kay's heart pounded. In her own personal anger she'd forgotten. "And Timmy?" she asked quickly.

"I'll make arrangements," the man answered shortly. "In the meantime, would it be asking too much to let me drop in and see him occasionally? When you're not here, of course," he added.

She flushed at the faint derision in his tone. But she said evenly, "Not at all. I'll tell Ella to let you in. I'm out until six."

"Thanks. I'll let you know when I've made arrangements."

THE door closed behind him, and she stood a moment looking at it, feeling the hot tide of anger drain out of her now, leaving in its place an empty, hollow, desolated feeling. How had he managed, she wondered miserably, to make her feel so terribly in the wrong? Because she *wasn't* in the wrong. She was sure about that. She had simply made him stand up to his responsibility at last, the responsibility he had shifted to Lila in the past and was now trying to shift to her. And yet, there was that look in his eyes—that look of quiet scorn coupled with mockery—

She didn't sleep much that night. She tossed restlessly, going over and over in her mind the things David Bruce had said to her, the things she had said to him. Whichever way she turned she seemed to see his eyes looking back at her from the dim corners of the room—subtly accusing, subtly asking. She remembered how different they had looked the time or two he had smiled. She remembered them too well. . .

The next day dragged. She resisted an impulse to leave the shop early, but when she opened the apartment door at six that evening, she couldn't help listening with a kind of expectancy for the sound of voices. But there was only silence, and then the tumbling rush of Timmy's feet as he came to greet her. One look at his face—at the wild four-year-old excitement in it—told her that David had been here, that already Timmy's mind and heart and life were filled with the image of his father. A quick pain closed about her heart that

SANTA CLAUS
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"Why aren't you in war work?"

he should have found what he needed so badly, only to lose it again so heartbreakingly soon.

The following day she arrived home at five, and again listened expectantly at the door, her heart beating faster in spite of her. But again there was silence and the dull unaccountable disappointment inside her, and then Timmy's wild rush and the ecstatic account of his visit with his father. "He told me all about the ship, Aunt Kay," he related excitedly, "and about Shorty, and the big guns, and some day he's going to take me to see it—" Oh, David had won him, all right, Kay thought bitterly, looking down at the small flushed face. Won him with the same compelling charm that had won his mother, only to wreck her life with it later. Just as now he was winning Timmy, only to hurt him the more. . . .

It was ten days later—days that dragged for her, only to climax in dull disappointment when she arrived home at night to find either that David had not come, or he had come and gone—that he appeared unexpectedly at the shop. She looked up from her desk suddenly to find him standing there, and a quick flush colored her cheeks.

"I'm sorry to interrupt," he said, "but I thought you should know. My orders have just come through, and I'll be leaving in four days. There are probably things you'll want to do for Timmy before he leaves."

Kay's heart beat faster, but she said quietly, "You've made arrangements for him, then?"

"I've found some people to take him. They're not young, and rather aggressively churchgoing, I believe. They may be a bit on the righteous side. But"—he shrugged—"it isn't easy finding a place for a child."

"But the arrangement is definite?"

"Practically. They don't exactly want to do it, but they think it may be their duty. It's that way."

KAY looked down at her hands, twisting and untwisting in her lap. She waited a moment before she spoke, because she wanted this to sound a certain way, strictly impersonal, strictly businesslike. "I've changed my mind, David," she said in an even voice. "I'm not letting Timmy go. If your offer still stands, I'll go through with the wedding ceremony with you. Provided, of course," she added quickly, "you agree to let me keep Timmy permanently."

He had been watching her without expression, but now his eyes hardened, and when he spoke, bitterness edged his voice. "So Timmy won out, after all," he said. "Even over the way you feel about me."

"That has nothing to do with it," she answered sharply. "It's simply that I can't see Timmy going out among strangers. He's only a baby, and he's almost like my own."

The man straightened a little, and now suddenly he seemed to stand taller, as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. "It's a great relief," he said quietly. "Will you meet me tomorrow for the license?"

Kay stood up. "Tomorrow at one, at City Hall," she answered. They stood facing each other, and now suddenly there was nothing more to say, but still David made no move to go. He kept looking at her as if he weren't quite willing to let it go at that, as if he weren't entirely satisfied about something. Finally he said, "You think I'm getting out from under, don't you? You really despise me."

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The directness of it startled her, but she answered coldly, "Does it matter in the least how I feel about you?"

"No," he said, and now there was a look at the back of his eyes she couldn't quite meet. "No, it doesn't. But it could. It could matter a lot—if things were different."

If things were different. All night the words raced through her mind mocking her with their futility. So she was marrying David Bruce, the man who had spoiled her sister's life. And the marriage would mean no more than printed words on a slip of paper. When he went away, she might see him again in six months, a year, two years—whenever he came to see Timmy. And none of it would mean a thing. Not a thing. She tried desperately not to think about him, not to see his face that kept getting between her and the thoughts she wanted to think; not to see his eyes, grim mostly, smiling sometimes, and once in a while with that look she had surprised in them when he had said, *"It could matter a lot—if things were different."*

SHE met him next day for the license. They agreed on the following morning for the ceremony. She refused to lunch with him, and went back to the shop. But the hours dragged, and she decided to leave early. When she reached home and opened the apartment door, she stood a moment in the hallway, listening. But there was only silence, and then Ella appeared from the kitchen. "There's a gen'leman here, Miss Kay. He was in talkin' to Timmy."

Kay's heart leaped suddenly. She hurried into the living room, and there in the half-dusk of the room she saw the tall uniformed figure silhouetted against the window. He heard her and turned, and as suddenly as it had lifted, her heart sank. The man was as tall as David, but he was thin, blond, in the uniform of a Royal Canadian flyer. He carried a cane. She stared uncertainly, and then suddenly she knew him.

"Gregory Adams!" she cried, going toward him. "I hardly knew you!"

"I don't wonder," he answered. "And you—you've changed too, Kay. You were in pigtails last time I saw you."

"I—I thought you were overseas!"

"That was a couple of lifetimes ago," he answered, and there was bitterness in his voice. "I was reported missing a year ago after a raid. They exchanged me eventually." He glanced down at his leg, and the lines about his mouth tightened. "I won't be bothering them again, you see."

"I'm sorry," Kay said.

"Oh, I was lucky enough, I guess." He was silent, and then, as if it were an effort, he added, "I just heard about Lila. I went to Connecticut, expecting to see her, and they told me. They said Timmy was here with you."

So it had been real, after all, Kay thought. All these years—through war, and prison camp, and her marriage to another man—the thought of Lila had stayed with him. "Yes, Timmy's with me," she said.

"I went back to see him. You don't mind?"

"Of course not, Gregory."

"You'll keep him here with you?"

"I expect to. There's no one else."

"Then perhaps I can come to see him again. I'll be going back to the hospital for another operation soon. But until I go—"

He broke off, a question in his voice, and Kay looked at him with a deep new pity. Lila had meant that much to him—so much that, now she was gone, he wanted to see her son. "Whenever you like," she said gently. "Ella will always let you in if I'm not here."

After he had gone she couldn't free her mind of him. She sat there in the deepening dusk, thinking of him, thinking what a pity it was Lila hadn't married him in that long-ago time instead of David. He would have been right for her. His love would have lasted—as David's hadn't. . . .

She switched on a lamp, trying to dispel the sudden shadows that crowded about her, bringing the past so terribly, hauntingly close. She scarcely heard Timmy when he came in from the kitchen where Ella had been giving him supper, until he was standing there before her, the lamplight bright on his blond head, his blue eyes watching her gravely. He'd had his bath, and his hair hadn't yet had time to spring back into the mass of baby ringlets that usually topped his head like a crown; it was still wet, and Ella had brushed it down close to his head, smoothing it back from his forehead. It made him look older somehow; it made him look—

In North Africa, General Eisenhower is said to have delivered a lecture to some of his men on how essentially alike the British and Americans are. He stressed the fact that both nationalities possess only minor differences of attitude, and he used the following as an example to explain it: "An Englishman walks into a restaurant as if he owned it. An American walks in as if he doesn't give a damn who owns it!"

Her heart pounded suddenly. She couldn't take her eyes from him, but kept on staring, and when he asked gravely, "What's the matter, Aunt Kay?" she could only draw him into her arms and hold him close, rocking him a little and saying over and over, "Nothing, darling. Nothing at all. I just love you, Timmy. I just—love you."

AT nine o'clock she sat alone in the living room, waiting. She had put Timmy to bed, and had called David and asked him to come. "It's about the wedding," she had said evenly. "I've got to talk to you."

The wedding. The wedding that was not to be, now. She heard the doorbell ring, and hurried to answer it. David stood there, and when he saw her in the shining house coat instead of the gray tailored suit she usually wore, her hair loose and shining about her shoulders instead of coiled into a careful roll, a slow smile spread over his face.

"How's the bride-to-be?" he asked, and though she looked at him quickly, she could find no mockery in his eyes this time.

"No bride, David," she said, shaking her head slowly. "No wedding."

Instantly the grim look replaced the smile. "I see," he said. "Even a technical marriage to me is more than you can take. Is that what you wanted to say?"

"It isn't that, David. It isn't anything like that now. It's—it's just that you're free. I'll take care of Timmy and support him myself."

"But why should you?" he demanded. "Didn't we agree—"

"Things are different now," she broke in hurriedly. "They've changed. You see," she hesitated, flushing, and then the words came in a sudden rush—"Gregory Adams was here. Today."

"Adams?" Shocked disbelief was in his eyes. "But Lila thought—I mean we heard—"

"He's been invalided home." And then, seeing his mouth tighten and the frown deepen between his eyes, she added quickly, "Oh, he didn't say anything! He didn't need to. I—I knew as soon as he'd gone." The quick color came up in her cheeks, but she met his eyes steadily. "I'm sorry, David. I misjudged you. I thought you'd walked out on your own son almost as soon as he was born—that you didn't care about him, or what became of him."

"I don't know what you're talking about," David said gruffly. "I—"

"It's no use, David. I know. It—it must have been when Greg was first in training. He was in New York on leave, Lila told me. And then, when Timmy was born, you waited a decent interval before you sent her off to get her divorce. Even now you would have gone on pretending—to give Timmy another break."

DAVID turned away, his shoulders sagging a little under the blue uniform, his voice suddenly ragged and tired. "They were going to be married when Adams came back," he said. "And then when we heard—when I thought he wasn't coming back—well, it didn't seem the time to talk about it." He turned toward her, his eyes suddenly gentle. "I'm sorry you guessed, Kay, if it makes you think less of Lila. But I'm glad if it makes you think more of me."

"I'll always appreciate what you did for us, David," Kay said. "For Lila and Timmy—and me."

He shrugged. "Lila never stopped loving Adams. She and I were never close. She married the wrong man, that's all. I was glad enough to give her a second chance at happiness."

"But what about you, David? You haven't had a second chance."

"No," he said softly, "I haven't, yet. But I could have—if you'd give it to me."

Kay felt her cheeks grow suddenly hot. "You're trying to be kind again. Don't, please."

"I'm saying what I've wanted to say since the day I first came here."

"But you couldn't care—you couldn't possibly! I've been so unfair—"

"I do care. You know it, Kay. You must have felt it. You must have felt the thing that's been stirring in both of us from the moment we met."

She shook her head slowly. "It was bitterness and resentment in me—I thought."

"You thought," he said. "And now?"

"Now—oh, I don't know, David! I'm all mixed up. I feel as if I were seeing you and knowing you for the first time—and yet as if I'd seen you and known you all my life."

He came toward her slowly, and he reached out his hands and took hold of her shoulders. "This is our show, Kay," he said gravely. "Just the two of us. Timmy isn't involved now. Do you think you could love me as much as you used to hate me?"

She looked at him helplessly. "I think so, David. I—I'm not quite sure."

"When will you be sure? There isn't much time left."

"I'll be sure," she told him, and now she was smiling, a deep new happiness in her eyes, "when you kiss me, darling. Would that be soon?"

THE END

THE MAN IN THE MUD

Continued from Page 19

fantrymen, protected an American landing in Sicily by wrecking twelve German tanks. The infantryman also fires armor-piercing shells from light antitank cannon. But against tanks his close-up weapon is the "bazooka," the rocket gun that rips even the monster Nazi Tiger tank. At shorter ranges he fires an antitank grenade from his rifle muzzle.

This summer proved that tanks no longer jinx the infantryman. From South Pacific foxholes he reached up to slip hand grenades under the treads of Jap tanks. In Africa he let German tanks pass over, then emerged to shoot into their vulnerable tails with antitank guns.

The doughboy has learned to fight collectively. Teamwork has always been important to infantry. In the old shoulder-to-shoulder days it meant mostly bullheaded center rushes. Today, infantry advances by slants and spinners; its twelve-man squads spread out, seeking a way around strong points.

Here's how one squad captured a fortified village in New Guinea. Two men engaged an advanced Japanese machine gun; two more—snipers—fired into the village from one side, while from the other the rest advanced, firing. The Japanese line of retreat led past the two snipers, who picked them off.

From the squad up, the infantry regiment of 3,256 officers and men is built of units designed for this sort of teamwork, so essential to the infantry's comeback. They are grouped roughly in threes: three squads to a platoon, three platoons to a company, three rifle companies to a battalion, three battalions to a regiment. In combat, often two of the regiment's three battalions attack the enemy left and right, seeking to encircle him and find soft spots into which the third battalion can thrust. Fighting in Tunisia and Sicily was "just attacking one damn hill after another," say returned doughboys. "We took 'em, but no Pickett's Charge suicide stuff. First we snuck around one side, then the other. You gotta mix 'em up!"

Today's infantry has new small types of radiotelephone, also another telephone powered only by the speaker's vibrating Adam's apple. These have helped the infantry in its comeback. They have almost dispelled the famous "fog of war" caused in the past by that breakdown of communications—wire, signal, and runner—which smothered commanders in confusion as to what was really going on. There are still telegraph and telephone wires, signal flags, lamps, rockets, key radio, and, final reliance, messengers in jeeps or afoot. But for front-line infantry, radiotelephone has speeded up teamwork tremendously.

"My job," said a colonel commanding an infantry regiment, "would drive a World War I general nuts. Without radiotelephone, it would drive *me* nuts."

The foot soldier can still foot-slog if he must—in Sicily one unit hiked forty miles in one day—but mostly he "walks to work" on wheels. It depends on circumstances. Infantry may shuttle—walk a while, ride a while—but on long hauls, such as whisked the First Division from one end of Tunisia to the other for a decisive attack, they ride. In that entire campaign nine tenths of the First's "marching" was in trucks. The infantry regiment has more than 400 vehicles, from jeeps to trailers.

THE men who drive and service these vehicles—like the armorer artificer and all the other forty-four specialists—can fire a rifle or other weapon and can join in any type of infantry fighting. Daniel Doughboy, whatever his specialty, is always a doughboy and slave to no machine.

Nevertheless, in battle he gains great respect for air power, friendly or hostile. He learns how, by bombing lines of communication far beyond his ken, it can prevent supplies or reinforcements reaching the front line. He learns how much his own airplanes can help him by spotting enemy artillery or other ground troops, by attacking them with bomb or machine gun, and reporting them to friendly artillery.

The doughboy learns also what tremendous help he can get from the battalion of field artillery attached to each infantry regiment. The twain become a little army working together, the gunners softening up enemy infantry with "air bursts" of shellfire just off the ground before their own infantry attack them.

The more Daniel Doughboy sees of war, the surer he is that General Marshall is right; it is indeed won by a "combat team" of all arms and all services. He knows that each in its way, in its time, and in its place plays its part for victory, and that victory is won only when the whole team plays together, and he with it.

Yet, being his sturdy self, he agrees with the general that the team's decisive element is still "the little-advertised, hard-bitten infantry." He is proud that after planes fly, tanks crawl, cannon roar, his steady infantryman's heart carries his sturdy infantryman's legs forward in the charge that wins the day. And he is especially proud that, in this machine age, he has fought back on his feet to his position of ancient honor. At all who make cracks about his "having to walk to work" and being "just an infantryman," he directs this final counterattack:

"Why, the infantry's the Army! The other guys are all right—but they're just attached for rations!"

THE END

DO NOT OPEN 'TIL XMAS
BEN ROTH

Which Deodorant wins your vote?

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

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For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a *powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

THEY call me Old Sarge,
I'm a helluva poet—
When you finish with this
You're all gonna know it.
But I've got a message
To you from me,
So gather ye round
The Christmas tree.
The world was like this
Twenty-five years ago;
When it would end,
We did not know.
Out there in mud,
So deep and sticky,

Poet

'Twas hard to think kindly
Of old Saint Nicky.
But we knew what we wanted—
That much was clear:
A shiny new world,
Safe from all fear.
We got it, by gum!
We fought not in vain—
But the doggone menace
Rose up again.
So to you guys out there
In mud deep and sticky,
Wonderin', as we were,
Where's old Saint Nicky?
Let me say this:
He's deep in our hearts,
Which go out to you lads
In distant parts.
Whether you're smacking Nazis
Or smashing Nips,
A song of your praises
Is on our lips.
Yes, I say to you all,
We're proud of you lads—
Us old fossils
You call your dads.
You're winning this war,
They're on the run;
It won't be long
Till the job is done.
So take it from me
At Christmas time,
My warmest good wishes
(And forgive the rhyme).
OLD SARGE.

* * *

I've heard of the "Americal Division," Sarge, and would like to know what it is and what the name stands for.
D. C. M., Kingsport, Tenn.

The name stands for American Guadalcanal Division and is a temporary nickname given to the Army troops who were sent to fight alongside the Marines on Guadalcanal. It was composed of men from various divisions.

* * *

Recently I married a second lieutenant in the Army Nurse Corps, and now we are stationed 1,000 miles apart. It seems the only way we can get together is if she resigns from the Nurse Corps. Is it possible for her to resign, and do you think it advisable?
Lieut. J. C. C., Fort Bragg, N. C.

An Army nurse may tender a resignation to the Commanding General of the theater in which she is assigned, but such resignations are rarely accepted.

Now as to advisability: No, Lieutenant, I don't think it advisable for you to seek to deprive the Army Nurse Corps of a qualified member. Your separation is no more important than that of thousands of other husbands and wives in wartime. If the others can bear it, so can you.

* * *

How could I apply for transfer to a railroad battalion for maintenance-of-way work? I've had fifteen years' experience in this work, and also a couple of years in a railroad transportation department. Wouldn't I be more useful to the Army in that line of work?
Cpl. P. J. R., Burrwood, La.

Submit a request for transfer to your commanding officer. If he can spare you from your present outfit, he'll direct the request upward through channels. In the meantime you might also write to the Director of Railway Training, Unit 1, New Orleans Port of Embarkation, New Orleans, Louisiana. List your qualifications in full.

Civilians over draft age may also apply for this work. The top age is fifty-five. Men between forty-five and fifty-five must have previous military experience.

* * *

In November 6 This Man's War a Sergeant "somewhere in Sicily" gave his idea of what to do with Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo after the war. Here's mine: I'd sit the three of them in the middle of a street that they've bombed and wrecked. Then I'd give them tools and make them clean up every bit of broken brick, glass, and other rubble. They'd pile this into baskets along the curb. When the relatives of bomb victims came along, they'd have the privilege of dumping the baskets in the street again—just to be sure H., M., and T. could never finish the job.
Dr. A. H., Frankfort, Ind.

Thanks for that prescription, doctor. I'm sure that would cure what ails 'em.

* * *

There is a difference of opinion in our town as to whether a man in the Merchant Marine should be considered in the service. A short time ago one of our home-town boys was killed on a merchant ship. Some of us think his name should be on our town honor roll. I would like to know if the Merchant Marine is a branch of the service.
Mrs. T. I. B., Port Carbon, Pa.

The Merchant Marine is not a branch of the armed forces. Those employed in it are civilians. But I certainly think that lad you mentioned deserves a place on the honor roll. The battle of supply is as vital as any other battle in this war. Any man who has a part in this battle, whether in a military or civilian status, should be entitled to full honors if he loses his life through enemy action.

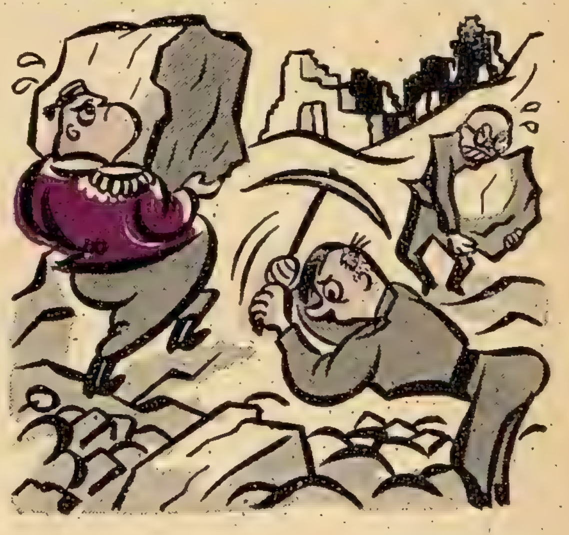
* * *

How is longevity pay computed, and how high does it go?
Cpl. J. A., Jr.,
Mediterranean Theater.

Each three years of service is known as a "fogey" and entitles you to a 5-per-cent increase in your base pay. It is possible to roll up ten fogeys, or a 50-per-cent increase over base pay, before the regular retirement after thirty years of service.

* * *

I was surprised to read P. E.'s gripe about the Waves' hats. Here at St. Mary's we have several hundred young men who never miss the chance to snap a glance at a passing beauty. I've concluded that the eye turned to the Wave is an approving eye indeed. That hat is darn cute, and no matter what faults you girls may find with it, we'll choose the gal under it every time. When it comes to beauty as between the WACs, Waves, and women Marines, I'll stake my bet on the Waves every time.
Cadet R. R. S.,
Navy Preflight School,
St. Mary's College, Calif.



Prescription

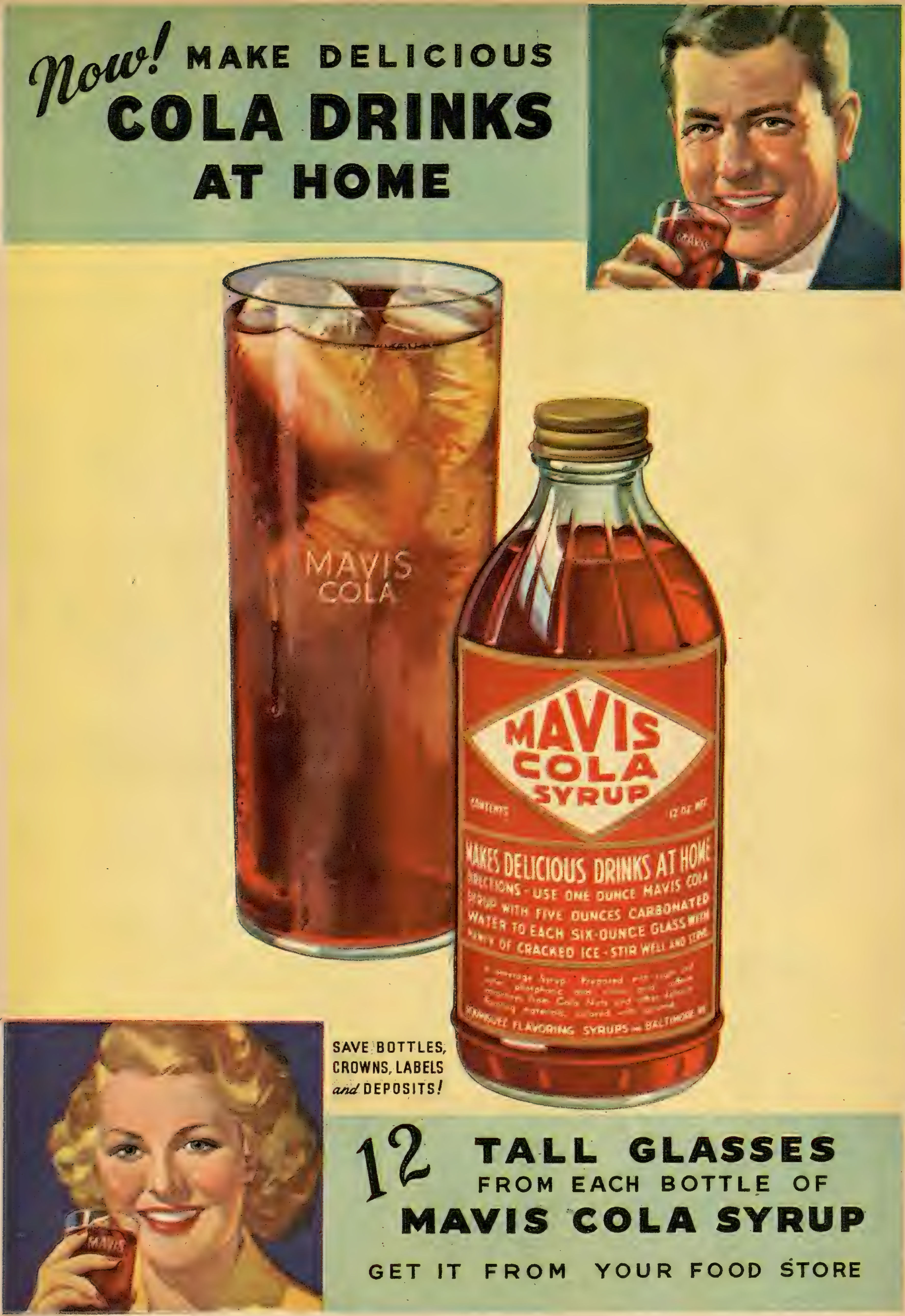
If your flying is as good as your line, those Nips better take cover right now.

* * *

Sarge, could you explain the significance of the diamond-shaped insignia of the Army Finance Department?
Pfc. J. C., Panama Canal Zone.

Each point of the diamond has a special meaning. The top point stands for Patriotism, the point on the left for Integrity, the point on the right for Competence—and when you put these qualities together you get the point on the bottom, Service.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.



MAVIS COLA
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SYRUP
CONTENTS
12 OZ WT
MAKES DELICIOUS DRINKS AT HOME
DIRECTIONS - USE ONE OUNCE MAVIS COLA
SYRUP WITH FIVE OUNCES CARBONATED
WATER TO EACH SIX-OUNCE GLASS WITH
PLENTY OF CRACKED ICE - STIR WELL AND SERVE
FLAVORING SYRUPS BALTIMORE
MAVIS

Now! MAKE DELICIOUS COLA DRINKS AT HOME

SAVE BOTTLES,
CROWNS, LABELS
and DEPOSITS!

12 TALL GLASSES FROM EACH BOTTLE OF MAVIS COLA SYRUP

GET IT FROM YOUR FOOD STORE

CHRISTMAS ON CORREGIDOR

Continued from Page 15

Their creation of a Philippines Republic was part of this military strategy. But while the Japanese High Command was pursuing this policy, the Japanese soldiers, and particularly the Japanese military police, were treating the Filipinos with cruel brutality. Filipinos who did not bow to them or take off their hats to them when passing were clubbed and slapped in the face. Some were even tied to lampposts. I think these individual acts have done more to maintain the unity of the Filipinos against the invader than the destruction of their property or even the death of their sons.

When I write of these Christmases I do not have to use my imagination. I saw what went on in 1941 and I have confidential information about 1942 and 1943—letters that, strange as it may seem, I have received from the Philippines direct, and other communications which I am not at liberty to describe. From all these, I know how hard the life of the Filipinos is, and how all their desires are concentrated on one thing: the arrival of American forces that will free them from the iron hand of the invader.

In the celebration of the Catholic mass there is a moment when the priest says, "Glory be to God on high, and on earth, peace to men of good will." How ironical those words sounded to me that night on Corregidor! How ironical they will sound to the Filipinos this December!

BUT the Filipinos have not lost faith in Almighty God, in America, or in themselves. We have been careful until now not to publicize what they are doing in the fight against Japan. But there is no longer any need to keep secret the fact that there is much resistance all over the Philippines. The Japs know it, and know we know it. Just the other day the Japanese military commander addressed a message to all the Filipino guerrilla leaders, saluting them as friends and brothers and inviting them to come in, not to surrender, but to help establish the Philippine Republic—the puppet government headed by the puppet president, José P. Laurel.

I was glad to see the Japanese admitting how formidable are our guerrilla activities. After Corregidor, for some time I did not have information about what was happening out there. Instinctively I felt there was still fighting going on, but I wasn't sure. Then one day a broadcast from one of the islands was picked up by an American listening post. It was addressed to me, in English: "Despite the surrender of our forces in Bataan and Corregidor and other places, we have not surrendered and are continuing the fight against the enemy, following your example, who went to the United States to continue the struggle."

The organization of these guerrilla forces started a few months after Corregidor. A group of armed men appeared in one province, a group in another. They made contact with one another, co-ordinated their activities, became properly organized military units. From certain depots they got food, supplies, and arms. Right near Manila these forces are even attacking the Japs and some Filipinos whom they consider traitors. That is what happened to Dr. Laurel, shot one morning while playing golf. Though he has apparently recovered, he and his confederates know what they are up against. I have been informed that the force around Manila calls itself "Quezon's Own Guerrillas."

My own Christmas is cheered by some of the messages I receive. One young officer whom I knew well was seriously wounded on Bataan, and for months was in a military hospital. I feared he had been killed in the last fighting, then heard he was a prisoner, and now have just received a little note signed by him: "Free again and fighting for freedom and democracy."

From a prominent Filipino political leader comes the message: "Our guerrilla soldiers, fighting under almost insurmountable disadvantages, are even more heroic now than when fighting under bitter conditions against the enemy. I have personally seen them in action, and I can attest to you, President, that I have become prouder of my race now than I ever was before." One of the guerrilla commanders sends me the message: "During these most trying times we find ourselves so beleaguered by the enemy that even the very atmosphere carries, along with the enemy's insidious falsehoods, the stench of bodies torn and mutilated for their unflinching belief in the cause so many others have already died for. However, as far as humanly possible, we aim to carry on. Please tell America that we do not pray for victory, for we know victory is sure to come. We pray God will rush the day of our liberation."

So, on this Christmas of 1943, the fight goes on. There are homes—many homes—now in the United States where, in a way, what the Filipinos are feeling can be sensed. For the husband, the father, the son, the brother, or in some cases the daughter or sister is spending Christmas in a faraway land, facing the enemy and undergoing all kinds of hardship. These Americans, I am sure, can understand the feelings of the Filipinos. They can understand how much I would like to be in the position to tell my people that they are going to receive a great Christmas gift in 1944 from the people of the United States, in the form of liberation of the Philippines from the Japanese invader.

THE END

ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT

★

Star
On a tree,
You mean to me
That far—oh, far,
Across the restless sea,
Stars cold and bright
My love will light.
Bless him, I pray,
So far away
On
Holy Night!

—MARY B. WARD.

THE WIZARD OF BLOW

Continued from Page 22

they weren't kosher. So he ate cornflakes and milk for a week.

The rest of the time he blew his lungs out around stage doors, hoping Paul Whiteman or Rudy Vallee would hear him and give him a job. They heard him all right, and called him a genius, but didn't offer any dotted lines. His first regular job was with a vaudeville unit appearing with Paul Ash's orchestra. They rigged him out in tattered clothes and regularly, four times a day, introduced him as a waif just picked up on the corner playing for pennies. Later, when he joined a Ziegfeld show, Eddie Cantor, Gus Edwards, and Ziegfeld himself used the same gag in introducing him. It followed him to Hollywood and back again to Broadway.

One night Adler rebelled and walked out in a tuxedo and began playing. C. B. Cochran, the London producer, saw him, and sent him to London with a fat contract. Larry straightway became a London idol. He played in big revues, in the best supper clubs, and on the radio. His recording of Smoke Gets in Your Eyes sold 40,000 copies in one week. The Duke of Kent sought him out to play piano duets with him, and in London Jack Benny's picture was billed "Larry Adler and Jack Benny" because Adler played a few numbers in it.

BACK in the United States at the beginning of the war—after a triumphal concert tour of South Africa and Australia with his blonde English bride—Larry found himself a nobody in his own country. Several guest radio appearances and symphony concert engagements started the cure for this. Nowadays fan letters addressed "Mouth Organ King, New York City," come straight to his door.

However, a couple of years ago, when he and Paul Draper hit upon the idea of giving harmonica and tap-dancing recitals about the country, seasoned concert managers predicted the two innocents would lose their shirts. They went ahead nevertheless, and when they cleared seventy-eight dollars on their first concert it was considered a miracle. Today Adler is considered a number one night-club, theater, and concert-hall attraction and can almost name his own dates and prices.

His most vivid recollection of his tour of the Army posts overseas with Benny is of the 1,000 New Zealand troops outside of Cairo who cheered the show to the desert skies. General Freyberg, six feet two and adoringly called "Tiny" by his men, expressed the New Zealanders' thanks—and got hopelessly twisted on names. Jack Benny became "John," Wini Shaw "Miss Winston," and Adler "Lawrence Adams."

Larry couldn't resist. Said he: "Gentlemen, it's an especial honor to be on the same platform with New Zealand's great general, your commanding officer, about whom we have read so much in the States—by the way, sir, what is your name?"

Here, as everywhere, Adler was asked again and again: "How do you make the harmonica sound like a violin, oboe, trumpet, or cello?"

Adler's explanation shows how simple it is. He says: "I just think it the way I want it to sound, and it comes out that way."

THE END

MORE BLESSED

Continued from Page 17

called the Christmas he got his first skates; the one when he'd set his heart on a wrist watch and got books instead; the super Christmas when, not expecting it, he got a radio for his own. He speculated endlessly on the leave they would get. He had a pocket calendar and he checked off the days. Christmas gleamed at the end of a long black corridor, a tree blazing with lights and gifts.

"Oh, shut up about Christmas!" Milne would yell. "We'll all be dead by Christmas."

Nicoll, dark and thoughtful, grew more self-contained. They were all the same rank, but he was a year older than Milne. Because he was stronger inside than they, he felt a responsibility for them. He began to be haunted by the fear that he had overlooked something, some simple precaution that would have enabled them to be found. He spent the dark hours in an endless searching of his mind. When there was light, he took to stumbling around in the snow outside. To his numbed mind, frostbite seemed no longer dangerous. He scanned the endless wind-carved ridges and the line of mounds on the horizon that he thought might be the shore of Labrador.

The ice inside the aircraft had built into thick walls, the air was filled with a dead metallic coldness, painful to endure. They coughed continually, they slept hardly at all. One night Nicoll came to the nadir of hopelessness. Their messages could not have got through. If there was a search it was going on hundreds of miles from them. They would wait and wait, growing weaker until they died. He didn't mind dying so much now, but waiting was a torture which grew worse and worse. He put his hand down to the zipper of his bag. He could walk out on the ice and lie down and that would be an easy end. They were really dead now.

NEXT morning he whittled a wooden blade out of a box lid. Fifty feet from the aircraft was an upjut of ice which had collected a drift at its base. He hacked at the drift with his blade. It had been his intention simply to make a sort of burrow, but he found he could carve the snow in solid slabs. He made a semicircular sloping hollow in the drift. It looked so promising he went back to the aircraft.

"Come on out, you fellows, and help me."

They looked at him from their bags, two sunken faces with lackluster eyes.

"What are you doing?"

"Making a sleeping house."

"You're crazy."

He went back alone. Around the mouth of his burrow he built a circular wall of snow blocks. Three times the roof fell in before he learned how to cut the blocks on a bevel to form the arch. Finally he had a lumpy and misshapen igloo over the mouth of his sleeping burrow. It was dark long before he finished. He pushed his sleeping bag into the inner hollow and closed the igloo door with a block of snow. At first the air seemed dangerously cold. He cuddled in his bag not caring whether sleep was death. Before he drifted out of consciousness, it occurred to him that he had been happy that day. It was the first time since the crash that he had not been waiting.

It was the best sleep he had had for fourteen days. He woke up quite warm. He could see the mouth of his hollow faintly outlined by the daylight which filtered through the snow of the igloo. He heard shouting. His heart leaped. He pushed away the door block and plunged through.

Milne and Scott were running about the snow calling him.

"Here I am!"

He thought they had seen a plane. They had missed him and thought he had walked out on the ice. Their relief was fragmentary; apathy followed it. They looked at his snow house without much curiosity and went back into the aircraft.

That night Milne disappeared. Scott, half waking, heard him stumble out of the aircraft and thought he was going out to listen, as he often did. In the morning he was not to be found. His footmarks were visible for a few yards, then they had been obliterated by the rolling snow wraiths. They searched for him in the pattern of the spokes of a wheel, with the aircraft as a hub. They were not hopeful because they did not expect to find him alive.

That night Scott moved into the snow house with Nicoll. He half expected to freeze to death, but he could not bear to be alone. They broke out the dinghy, inflated it, and put their sleeping bags on it.

"I guess he got to the stage where he would just rather be dead. Do you suppose we're at the same stage?"

"Pretty near, I guess. All of a sudden in the middle of the night, you feel it's not worth hanging on."

"If he had only waited. . . . This is the eleventh. Only two weeks to go, and he couldn't wait," said Scott.

"What do you mean?"

"In two weeks it will be Christmas. Peace on earth, good will toward men. That's a promise God made. . . . It's not the things you get for Christmas; it's the wonderful feeling that comes with them."

Nicoll let him talk on and on. He was tormented by thirst.

"If we had a lamp, we could sit here and melt water. The Eskimos use lamps, keep them burning all the time."

"It would make it warm, eh?"

"Yes. Not too warm for the snow to melt and freeze. Just comfortable. There are some tins in the plane. We might make a lamp."

"What about a wick?"

"Anything cotton will do. Cloth, a piece of rope."

They tried out the string of a dunnage bag in a crumpled tin filled with engine oil. It burned with a dark-edged red flame which blackened their faces and made them choke. They had to put it out.

"I know!" cried Scott, whom the heat had excited. "The alcohol in the radiator—and the top of the can should be closed so the stuff won't evaporate."

"You do it," said Nicoll cleverly. "I've got other work to do."

SCOTT groveled in the snow under the aircraft for hours. He found an empty milk tin and filled it with fluid from the radiator.

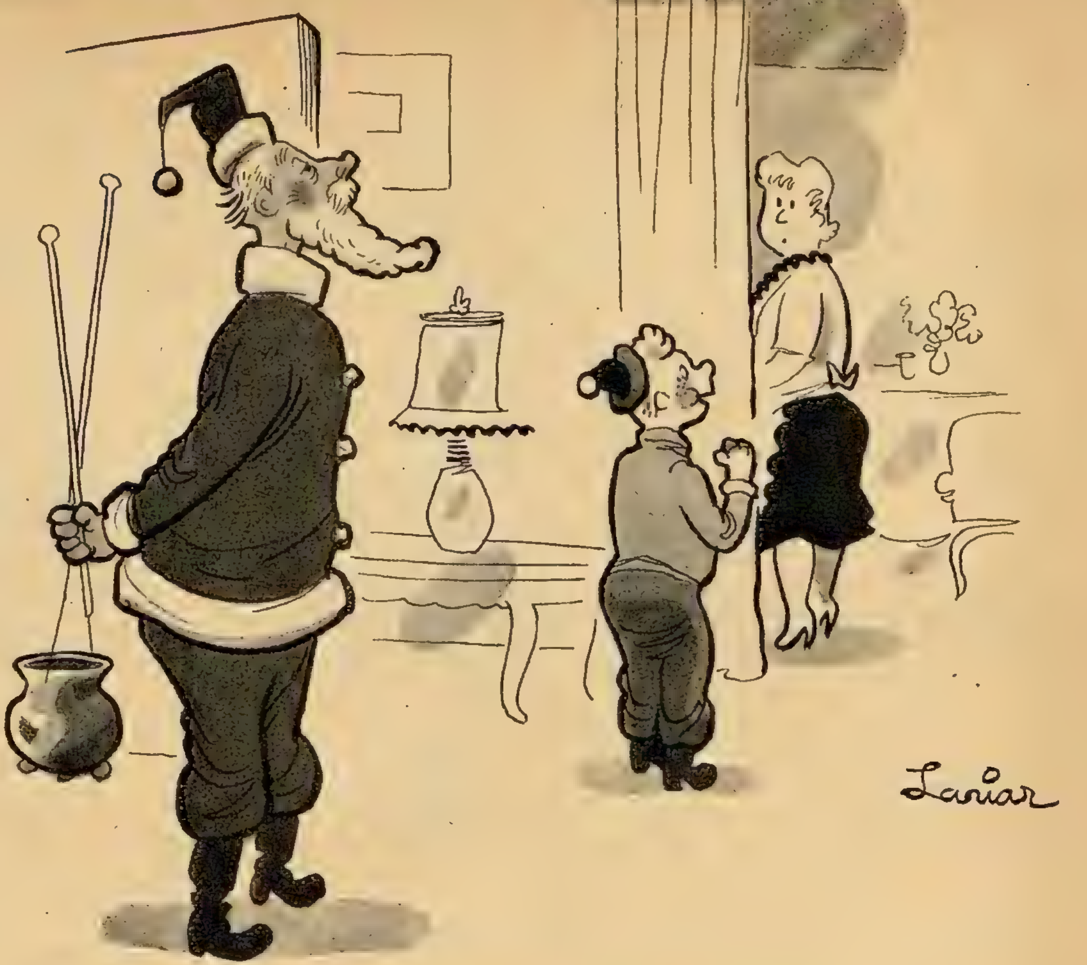
They squatted in the igloo beside their lamp, never taking their eyes from it. In the sheltered air, its little flame stood up straight. They twisted a wire about a thermos top, they melted snow and heated the water and sipped it with pleasure.

Scott's eyes shone in his stubble-bearded haggard young face.

"It works! It's a miracle! No more darkness! We've licked the blackout. We'll make a lot of lamps! We'll make the place as bright as a fire and warm as toast!" He laughed and clapped his hands.

Between darkness and apathy they had made only feeble attempts to take an inventory of their supplies. Now with light and reviving energy, they set about putting the aircraft to rights. All the damaged cartons they threw in a hole under the belly. The undamaged and the mail, they piled along the wall.

THE HOME FRONT



"Guess who I brought home for dinner, mom!"

They turned up tinned food and soup. Near the tail they found the rest of the emergency equipment—a carbine, ax, rope, knives, a compass, tea, and candles. The tea was a great find, but it was the candles which excited them. They ate one at once, but it was disappointing. They were wax candles, not tallow. Still, they meant light and warmth.

They craved fats and sweets. They were gaunt and they always felt weak. Within the shelter of the igloo they took more time over their food. They had all the water they wished. Nicoll had a plan now, a plan which he did not yet dare to mention to Scott. Scott still eternally and wistfully watched the sky. Nicoll now hardly glanced at it. His mind was busy, he watched the ice and the low line of mounds which might be the shore.

They cut up a parachute to make parkas. They discarded their shoes, wrapped their feet in strips of silk and bound up their flying boots with more silk. Scott was clever with his hands. He worked cheerfully after Nicoll had coaxed him to a start. Little by little, emptiness was going out of his face. Some of the packages in the aircraft had plywood boxes. From the plywood they made rough sort of snowshoes and bound them on with parachute shrouds. Nicoll announced that they were ready to go exploring.

At once Scott fell into a panic. To him, the half-buried, spread-eagled aircraft was their only link with home. To leave it was to give up hope. To get out of sight of it was death. He refused point-blank to go, and when Nicoll took the carbine and said he was going alone, he had to break Scott's hold and run off, leaving him crying in the snow.

AT first Nicoll was circumspect in his exploration. Wearing his parka and snowboots, glasses and a sort of silk face mask, he pushed farther and farther out from the island of the aircraft. One day, wandering seaward, he came upon a smooth expanse which he thought must be a new ice floe.

He spied a black dot on its edge. When he looked again it was gone. Puzzled, he walked out and searched for it. He found a hole in the ice with polished sides, like an inverted funnel, and a smell of sea water. Seal! This was a seal's breathing hole. Seal—warm meat and sweet fat! His heart pounded. He discovered more holes.

He remembered reading how the Eskimos hunted seals. The light was failing now; it would be dark before he reached home. Home, he decided, was just another snow house. He had his knife and candles in his pocket. Near the breathing holes, he built himself another igloo and lit his candles. He nearly froze that night. He kept twisting and turning to keep his blood moving. All next day he watched from the concealment of his igloo, his rifle on a snow rest before him. Nothing moved in the white desolation. He endured another night of torture. The next day the sun came to treetop height in a cloudless blue-white sky. At noon he saw a dark head pop up and disappear. For a moment heads popped up all over the area and then were gone. A pair of shining shoulders broke through the crust and a seal was weaving and cavorting on the snow. Half a dozen others followed.

NICOLL understood a seal must be shot through the head and killed instantly or he will throw himself down his hole and disappear. He chose a small one because it was the nearest and he must be sure. He held his breath, he squeezed the trigger, and the seal leaped and dropped in a heap. The others vanished at the shot, except a big one which had wandered. Firing furiously, Nicoll stopped it at the edge of a hole. Then he ran forward and dropped down beside the two seals. Their blood was bright on the snow.

He left the large one in his snow house. The smaller one he dragged home. It was dark, but the stars were bright. He felt as he used to feel after a good day's partridge hunting, coming home through the dark fields, the lights of home just beyond. He began to shout when he came within earshot of the aircraft. Scott came running out, almost beside himself.

"Where have you been? I thought you were dead!"

"I've been hunting seals. I got two. Give me a hand, will you?"

"Gosh, what are you going to do with it?"

"Eat him. Burn the blubber in lamps. Make mitts out of the skin."

"Do you know how?"

"No, but we can find out."

"I thought I'd go crazy when you didn't come back yesterday."

"Well, if you'd come with me, you wouldn't have had to worry. First, we'll skin this fellow, then we'll go back after the other one. We'll have to make a sled."

"I'm going with you. I'm never going to stay alone again."

They skinned the seal clumsily and badly and made a soup of the fat and meat so rich that it turned their stomachs. Most precious was the layer of clear fat under the skin, out of which they pressed blubber for their lamps.

They made a sled out of part of the damaged tail plane, bending down the edges for runners and wrapping them in strips of raw sealskin. They went back for the other seal. They made a new house there and camped for two days, but no more seals appeared. Nicoll thought a good deal about the seals. Seals lived on fish, and fish hung around the mouths of rivers, so it was possible that one of the rivers of Labrador emptied into the ocean hereabouts. When they returned to the aircraft and sat in the igloo with their lamps burning, he proposed that they try to reach the coast on foot.

Scott was passionately against it.

"It's the one thing they told us never to do—leave the aircraft. It's our one chance. They've been hunting us now for six weeks, getting closer and closer."

"We could leave a note in the aircraft saying where we had gone. I don't think they'll ever find us. We haven't heard a plane. We're off the bomber track. It seems to me our only chance is to get out by ourselves. That has been our trouble—from the moment we crashed we just sat around waiting for some one to come and rescue us. I'm through waiting. People have crossed the ice before and so can we."

"Yes, you'll start out and up comes one of those storms and you'll be frozen stiff in a hundred yards."

"We'll do like the Eskimos do. When we see a storm coming, we'll stop and build a snow house and light the lamps and sit there until the storm blows over. Look, Scotty. We've got a rifle and a sled and meat and lamps. We're all set. Why not make one effort before the January storms finish us?"

"Wait! Can't you see the odds are better every day? Every day they're getting nearer and nearer. One day a plane will sit down beside us and in two hours we'll be back at Goose, sitting at a table, eating off dishes. They'll be here by Christmas, Nick. I swear it!"

"You've got Christmas on the brain."

"What if I have! I've prayed and prayed. It's going to be a wonderful Christmas, Nick. I know it."

Nicoll knew that every day they waited diminished their chances. There would be no traveling when the January storms broke. But facing Scott's dirty, pleading, frost-spotted face, he could not bring himself to leave him.

"Look. If I wait until Christmas, will you promise to come with me?"

Scott was overjoyed. He cackled with glee. "By Christmas we won't have to walk. Know what we'll get for Christmas, Nicky? An airplane. And do you know what I'm going to have for Christmas dinner? Listen and I'll tell you."

ANOTHER storm broke over them as they waited, with snow that buried the aircraft ten feet deep. The snow stopped and the wind died. On Christmas Eve they stood in the shelter of a ridge and looked out over their land. It was not very cold, there was a rind of low moon, and the frost crystals sparkled everywhere. The stars were like great brilliants. Nicoll found himself thinking that though he hated this land, he understood why men came back to it.

"Christmas Eve!" said Scotty over and over, as if he could not get used to the wonder of it.

"Why don't we sing?" asked Nicoll. He was not joking. "In our home we always sang the Christmas carols. Holy Night and Little Town of Bethlehem. . . . Sing, Scotty, sing. It may be our last chance to sing them."

JOIN MARINES
Chas. Allen

"New girl taking fares, isn't she?"

Huddled in the shadow of the drift, the two little dots sang into the frost-booming, star-rayed night. A white star grew whiter and fell down the arch of the sky. A green one rose from the horizon in a leisurely arc. A red one rose and fell.

They clung together, shaking with excitement.

"They're Very lights! They're signaling!"

"Quick, the pistol!"

"It's in the aircraft."

"A fire then!"

They scrabbled together a heap of their savings of scraps and cartons, dashed oil on them and set them alight. The fire blazed up brightly but briefly.

"How far do you think they are, Nick?"

"About ten or fifteen miles. But they seemed to be on the ice. They might have come in a boat. Look, we can get to them by compass. Come on."

"Yes, yes, yes!" Scott was dashing about in a frenzy, picking up things, dropping them. "Hurry, hurry, hurry! We mustn't miss them. Oh, God, don't let us miss them!"

The thought of fifteen miles over the ice at night brought some sense to Nicoll. He fought down the soaring, almost unbearable excitement. He and Scotty would never come back here again. They should take the important things with them. They loaded the sled with their bags, their lamps, and the last of their seal meat.

The starlight was bright enough to travel by. The sled ran easily on the ice and badly among the drifts. They pressed on among the hummocks and fissures, over ridges frozen into the semblance of breaking waves. Scotty would have run until he dropped with frozen lungs, if Nicoll had let him. Darkness came and they stumbled on. Finally they halted lest they break their necks or—worse still—pass the other party in the darkness. They had brought along the other parachute. They made a sort of tent out of it.

In the morning they looked out over the desolate snow and saw nothing. Not a moving speck, not a column of smoke. Scott was stupefied. They went on, dragging their sled, their hearts growing sicker and sicker.

THEY both stopped at the same instant and pointed. They saw something foreign to the frozen hills. A dark rising triangle which they could not understand. They broke into a run and stopped again. What they saw was a wing tip thrust at the sky. The other wing dropped into the snow. They saw at once it was a bomber with the insignia of the U. S. Army Air Forces. They shouted.

There was no answer, no stir or movement. The broken-backed aircraft lay almost on its side. The open hatch was almost filled by drifting snow, and the fuselage was blackened by fire. There were no tracks around it.

Silent in the spell of silence, they walked around it. In the lee of the fuselage there was a hole in the snow, not quite filled in. They broke down the edges to let in some light and peered in. Under the wing there was a row of sleeping bags. Five heads. There was a movement among the heads. The nearest one turned to the light. "Water," it said in a thin dry voice. "Water."

All five of them were alive, although two were unconscious. Their emaciated faces, the enlarged staring eyes told their story. Nicoll and Scott hurried. They scraped a pit in the snow, used their precious wood to make a fire.

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One of them held up heads and the other poured soup through the cracked lips.

One of the heads squinted painfully up at them. "Who are you?"

"Oh, we live around here," said Nicoll, grinning.

"Sure," said Scott. "We live in a swell snow house with blubber lighting and internal heating. We've got seals and stuff. Come on, boy, snap out of it."

Scott was a life force in himself. He bounced about like a rubber ball, wheedling, scolding, joking, massaging. He discovered that his opposite number, the operator of the bomber, was a boy from Alabama. It seemed to Scott a cruel shame that a guy from the warm South should be knocked down on the Labrador ice.

They built two snow houses in the lee of the plane and moved the boys in. Two of them still drifted along the edge of darkness; the other three were reviving rapidly. They all wanted to talk at once. Theirs was just another story of bad luck on the transatlantic hop. They had taken off from Goose and near Greenland the de-icers quit. They had turned back, run into heavy snow and ice, and crashed.

The pilot and the bombardier had been injured. Fire had broken out, destroying most of their equipment and all their rations. They had nothing to eat and only snow for water.

"What about radio contacts?"

"We kept giving them fixes until we crashed. Acknowledged, so they know where we are. We thought we could hold out all right, but along came another blizzard so thick they couldn't have found a forest fire in it. Say, we heard of an R. C. A. F. crew out of Goose who went missing last November. That couldn't be you, could it?"

"That's us."

"They'll be damn glad to hear from you. They've been breaking their hearts off Greenland looking for you."

THAT night Nicoll came in out of the darkness after seeing that all was well in the other snow house, closed the door block as if he had lived in the Arctic all his life, and remarked that it looked like a nice day tomorrow.

Scott popped up in his bag with a strange expression on his face.

"Say! Do you know what day this is? It's Christmas Day!"

"Sure enough. That's why the boys fired off all their Very lights last night. It was Christmas Eve—the lights seemed kind of like Christmas. Sort of a red-and-green prayer, I guess."

Scotty lay back again. "I would have sworn that there was going to be something for us. I've dreamed it a thousand times. A yellow plane sitting down on skis beside us and a guy popping out. 'O. K., Nicoll and Scott, hop in and we're on our way.'"

"Listen," said Nicoll. "Supposing you were lying in the darkness under a wing, your throat on fire and you starving. You were a million miles from nowhere, with no hope and no chance. You just lay there waiting to die, and all of a sudden a fellow pops his head in and says, 'O. K., boys, soup's on.' Wouldn't you think that was a pretty good Christmas? Ask Alabama and the boys if they don't think it was a good Christmas. It was quite a present you brought them—just the biggest present in the world."

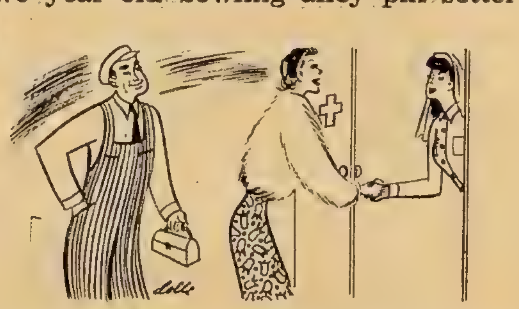
"Umm." Scotty yawned. "I'm going to be sore tomorrow. Santa Claus, he works like a dog."

THE END

Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

MIGHTY PRETTY PLASMA: Lieutenant Fred Brauer says if he ever needs a blood transfusion he hopes he can arrange to have a soupçon of Gertrude Lawrence's, whose face, voice, legs, and torso he has admired since nearly twenty years ago when he first saw her in Charlot's Revue. Gertie thinks nothing of sparing a pint for the Red Cross periodically—says it doesn't hurt, and what if it did? During a recent visit to the New York Red Cross Blood Donor Center at 2 East Thirty-seventh Street, she occupied a cot next to Mr. Alexander Goldring, a forty-two-year-old bowling-alley pin setter, who, in overalls, stopped en route to work to give his ninth pint. They had a cozy chat and went on about their business.



PLEASURE-MAD: The New York theater is in the throes of a terrific boom. Droves of standees are happily flattening their arches in the stampede. Seats slowest to go are the dollar-tens. And, while it's all very pleasant to sit where you can see the star's tonsils, lots of determined Big Spenders are going to wish they'd climbed to the gallery, or even stayed at home, come next spring when they meet up with the taxes and surtaxes of 1944.

IN TOWN AND OUT: Frank Fay and Bert Wheeler hung on Sinatra's every note at his debut in the Waldorf's Wedgwood Room in New York. . . . Kay Jones has a striped fur calot no bigger than a penwiper, and it is such a perfect match for the El Morocco upholstery, she dassent wear it there for fear of being frisked for penknives. . . . Sylvan and Mildred Joseph look ten years younger since Sylvan resigned from the directorship of New York's regional OPA. . . . Helen Sprackling, author of an etiquette book titled Courtesy, to be published this month, is the director of the new Women's Division of Allied Liquor Industries. Apparently some clear-eyed realist felt it was time the industry and the public generally faced the fact that nice women do imbibe. . . . Couldn't some brutally frank master mind who knows the facts of life break the news to the Salt Lake City Council of Women that they are living in a dream world? The "safety committee" of this incredible group declares that kissing is our unhealthiest habit in the land of the free and the home of the brave. The Council recommends a "moratorium on kissing for the duration." If the Salt Lake matrons have their way, we're in for a frightful epidemic of spinsterhood. . . . Governor B. B. Hickenlooper reports that Iowans produced food valued at $38,285,800 in 455,000 Victory gardens this year. Iowan housewives canned 107,732,000 quarts of this produce—an average of 236 quarts from each garden.

MYSTERIES OF LIFE: Mrs. Freida Miler of Dallas, Texas, died three minutes *before* giving birth to a baby daughter at the Parkland Hospital. The mother died of infantile paralysis, but the baby showed no ill effects. . . . More than 10,000 babies have been born to American women as a result of artificial insemination. In about one third of these births, an anonymous donor was used. . . . Gretchen Penelope Whitaker was born aboard the Japanese exchange ship Teia Maru, en route from Manila to South Africa. Six Japanese nurses assisted at her debut, and a fancy birth certificate in Japanese was signed by the ship's doctor and captain. Gretchen's mother, the former Harriet Randall of Providence, Rhode Island, called her daughter an American war baby, an American repatriate bound for glorious Alerican [*sic*]."

CAME THE SPRIG

Our life was placid once upon
A time. Then came our infant son.
And though the animated sprig
Is definitely far from big,
He's big enough the roof to raise
And revolutionize our ways.
Where once we lounged like tabby cats,
We're now a troupe of acrobats.

MEN!—Private Howard E. Arthur, a paratrooper, thinks nothing of catapulting from speeding Army planes—*but* he fainted dead away as he stepped up to the counter in the Cincinnati courthouse to get a marriage license. . . . Lloyd G. Miller, machinist's mate, first class, survived the sinking of the cruiser Helena, and invited fifty friends to his brother's home in Kansas City, so that he could tell about it once and get it over with. The story took two hours. . . . Almer Houpk of Van Wert, Iowa, used to be a schoolteacher and feature editor in Decatur County before he volunteered for service in November, 1942. Now with the Fifth Army in Italy, he says that he has *seven* reasons for fighting this war—*four* boys and *three* girls. "I didn't see why single men should go and fight for my kids, if I wasn't willing to," is the way he put it.

AGREEMENT TO AGREE

Continued from Page 23

in a conference of such a controversial nature as was this.

He may lack force, as some of those who know him charge, but he more than makes up for that with charm and good-fellowship. During the last few days of the conference he gave more time to social engagements than did Hull and Molotov. Starved as we correspondents were for news, we lost no opportunity to attempt to draw from him some hint of what was going on. While he was as tight-lipped as Molotov, his manner betrayed him. His lively expression, love of banter, and warm friendliness conveyed a message of optimism which the correspondents didn't fail to transmit to their papers or agencies.

Secretary Hull faced a more difficult task than Eden, if only because the tension between Russia and America was more marked than that between Russia and Britain. The unconcealed and often loud hostility of a certain part of the American press to the Soviets, the occasional denunciations of the state of affairs in Russia by men of note, and the doubts of even certain liberal spokesmen of Russia's good faith imposed upon Hull a special diplomatic burden which Eden was spared. The British press and British public figures had been singularly restrained in their criticism of Russian policy and their questioning of Russian intentions.

YET Hull met the challenge with a candor and clarity that swept away, as if by magic, the strained atmosphere in which the conference opened. Always plain-spoken, with an evangelistic flavor to his speech, and keen to grasp the complicated issues, he neither censured nor apologized. He told, in language that left no room for uncertainty or miscalculation, what American aims were, what America was ready to contribute to the common cause, and what she expected from her allies, including, of course, Russia.

The Russians were impressed. They heard what they wanted to hear about America, and what they needed to hear. They liked Hull, his simplicity, his dignity, his persuasiveness. It is reasonable to assume that it was he who particularly championed the cause of China, and he met with the hearty support of the Russian and British ministers.

With such men as Hull, Eden, and Molotov heading the conference and doing most of the talking, and with such an atmosphere of candor and friendliness prevailing, the discussions, despite the abstruse and explosive nature of some of the subjects, never were threatened by a stalemate, never struck an insurmountable barrier. Of course, not all questions were settled. Some were merely raised and defined, but agreement was reached on so many that even the ministers themselves seemed surprised.

The fact that the three leading Allies could come together around the same table and have a heart-to-heart talk at a moment when they were weighed down by unprecedented burdens was in itself a great triumph for their common sense and their cause. No end of misgivings, suspicions, and misconceptions were dissipated in these long, often "tough" but always earnest talks. The communiqué and accompanying declarations, when we first read them here

When sneezes come,
it's a crying shame
Kleenex is scarce—
now who's to blame?

War needs paper. So we've pledged
To help our fighting nation
By keeping to the quota
Given us for the duration.

Of course we Kleenex people could
Produce more tissues—simply
By cutting down on quality
And making Kleenex skimpy.

But never fear! Regardless of
What others do, we aim
To keep our famous Kleenex "tops"—
And worthy of its name!

P. S. Do try your dealer soon again
He ought to have more Kleenex then.

Every Minute Counts!

Authorities say ½ of all work-time lost in war industries from illness is due to the common cold! To reduce absenteeism use Kleenex at the first sign of a sniffle and help keep your cold from spreading to others. Kleenex as a handkerchief is kind to your nose, your neighbor, your nation! You use each tissue just once, then destroy—germs and all!

KLEENEX
TISSUES
KLEENEX TISSUES
KLEENEX

KLEENEX* TISSUES
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

in the Soviet capital, were more than a revelation. They completely dispelled whatever fears had been lingering in the minds of certain Americans that Russia might seek a separate peace with Germany. Russia now is as irrevocably committed to Germany's "unconditional surrender" as are England and America. There can be no thought now of Russia's even so much as negotiating an armistice alone with the enemy.

The Big Three are pledged to act together "in all matters relating to the surrender and disarmament" of the enemy. German attempts, however desperate, to whip up discord between Russia and her English-speaking allies in the hope of opening the way for a separate peace, on one side or the other, are now foredoomed to failure.

From now on, the weapon of political warfare, wielded so formidably in the first World War by President Wilson, will be wielded not only individually but jointly. The declaration relating to Austria was the first thunderous shot in this mode of combat. Austria was told that her independence was guaranteed, but also that "in the final settlement, account will inevitably be taken of her own contribution to her liberation."

The harder Germany is pounded, the farther back her armies are pushed, the more vulnerable to such political thrusts will be not only the Austrians but the Hungarians, Rumanians, Bulgarians, and the Germans themselves. In the final stage of the war, these thrusts, if skillfully manipulated, may prove decisive enough to save countless Allied lives. Such, anyway, is the opinion here.

The agreement making it obligatory upon all the Allied nations to pool their wisdom, resources, and good will not only in the fighting but "in the organization and maintenance of peace and security," must be particularly gratifying to a statesman like Hull, who has done yeoman work to clear friction and cement bonds of friendship between the United States and Latin America.

It is obvious by this time that no statesman with any feeling for reality has the least intention of resurrecting the debating society into which the League of Nations degenerated in the prewar years. Manifestly the Russians mean to create an international organization with a solid program, an organization having all the moral authority members can muster and all the physical and other measures necessary to make its rulings not paper pronouncements but living realities. Only through such an organization, it is pointed out here, can wars of aggression in the future be thwarted.

TRUE enough, on many issues, particularly those pertaining to the postwar world, the three Allies have not yet arrived at complete understanding. Some of those issues are fraught with incalculable difficulties, but the Allies intend to keep up discussions on anything and everything involving their common good. That's why the London Advisory Commission was set up. That's why tripartite consultation was agreed upon. In London, Washington, and Moscow the three Foreign Secretaries are to meet whenever necessary for heart-to-heart talks about problems concerning all three. Henceforth, conversations, which proved such a diplomatic triumph at Moscow, will dispense with reams and reams of diplomatic correspondence.

If England and America have come away from the conference with fresh reassurances about Russia's plans and intentions, by the same token Russia has been given equal reassurances about the American and British plans and intentions both for the present time and for the postwar world. To Russians, Fascism is the most brutal foe of the modern world. They perceive in it the great corrupter and destroyer of mankind. "In Fascism," I heard a Russian professor of history say, "evil attained its highest fulfillment." Such is the universal belief here. No task has been more sacred to Russians than the complete extirpation of Fascism wherever it has reared its head.

Now they know Great Britain and America are committed to the same cause. Witness the pledge inscribed in the declaration on Italy: "Fascism and all its evil influence and emanations shall be utterly destroyed."

Nor can Russia cherish any further doubt that America and Great Britain are no less determined than herself to punish mercilessly all Germans guilty of wanton cruelty in occupied lands, in Russia and elsewhere. The statement of President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill, and Premier Stalin on this subject, which the Moscow Conference released, was greeted here with loud approval. Says the declaration: "Those German officers and men and members of the Nazi Party who have been responsible for or have taken a consenting part in atrocities, massacres, and executions will be sent back to the countries in which their abominable deeds were done in order that they may be judged and punished according to the laws of these liberated countries. . . ."

A soldier in Africa wrote home that they gave him so many vitamin pills and put so much iron in his blood that he once gave a transfusion to a wounded jeep!

From letters, diaries, and other written documents gathered from the German dead, and from stories being collected in liberated countries by special investigations, the Russians have compiled an imposing list of German evildoers—generals, rank-and-file soldiers, and civilians who have rushed to the Ukraine and other parts of Russia in search of adventure and fortune. There is nothing the Russians want more than to bring these men to trial in their own courts and punish them according to their own laws. The Russians have been assured that this time there will be no slogans such as "Hang the Kaiser," followed by forgetfulness and inaction. If the declaration of the Big Three has any meaning, there will be no escape for any guilty German. All will be pursued, as the Churchillian-sounding declaration proclaims, "to the uttermost ends of the earth" and brought back to the scene of their crimes for final judgment.

Even on the Soviet's chief grievance against the Allies—absence of large-scale fighting in western Europe—accord was reached. Otherwise Stalin would not have said in his speech of November 6, the most cheerful he's delivered since the outbreak of war, that "the real second front is no longer behind the mountains"—meaning, of course, that it was not far away. Obviously Russia has been assured that there will be plenty of action in new theaters of war. We don't know what our own Major General John R. Deane and Britain's Lieutenant General Sir Hastings Ismay, both of whom attended the conference, told the Russians, but we do know from the best available evidence—Stalin's November 6 speech—that the Soviets are more than ever appreciative of the immense damage Allied bombing is doing to German cities and industry.

Likewise, more than ever the Russians are in a position to recognize the tremendous value of the aid received from Britain and America both on the front and behind the lines. Without the thousands of American jeeps and trucks, they couldn't possibly have chased the Nazis across the Ukraine as speedily as they have.

"Enormous and invaluable as this aid has been," said Stalin, "Allied military action in the south of Europe cannot as yet be termed a second front; yet it is in the nature of such a front." Never before had any Russian leader spoken in such high terms of Allied aid, especially American lend-lease aid, and of Allied military co-operation. This was another fruitful and highly significant by-product of the Moscow Conference.

I WAS in a Russian home the evening the Moscow radio broadcast the communiqué and the declarations of the conference. The Russians listened intently to the reading of the formally worded documents. When it was concluded there was a lengthy discussion of the meaning and promise of the event, but there was no excitement. There were no bursts of exalted rhetoric such as might have been heard in England or America. The Russians feel the war too deeply and intimately to become excited over any conference except the one which signalizes the end of fighting. Their emotions have been drained by overwork, food shortages, and personal tragedy.

I was on Red Square in Moscow late in the afternoon of November 6 to watch the celebration of the Kiev victory—morally, though not militarily, the greatest the Red Army has yet achieved. The vast square was swarming with people, mostly young folk. Somewhere on the outskirts 324 guns thundered mighty salvos, and rockets, red, green, and yellow, lighted up the skies. But there was no shouting. There was no handclapping. There was no cheering at all. The celebration lasted only seven minutes and the crowd watched and listened in utter silence as though at a solemn religious service.

That's the way the Russians are now—too weary, too preoccupied with their daily toil and travail, too determined to fight on to complete victory to become excited over any event, whether the recapture of Kiev or the happy conclusion of a conference of Foreign Ministers. Yet beneath the outward appearance of apathy there is everywhere in this far-flung land, front and rear, keen satisfaction over the agreements with Britain, America, and China. There is also high hope that these agreements are only the beginning of a new era of Anglo-American-Soviet friendship and co-operation. The Russians are only too keenly aware how much they will need, especially, American aid in the rehabilitation of their wrecked industries and devastated cities.

This aid they do not mean to jeopardize, and the result is that the conference almost guarantees it will not be withheld from them.

THE END

THE GUN AND THE BIBLE

Continued from Page 25

ting into another war was to "stay out." That was what he had been taught from infancy: "If you don't look for trouble, you won't get into it." The soldier of today is more realistic. He has seen his country try to "stay out" and yet be drawn in; consequently he realizes there will have to be some world organization to put down world disturbers.

One seldom encounters any of the maudlin sentimentalism that raged in World War I. The "Pay Our Debt to France" attitude is exceedingly scarce. Some of the overdrawn atrocity stories bring only skeptical laughs. Motion pictures mawkishly sentimental about soldier life are likely to be given a "Bronx cheer" at the very moment the director had figured on a few tears. Many chaplains have told me that sermons extolling the soldiers as heroes fall flat. The question, "What type of sermon have you found the most effective?" has brought the response, "Preach to them just as you would if you were in your own pulpit at home."

NO view of this Army would be fair without commendation of the high caliber of the superior officers who are training it. Rarely have I met any officers of high rank who have not manifested deep concern for the spiritual life of the men under their command. For two years as an infantry lieutenant in World War I, I did not miss more than a dozen services in the States, France, and Germany, and rarely did I see Army officers of general rank or field rank attending services with the men. But innumerable chaplains of this war speak of the devotional life and high example of conduct set by officers who had plenty of metal on their shoulders.

Now to get back to our original question: What is the attitude of the men in service toward religion?

To understand matters, it must be remembered that the first war came upon the world with a sudden crash in the midsummer of '14. To be sure, America did not enter until April, 1917, but overnight the tides of sympathetic emotion set in on this side of the Atlantic. Belgium became the symbol of ravaged innocence. France was almost deified. It was all so quick, so sudden that religion was itself carried up on the wide tide of emotionalism.

This time it has been different. For years now the trend in the world has been toward war. A broken treaty today, an act of aggression tomorrow—everything breaking easily until Pearl Harbor. Men now going into the armed forces have for some time been calculating when their "numbers are to come up."

In the last war the various huts within the camp areas were probably the best means yet devised for bringing men together in great songfests, speaking and preaching services. These huts may have had their drawbacks, but they had some excellent virtues as religious and morale builders which the present set-up has not yet captured, if it ever will.

World War I, spiritually speaking, partook of a vast revival. The religious work now moves more on the plane of the personal interview. There is less mass religious emotion in this Army, but I believe there is fully as much devoted Christian thinking and living. Upon the shoulders of all chaplains rests the heaviest responsibility that any body of spiritual men has been called upon to bear in one thousand years.

The chaplains in the main have been allowed to concentrate on strictly spiritual activities. Building chapels in camps has helped immeasurably. Now the chaplain has a base from which to work, even as the doctor.

The churches in the "soldier towns" are exerting themselves splendidly toward making the servicemen feel at home, and heartily co-operating with post chaplains. When the history of this war is written, one glorious chapter must tell the story of the countless clergymen of all faiths who, with their tireless workers, have labored unceasingly in camp areas to give the soldier a warm welcome.

The future soul of this country is in the hands of the churches and the service chaplains, and God give them strength and vision for their task! The world failure following Versailles lay largely in the fact that the entire world thought in terms of systems rather than of regenerate men. As a whole, I believe, the idea that we would continue to "save the world" through the League ran into a spiritual reaction. Had the veterans of '19 demanded world co-operation as they did some other things, no party would have dared shelve it. Now the average soldier views a world order as a means, not primarily to save the world, but to save our own way of life. The motive, perhaps, is not so lofty, but better results may be secured, and that's what they want!

The Christian life of the future must be broader than it has been generally interpreted in the past. No narrow sectarianism will command the fidelity of men who have seen battle and death. There will be slight patience with ecclesiastical teachings that build upon scanty foundations. Being a prophet is dangerous, but I venture that the creeds which will draw the allegiance of our veterans will be only those through which the strong wind of God blows constantly.

MANY are looking for, and are discovering, the real truth upon which right living can be based. No sickly humanism that extols mechanical human progress and omits the deep tendencies that warp and twist the soul will satisfy. No creed that extols a general culture as against a positive faith need apply for the sufferance of veterans.

The future of this world will be largely determined by the spiritual attitudes of the returning American soldier. If his religion allows him to pass by the distressed, he will be a narrow, clannish American and our foreign policy will reflect his soul. If, however, he has a soul responsive to human suffering wherever it exists, his passion for the reign of the righteous will work itself out into some means to bring order out of chaos and love out of hate.

No world order will work that excludes the United States.

It is a fearful position we occupy in the world, and it should make us devoutly humble. As the spiritual thinking of our soldiers goes, so goes this nation, and as this nation goes, so goes the postwar world. God make all of us worthy of this colossal opportunity in this tremendous hour!

THE END

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Alpha decides to explore the world outside the Institute. She leaves a note, gets dressed, and is off to find Mike.

After a long night of searching, Alpha (with some help) tracks Mike down at a night club. She joins the party.

Professor Vincent takes Alpha back to the Institute, but she refuses to eat or study. She's in love with Mike.

BY HARRIET GOULD

LOST ANGEL

(M-G-M)

Margaret O'Brien, James Craig, Marsha Hunt

REMEMBER how a little curly-headed moppet named Shirley Temple burst into movie fame way back in 1934? Remember the orgy of poor-little-rich-girl, poor-little-poor-girl stories that twanged American heartstrings for almost eight years? Remember the dolls and dresses and books and games that were named after America's dimpled darling?

Well, watch the excitement when movie fans get a look at little Miss Margaret O'Brien in her first starring film, Lost Angel.

Nobody noticed pig-tailed, five-year-old Margaret when she played a bit part in Babes on Broadway, but when she appeared as the waif in Journey for Margaret, the raves started rolling in. And now her startlingly fine performance in Lost Angel proves she is no one-shot proposition, but a well trained actress, capable of carrying a picture to a four-star spot on your movie list.

In Lost Angel, Margaret plays a foundling who is being brought up on ultra-scientific principles by a group of psychiatrists. By the time Alpha (she is named for the first letter in the Greek alphabet) is six, she can speak six languages (including Chinese), prefers to read about Napoleon's defeat in Russia instead of The Three Bears, and has studied enough science to know that fairy tales are kid stuff.

However, the experiment in raising a genius suffers a setback when a newspaper reporter named Mike Regan (James Craig) wangles an interview with the secluded youngster. Her lofty intelligence depresses him. When he foolishly chooses to talk to her about magic, she proves—scientifically—that he is silly.

But after he goes, Alpha begins to wonder. She finally decides to run away, find Mike, and do some research on the things he'd talked about. She spends a week with him, falls desperately in love with him, meets his girl (Marsha Hunt) and suffers pangs of jealousy, captivates a gangster (Keenan Wynn), and discovers there is more magic in plain everyday living than in all the books in the world.

The story is charming and the supporting actors have wisely subordinated themselves to the starlet, one of the cutest youngsters you will ever see on the screen. With a set-up like that, Lost Angel can't help but be one of the most refreshing films of the year.

In real life, Margaret is no prodigy—priggish or otherwise. Nor is she secluded. She is the nice normal daughter of a widowed Los Angeles musical-comedy dancer. Since play-acting in mama's clothes has always been her favorite pastime, she thinks being a Hollywood star is pretty good fun. She once told an interviewer that her ambition was to play Belle Starr (the gun-toting terror of the old West), and the rat-a-tat of her wooden six-shooter makes her part of Beverly Hills sound like any other town where kids are happy and free.

His Butler's Sister
A Frank Borzage Production

HIS (Franchot Tone) BUTLER'S (Pat O'Brien) SISTER (Deanna Durbin) is easily one of the most delightful of pretty Miss Durbin's efforts since she was one of Three Smart Girls. She plays maid to her brother's boss to get a job in a musical he is writing . . . but an unexpected romance scrambles things up. Good fun. Swell acting. Beautiful music. (Uni.)

"Unknown Guest"

WHILE Unknown Guest does not rank with a Hitchcock thriller, it does have its hair-raising moments. The setting: a lonely hunting lodge; the characters: Victor Jory, suspected of having killed the proprietors; and Pamela Blake, a barmaid who fears for her life. There are holes aplenty in the plot, but your goose bumps won't know. (Monogram.)

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

BATTLE OF RUSSIA (U. S. Army—20th Cent.-Fox). Documentary.
CLAUDIA (20th Cent.-Fox). Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Ina Claire. Comedy.
FLESH AND FANTASY (Universal). Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck. Drama.
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount). Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Paxinou. Drama.
GIRL CRAZY (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney. (Gershwin.) Musical comedy.
GOVERNMENT GIRL (RKO). Olivia de Havilland, Sonny Tufts. Comedy.
GUADALCANAL DIARY (20th Cent.-Fox). William Bendix, Lloyd Nolan. War drama.
HAPPY LAND (20th Cent.-Fox). Don Ameche, Frances Dee, Harry Carey. Drama.
LASSIE COME HOME (M-G-M). Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Elsa Lanchester. Drama.
PRINCESS O'ROURKE (Warners). Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings. Comedy.
RIDING HIGH (Paramount). Dorothy Lamour, Victor Moore, Dick Powell. Comedy.
THE NORTH STAR (RKO). Ann Harding, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews. Drama.
THIS IS THE ARMY (Warners). Joan Leslie, George Murphy, U. S. Army. Musical.

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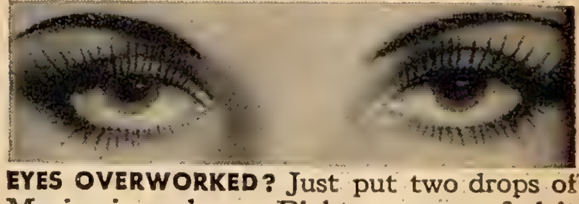

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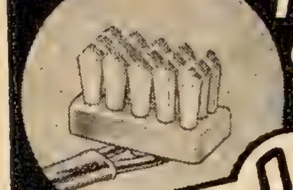

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HAVE YOU A SPIDER ON YOUR DOME?

Continued from Page 30

On the now rare occasions when some one orders a full battleship in color, with flags and guns, Diamond Bill's old enthusiasm rekindles. He says it makes him feel like Michelangelo covering the dome of St. Peter's.

"It'll take four days and cost twenty dollars," Diamond Bill explains to the sailor who wants a chest estimate for the U. S. S. Washington.

"Will it be as big as that up there?" the sailor asks, pointing to a twenty-four-inch framed model on the wall.

"How?" Diamond Bill demands. "You only got about twelve inches of chest."

"I want room for guns, anyway," the sailor says.

Diamond Bill nods understandingly. "You'll get guns," he promises.

"I want it to be just like the one my chief's got on his chest," the sailor says finally. "Same colors—everything."

"I just use red, green, and black. Yellow blisters in the sun," Diamond Bill explains. "Better bring me a copy of the one on your chief."

"O. K. See you payday." The sailor goes out.

The next customer is a veteran of the last war who wants to get into the Marines. He needs a grass skirt draped on the nude he has on his left arm. Bill shaves the arm, washes it with alcohol, and stitches a green fringe of hula grass in the appropriate places.

"Do a lot of that, too," he confides. "See that sign over there? 'No Nude Pictures Tattooed on Enlisted Men.' Can't do nudes any more. I put on plenty of skirts these days. The Navy and Marines won't take a fellow with a nude tattooed on him. But I fix that. I've covered seven hundred and forty nudes since Pearl Harbor."

BILL has been decorating epidermis for twenty-five years, but business was never so good as it is today. He's afraid that it won't last. His gold-plated needles, made in Sheffield, England, are hard to get. Thirty needles will do only twenty dollars' worth of work, and needles that formerly cost ten cents a package now cost forty.

"Needles don't get dull—they get too sharp. When they're sharp, they sting," Diamond Bill says. "Before the war I used to advertise 'sterilized needles.' Now I just say 'sterilized equipment.' Know why? Soldiers and sailors don't like the sound of the word needles. Too many hypodermics in camp."

Good ink is another problem. India ink that formerly sold at six dollars a quart is now twenty-six dollars and not so good.

Bill has six spotless electric needling machines—one for making preliminary lines, one for black shading, one for red ink, one for green, a fine one for close work such as making eyes, and one extra in case of a breakdown.

"Henry Kaiser can't do much to speed up this industry," he says. "You can't tattoo for much more than an hour at a time. The customer can't stand it. It don't really hurt, but it smarts and stings a little, and sometimes people just fold up on me—faint dead away. I don't mind unless it smears the design. You can't make mistakes. No erasing in this racket.

"Women can take tattooing better than men, though I don't get so many women any more. Funny thing, I ain't done a single WAC or Wave. Once in a while a civilian woman comes in for a butterfly or a heart and roses. They want them mostly on their legs."

Diamond Bill got interested in tattooing in 1914 when he joined the Navy. He was discharged in 1917; then he joined the Army until the war's end. All this time he was having tattoo after tattoo pricked into his own skin, until finally he became interested in the art as a career. He soon got the knack of it and set up business in the Bowery in Detroit.

Today he is a walking display ad of his own trade. Of the designs on himself, his favorite is a spread eagle on his chest, done by a colleague in Norfolk. There's a battleship on his belly, the Statue of Liberty on his back, a parrot on one leg, a peacock on the other, a clown on one knee and a dragon on one shin. The rest he calls "odds and ends." When time hangs heavy, he decorates himself just for fun, trying to improve and freshen his private picture gallery, or as much of it as is within reach.

All of his professional designs are original and he is proud of the fact. He makes stencils first, then puts on vaseline and charcoal, and traces the designs on the client's flesh.

ACCORDING to Mr. Tattoo himself, as one of his neighbors calls Bill, boys from the corn belt seem to shy away from his art. New Englanders, on the other hand, run heavily to it—owing, he thinks, to New England's clipper-ship and whaling days.

"My favorite customer was from Boston," he says. "I offered to tattoo that fellow for nothing. Know why? He had a rubber skin. You could stretch it out almost a foot when you worked on it, and you could do a lot of tricks—put on a design that was one design when he was relaxed, and another when he was stretched out. See what I mean?"

His best paying client was a Nebraska farmer who had his will tattooed on his back. The will wasn't long. It bequeathed a dollar to each of the farmer's relatives and the rest to the church.

"But he give me a thousand bucks for it," Bill says. "He wanted it down in black and white where there'd be no argument, and he got it. Reminds me of another fellow who had his wife's birthday, their wedding anniversary, the children's birthdays—all the dates he had to remember—put right on his chest where he couldn't lose them. Not a bad idea."

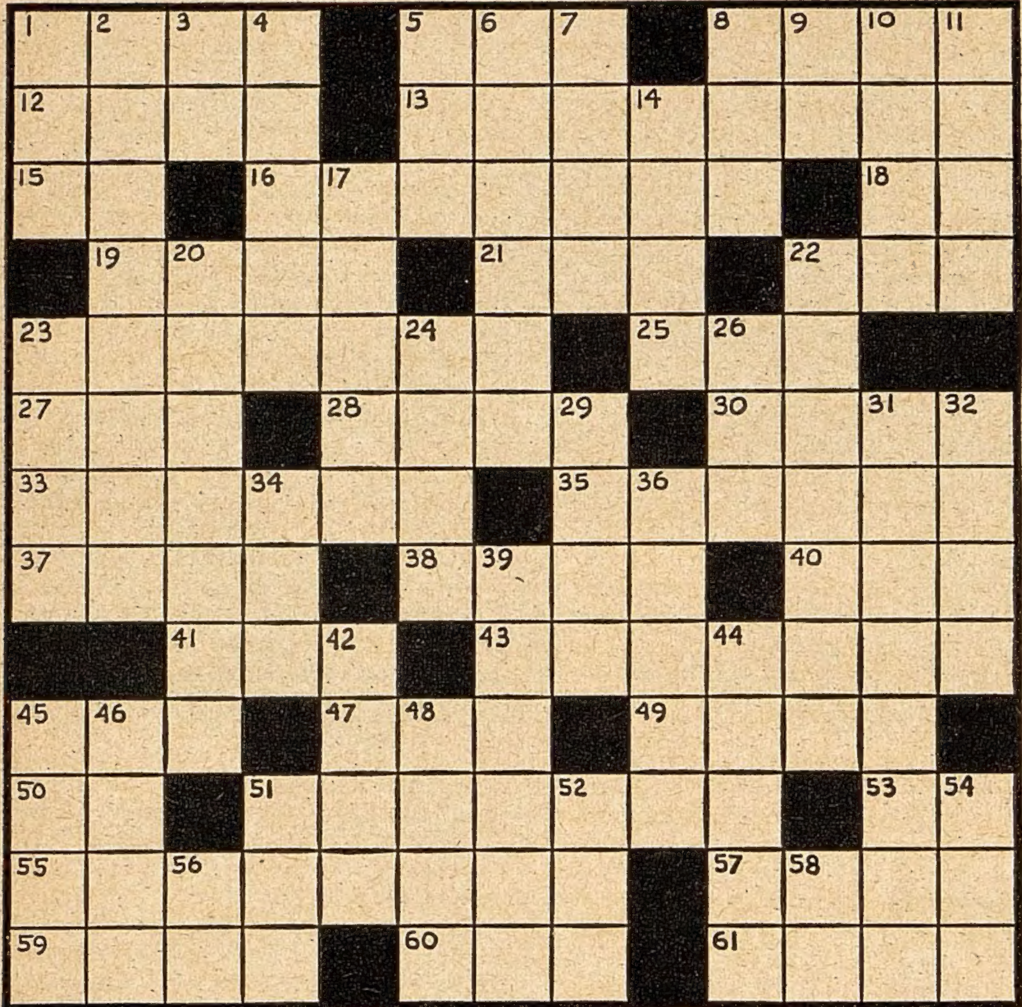
The Last Supper, the Empire State Building, the Brooklyn Bridge, and Christ on the Cross are designs often asked for. Bill would like to see landscapes come in. "But," he says, "the best design I ever saw, one I wish I'd done myself, was one I saw on a bald-headed fellow. He had a big web and a spider on his dome. It was something! People used to try to knock it off, it was so real—the spider, I mean."

Even though Bill feels, sadly, that the designs he's being asked to put on are not artistic, he has no intention of turning to some other form of art—to sign painting, for example. He averages a hundred and fifty tattoos a week. "That," he says, "means more than seven thousand a year, and there are twenty good artists in America averaging about the same. All told, probably a hundred and fifty thousand tattoos a year. Yes, sir—and that's big business! That's real needling!"

THE END

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 What are Galloping Clapboards?
5 Who's called the American Aesop?
8 Who, of Scotch descent, is the true dictator in the White House?
12 After a bloody battle near Naples, our troops took Mad Dog what?
13 What musical instruments go into battle with certain British troops?
15 Printers' thingum
16 What's the Navy's torpedo bomber called?
18 Name a state formerly part of N. Y. (abbr.)
19 One-Eye Connelly was a what crasher?
21 Suffix used to form verbs denoting to make
22 *Staphylococcus* in a sebaceous gland causes a what?
23 Gas is what in France?
25 Last name of author of The Naked Genius
27 - - - longa, vita brevis
28 Ten plus slang for a Far Western city equals what Kansas township?
30 Hurling is an Irish what?
33 At banquets, Big Joe Stalin's known for his whats?
35 What form of precipitation does a bride like best?
37 "Swim, Sam, swim, and as well Sam - - - -" *(song)*
38 What's short for a threesome?
40 The next one may be the rocketship what?
41 What wouldn't a comic artist draw without a stenographer in it?
43 What's slang for Little Africas?
45 Panpipes're made of the what?
47 Mohammed's adopted son
49 Salt and what make an excellent homemade dentifrice?
50 Who's the most read writer in America?
51 On the 4th of July, 1943, we landed on what Pacific island?
53 999 in Roman numerals
55 What's a wallaby, or boomer?
57 Where will our boys soon be bathing fashionably?
59 What's a widgeon's nickname?
60 Dangerous curve
61 What's slang for mediocre?

	S	H	A	N	E			R	A	P	I	D	S	
P	A	R	T	I	E	S		E	D	U	C	A	T	E
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	C	R	E	S	T	S			N	O	O	S	E	

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Novel by H. Rider Haggard
2 Name a recent best seller (2 wds.)
3 How must the Duce be feeling these days?
4 Pool tables are heavy because they're made of what?
5 Name an honest man
6 Who interpreted the handwriting on the wall?
7 Shaw says future man'll be born fullgrown from whats?
8 Name a "holy wood"
9 What news service was declared a trust recently? (abbr.)
10 Quadragesima's another name for what?
11 Pasty-complexioned
14 London's bobbies, or peelers, were named after Sir Robert whom?
17 How would Caesar've said "he came"?
20 In law, tort and damages are associated with what crime?
22 What's dried and used to stuff wartime furniture?
23 The anteater does what with his nose?
24 "She knew the - - - - of everything but the value of nothing." *(Wilde)*
26 An enlarged what causes I-strain?
29 What has a billion population, 17 million square miles area of untold wealth, and most poverty?
31 What tavern was the "21" of Shakespeare's day? (pl.)
32 Eram, - - - -, erat
34 What's little in Scotch?
36 From what animal do we now get filly mignon?
39 What're the stupidest, timidest, thickest-skinned most ferocious African animals?
42 What Brazilian rubber state is again booming?
44 What the enterprising burglar does in the sun (Gilbert and Sullivan)
45 Cork comes from what trees?
46 Who was the patient in the first operation?
48 Time stoops to no man's what? (Swinburne)
51 What must you do to electric wire to improve its conductivity?
52 What's two in Spanish?
54 What's childhood's favorite kind of cow?
56 What direction's Cleveland from Pensacola?
58 What Greek goddess was turned into a cow by Hera?

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

DEC. 25, 1943

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

CHRISTMAS—1943

THIS is our third Christmas in World War II, and thank God this year we have a little more cause for celebration. Our first wartime Christmas found us stunned and bewildered. The sentiments of the season seemed a hollow mockery. The second saw us still under the shadow of possible defeat, our spirits dampened by the absence of those we could not have with us. This Christmas there is the certainty of victory, difficult though it may yet be to achieve.

However, this is not the cause for celebration we would prefer, for we, of all people, are inclined to take seriously the underlying thought of Christmas, which is: "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

To us this has always been more than a pretty sentiment to print on Christmas cards. We really believe it and want it—though, if we are honest with ourselves, we must admit we've done little of an active nature to bring it about. We've been satisfied to interpret the phrase as meaning: "Peace in the U. S. A. despite the ill will men bear toward each other."

So perhaps our greatest cause for celebration this year is the realization to which we've come that peace and good will are indivisible throughout the world. They cannot be attained by ourselves alone but only in co-operation with other nations of like intent. Our newly taken decision to work for peace (and fight for peace if necessary) in concert with other nations promises happy Christmases to come and is fitting cause for present rejoicing.

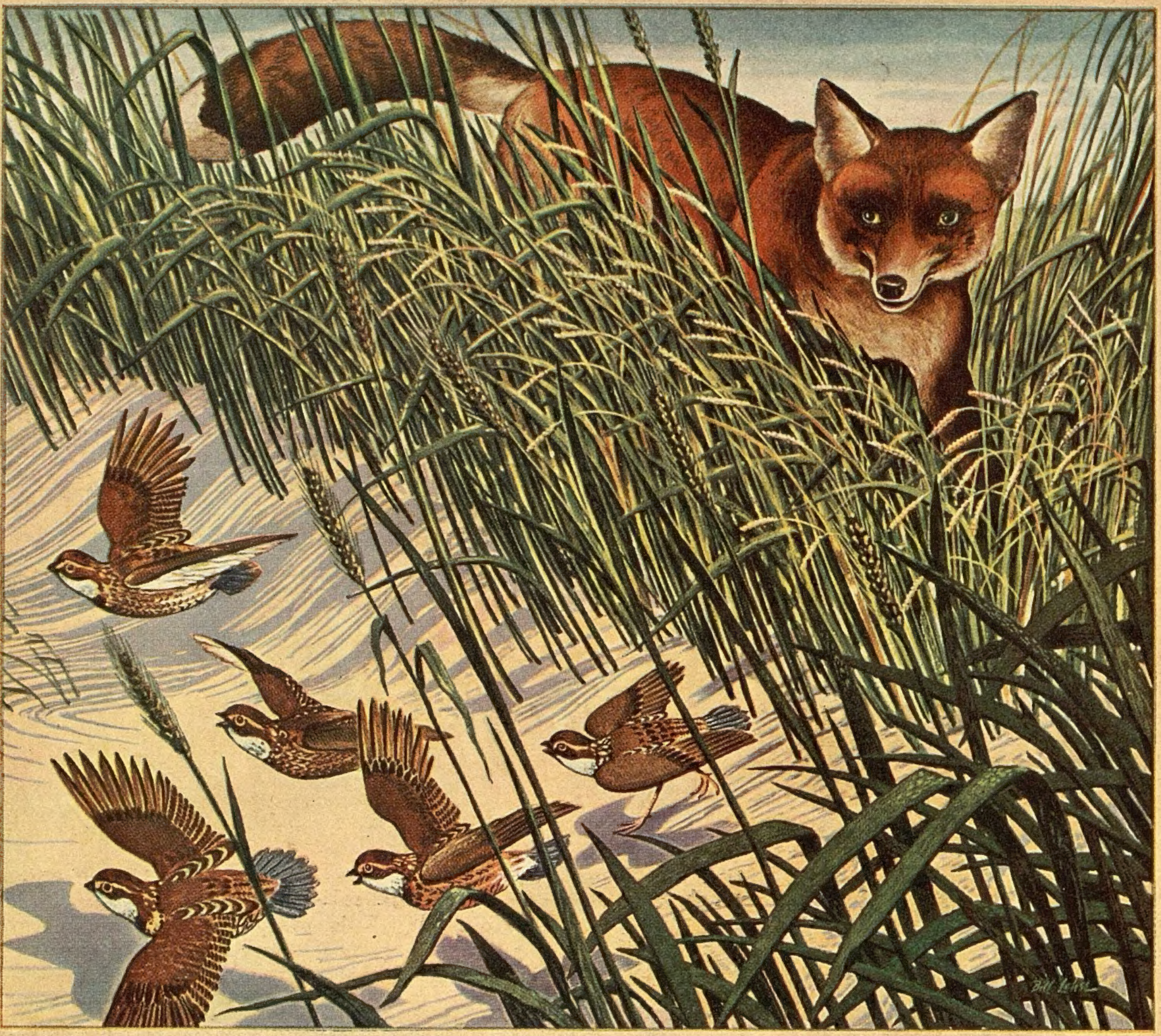
This, our third wartime Christmas, finds many of the attributes of a merry Christmas lacking in most American homes. Christmas trees are scarce and turkeys even scarcer. The festive bowl will be hard to fill. But the greatest lack will be the absence of those who have gone forth to defend the honor of America and right the wrongs of this poor misguided world. We will miss them more than ever on this day when traditionally American families gather together.

But we can console ourselves for their absence with this thought: Dimly and imperfectly shaped as yet, we can see the outline of the destiny they are carving taking shape. We can perceive a new world, chastened by fire and suffering, in which the urge to peace and good will toward men will be strong; in which the dignities and liberties of the individual will be secure for all time.

So perhaps it is not altogether beside the point on this Christmas Day of 1943 to sing out, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Though the night is still dark, we can see the dawn of a new day on which the slogan may be made a reality.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



Season's closed, mister!

This is an outlawed way of getting up a dinner—fair enough, perhaps, in normal times, but forbidden now.

For needed things are scarce and needers are many. No one can be permitted to pounce—to have a lot while someone else has too little. Vital things must be rationed in fairness to all.

But there are many things that are not so vitally needed—things that are less essential, less restricted—and they're scarce too. Let your sense of fairness govern these as well.

Buy them sparingly. Buy only what you need—and stretch what you buy.

• • •

Fairness is the reason behind the limit that has been placed on your purchases of IMPERIAL—a limit of one bottle at a time to each customer. And certainly a one-to-all policy is a lot more fair than an all-to-one.

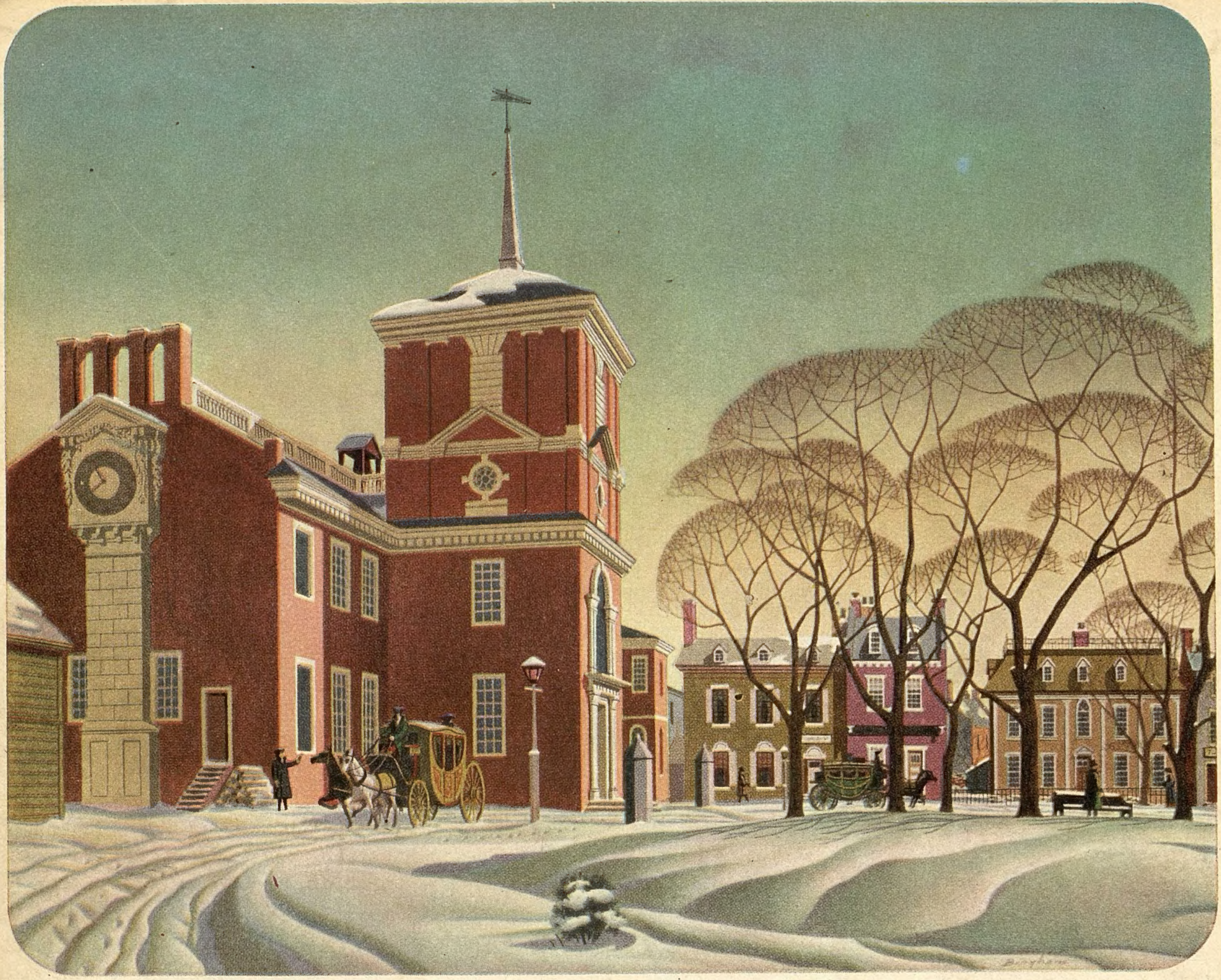
Blended whiskey. 86 proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858
IMPERIAL
Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC PEORIA · ILLINOIS

IMPERIAL

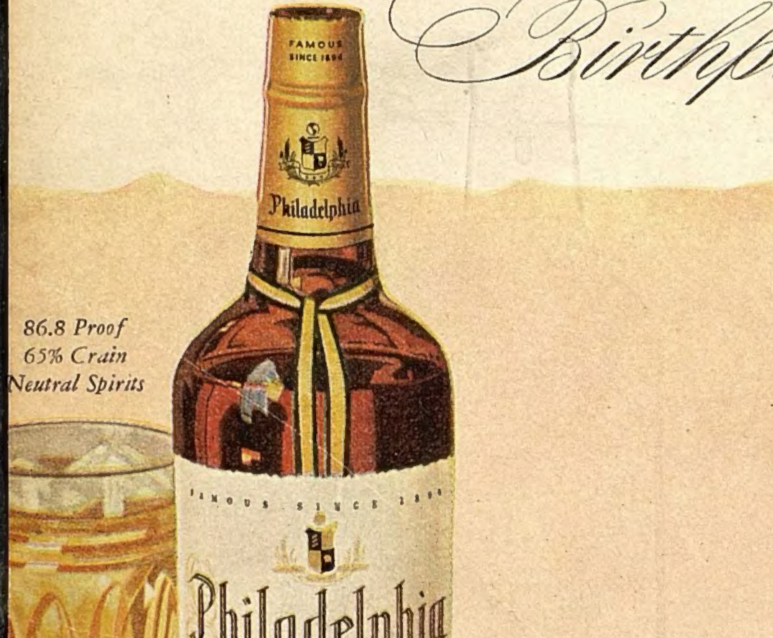
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

..."velveted" for extra smoothness

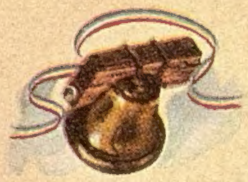


View of the State House (now Independence Hall) as it appeared circa 1800 *

PHILADELPHIA
Birthplace of Hospitality



86.8 Proof
65% Grain
Neutral Spirits



"The gentlemen of the Army present their compliments to Miss Sally Wynne and beg the favour of her company to a ball at the State House on Monday next. Saturday, December 22, 1755."

Time rolls back the curtain of two centuries. The State House stands magnificent in its winter setting, as sedan chairs and chaises deliver the elit of Colonial society. In the assembly hall the gleam of a thousand tapers is reflected from crystal chandeliers. Lively shadows play over the exquisit panelling, as pompadoured belles and gaily caparisoned officers dance to the minuet. · · Such is Philadelphia's "Heritage of Hospitality". A tradition today upheld by Philadelphia Blend, a magnificent whisky—ordinarily reserved for special occasions, yet one you can enjoy—regularly and often.

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*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894